

MARGRETHE WILL BE QUEEN—WHO WILL BE HER CONSORT?

What Causes Third-Day Blues?
GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?
She No Longer Needed Him

Why I Like
Be

CONDENSED BOOK COMPLETE-IN-THIS-ISSUE

Extraordinary new resilient floor with built-in air bubbles "gives" comfortably underfoot, may soon replace all other kinds of floors.

REMARKABLE NEW KIND OF Armstrong FLOOR

...a built-in cushion of foam lets you walk on air



AH! NEW COMFORT! Yes—there's air in this new floor—millions of tiny air bubbles that mean wonderful new comfort in your home. With springy Armstrong Cushion-Eze foam built right in, this new kind of floor gives you luxurious underfoot comfort, even after a long day on your feet. Now you can have buoyant comfort in every inch of every room . . . not just where you have rugs. This doesn't mean that a floor with Cushion-Eze foam replaces your rugs. On the contrary, it shows them off more handsomely than ever.

There are styles to go with every decorative scheme. You can see them at your flooring dealer's—and while you're there, try walking on this new floor. It's a delightful sensation. You're actually walking on air!



SSHH! NEW QUIET! With this remarkable new floor, footsteps are delightfully hushed. And, when you use it upstairs, it also cuts down tremendously on noise transmitted through the ceiling to rooms below. You know what a blessing that will be, especially if you have children!



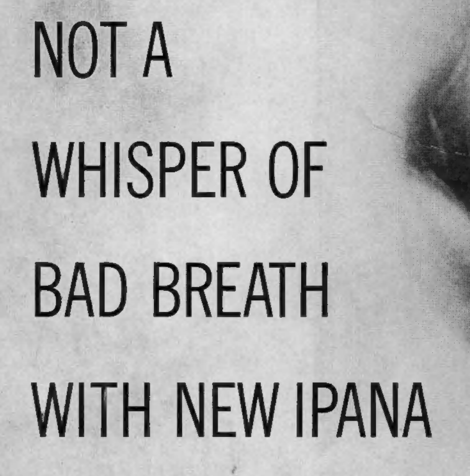
MMM! NEW EASY CARE! This new floor is far easier to keep clean than the one you have at present. Because the surface "gives," it's almost impossible for dirt to be ground in.

Your dealer already has Armstrong Floors with Cushion-Eze foam in gay Spatter® Linoleum and smart inlaid vinyl Corlon®.



SEND FOR FREE 4-PAGE BOOKLET *with full-color illustrations of the lovely styles available in Armstrong Floors with Cushion-Eze foam. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5710 King St., Lancaster, Pa.*

THE LAST WORD IN LUXURY—Armstrong FLOORS WITH CUSHION-EZE® FOAM



...its distinct taste tells you so

- New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.
- Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.

ipana®
TOOTH PASTE



Look for the **BIG** cap—only on NEW Ipana

Product of Bristol-Myers

YVONNE DE CARLO co-starring in "BAND OF ANGELS"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

If you'd like to have a "second look" complexion

. . . one that's soft and smooth
. . . then always use Lux.
"That's what I do," says
Yvonne DeCarlo

A complexion that looks prettier and prettier the more he looks—that's the kind you want. And that's the kind Lux can help you have.

With its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mildness and gentleness, Lux can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. Then there's the Lux fragrance—the best-liked soap perfume in the world. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux is absolutely wonderful for your complexion—or you can have your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux, just as the stars do.*

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX











Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as white. Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper!

Ladies' Home Journal CONTENTS

VOL. LXXIV NO. 10 OCTOBER, 1957

JOURNALITIES



John MacDonald

If you can bear almost unbearable suspense, start reading JOHN MACDONALD's two-parter, *The Executioners*, on page 74 *right now*. (Oh, well, finish this column, then read it.) The common fate of good writers is that few readers care about them—they care about the people in their stories. But if you can, you might like to remember that John MacDonald is, in his own words, "happy, energetic, balding, bifocaled, forty-one, father of one, B.S. from Syracuse, M.B.A. from Harvard, lieutenant colonel in the Retired Reserve," and will, on January 23rd of 1958, celebrate his twelfth year of writing for a living. He has written thirty books and nearly five hundred short stories. Four of his novels are in various stages of preparation in Hollywood. Many of his stories have been made into television plays. One of his novels, *The Damned*, sold one million seven hundred thousand copies. He has made "somewhere close to four hundred thousand dollars and saved very little of it." Hopes to do better in the next five years.



Brunella Gasperini

In *My Wife's Husband* (page 62), BRUNELLA GASPERINI has performed an amazing feat. She has seen herself as her husband sees her—or, rather, she has seen herself as her husband might see her if he were Brunella Gasperini. Sounds complicated, but it's only hilarious. The facts: she is a graduate of the University of Milan, Italy, with a degree in literature; her husband's wife has two children—a boy of ten and a girl, six. The whole family loves to ski and does, including the six-year-old. In the summer they have a villa on Lake Lugano where they fish—or at least the wife's husband does. The wife hunts for the children, paints ceramics, decorates gourds and writes. Her first story was published in 1953; she plans to write hundreds more, but *My Wife's Husband* is the sort of story a wife can write only once in a lifetime and feel absolutely certain the plot will work out as neatly as it does.



Cynthia Wheatland

What *can* we say about our Decoration Editor, CYNTHIA MCADOO WHEATLAND? "Don't," she says, "say I 'have' a husband—I do have a husband, but it's like saying I 'have' two children and a Welsh Corgi. I do—or at least they 'have' me—but do I? Let's all just *be*, and hope for the best." We have never known Cynthia to be other than good to look at and in a good humor, and the rooms she plans have those same characteristics (see page 85). She was graduated from Barnard, where she majored in government and economics. At the time she wanted to go on to law school and get into politics—imagine that! Not that bright young women aren't needed in politics, but like her husband, her Corgi and her children, we are glad to have her—*oops*—we're glad she be with us.

Printed in U.S.A.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

Stories

Special Features

General Features

Fashion and Beauty

Food and Homemaking

Architecture and Interior Decoration

Poems

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Fan Letter

New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Sirs: At last my JOURNAL subscription has expired and you may be sure I *won't* be renewing. Your magazine hasn't been worth the paper it's printed on for years. The stories are poor, the articles are boring, and worst of all, you editors are so smug. You know everything. In fact, I'll bet you eleven million dollars you won't even read this letter.

MRS. D.H.B.

▶ *You forgot to enclose check. ED.*

They Read an Article, and——

East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Editor: The letter by Ruth A. Crosson, R.N., on deplorable conditions in homes for the aged in New Jersey (February JOURNAL) has produced action.

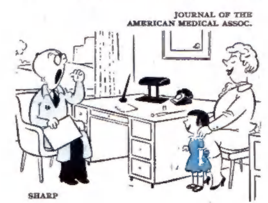
Almost as a direct result of Nurse Crosson's statements, the League of Women Voters of East Orange, at its April meeting, adopted as its program for the coming year "the study of facilities available for the senior citizen in East Orange." It is the policy of the League of Women Voters to first study a situation and then take the findings to governing bodies and ask for new legislation where needed. The league's study will cover all phases of this subject.

In June, Hon. William M. McConnell, mayor of East Orange, appointed a Council on Senior Citizens to "find out the needs of the senior citizen in our community." This council will be comprised of representatives from the Welfare, Health, Library and Recreation departments of the city, United Community Fund, U.S. Social Security, Retired Business and Professional Men's Association and the League of Women Voters.

We hope this information will help prove to Nurse Crosson that she was not pleading in vain and that she won't have to continue "nagging and persuading" to get help for mothers, fathers and others, over 65—not in East Orange, New Jersey, anyway.

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET McLOUGHLIN
President,
League of Women Voters of East Orange

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOC.



"Let's settle this here and now. Who is your pediatrician . . . me or Dr. Spock?"

Ounce of Prevention . . .

Somewhere in U.S.A.

Dear Editors: Since the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is supposed to be for us women—why don't you admit about 90 per cent of divorces are because of trifling husbands?

Name Withheld

▶ *Some husbands stray. We urge wives to make "home" a place in which men stay. ED.*

Prakatst Makes Perfect

San Bernardino, California

Dear Editors: My husband is more impressed, I think, with our six-year-old daughter's literary efforts than with mine, and asked me to send you a verbatim, "verspellim" copy of her tale of Being Booing (pronounced Bing Bong), who is a seal.

BEING BOOING'S PLAY AT THE ZOO

Girls and boys came to the zoo and Being did his turiks but he did not no hew to boons a ball on his noos and then when the zoo man was goon he prakatst boonsing a ball on his noos and then he now hew to boons a ball on his noos and all the peeple laughed at Being Booig bekose he is so funny love Kay

Sincerely,
HARRIETT ARNOLD NIEMEYER

Need for Understanding

Somewhere in U.S.

Dear Editors: I suffered a nervous breakdown two years ago after the death of my two-month-old daughter. It took six weeks in a mental hospital and all our savings to cure me. But I have never felt better in my life, mentally or physically, than I do now.

However, after my hospitalization I had to re-enter my former life and that was harder than the cure of my depression. The doctors had told me that people would pay no more attention to a nervous breakdown than to a broken leg; but in my small town I was treated as a freak by intelligent people. I am now employed as a bookkeeper and also hope to substitute-teach in my "spare" time this fall—not because I am anxious to work outside my home but because I feel compelled to show I can do these things and not suffer a breakdown again.

Can you help to wipe out the stigma attached to mental illness?

Name Withheld

Brother-and-Sister Act

Binalbagan, Occidental Negros Philippines

Dear Editor: I have seen many pictures of cute babies from different countries in the JOURNAL, so I thought perhaps you would want to see my kids too.



Out for a ride.

Roselita, although only two, is already showing an interest in the JOURNAL.

With her in the picture is her brother, Ramon, seven and a half months old.

Sincerely,
FELISA VIAPLANA DEPRA

Report From Dean Gildersleeve

Bedford Village, New York

Dear Mr. Gould: I think you may be interested in a brief report on the letters I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52


NO FOOLIN', FOLKS!
No other rice is this easy!
MINUTE RICE
PRE-COOKED
Pour Minute Rice in!
Just add to boiling water, cover
. . . remove from heat.
No cooking! No steaming!
Pour perfect rice out!
Because it's already cooked,
Minute Rice is
always fluffy and delicious!
Another favorite
from General Foods
Minute Rice is perfect every time!
EDITORIAL


CRYSTAL
ELITE
ETTA
THE American Girl SHOE
THE NEW
IN FASHION
WHEN IT IS NEWS
Styles for every hour, every woman . . . ask at the store near you, that has American Girl shoes.
Street shoe, dress shoe, and walking shoe;
missile toe, tapered toe, or open toe;
spear-thin high heel, slim medium heel, sturdy walking heel, or demi-low heel.
$8.99 TO $10.99*
other styles from 6.99
AMHERST
DANCER
AGATE
*prices slightly higher South, West and Canada. For name of store nearest you, write: American Girl Shoe, 288 A Street, Boston, Mass.
Div: Consolidated National Shoe Corp. Also made in Canada by Ludger Duchaine, Inc., Quebec.

M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-

Four Wishes
FOR YOUR
BIRTHDAY

THEY'RE
12 INCHES
TALL

5OHB977

5OHB909

QUEEN-SIZE GREETING CARDS

To say the things you want to say and in a great big way!

There's a colorful 12-inch Norcross QUEEN-Size Card for every occasion! You'll find just the *right* message—for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, get well.

See the many new and different QUEEN-Size cards now being featured in their own special racks at your Norcross dealers' . . . the better greeting card shops and department stores everywhere. Such a big and queenly buy . . . for 50¢.



Always a special need...now a special laxative



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF PHARMACO, INC.

for women only!

At last a miracle laxative formula made for feminine use! Correctol's relief is sure, gentle, more normal... even after childbirth and during menstrual periods.

Constipation presents special problems to a woman. Her system is complex and sensitive. It repeatedly undergoes cycles of change during which constipation may make discomfort even more severe. So it's almost unbelievable that science never until now has developed a special laxative for women's special needs!

But only a major medical discovery could make such a laxative possible...and today it's here! You can get it by asking for Correctol.

How Correctol is different

The secret of Correctol is a new miracle *non-laxative regulator*—with a wonderful harmless action that simply softens waste. Along with this, you get just enough mild laxative to start you toward normal regularity.

So Correctol acts promptly but unhurriedly. It gives the relief a woman wants and needs... but it's gentle, more natural relief. And thanks to its miracle regulator, Correctol gives these results with far less laxative medicine than other preparations using the same ingredient for their effect.

Enjoy relief this new way

You'll want to try this new feminine laxative! So while you're shopping today, pick up a bottle of these tiny pink tablets and put them in your medicine chest to have when you need them. See how much better you feel with Correctol... and how much more naturally it brings relief! 30 tablets, only $1.00—any drugstore.

Correctol *the first laxative especially for feminine use*

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America's most famous FIT and COMFORT



plus

the fashion look you want

You must see today's Enna Jetticks on your feet . . . experience how wonderful today's Enna Jetticks feel . . . to believe that such fashionable-looking shoes can give you such marvelous fit and comfort. Try them on at your favorite store carrying Enna Jetticks. You'll be amazed that they actually cost so little!



today's

Enna Jetticks

The Shoes You Love To Live In

still only \$9.95 and \$10.95

Some Styles \$11.95

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

Don't burn the beauty out of your hair with drying alcohol sprays

At last—a spray-set without the alcohol and gummy fixatives that can give your hair a dry, dull look.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol
–builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff, this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty . . . holds beauty . . . *builds* beauty! And without a drop of drying, burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative, either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on, you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder you get those soft, shiny curls that keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Better get new Beauty Curl today!



A NEW Richard Hudnut DISCOVERY

Beauty Curl SPRAYS IN BEAUTY . . . SETS AND HOLDS NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

IS THERE A RIGHT TO BAD TASTE?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Harper's Magazine's recent controversy between two architects (John J. Burchard and Albert Bush Brown) and a critic of modern architecture (Henry Hope Reed, Jr.) entertained me not a little. America has produced some modern architects of genius, and I find some contemporary building beautiful, delightful and practical. But I find some of it boringly stereotyped.

There have always been fashions in architecture as there are in clothes—fashion being something other than style. The buildings of the 1870's through the early 1900's have no "style" at all. Some pressure of fashion made them attractive at the time, but the time was quickly transient. On the other hand, Georgian public and domestic architecture ("Colonial") retains its comeliness to this day. It was a true "style" and remains so even though not "stylish."

The architects contributing to the debate, obviously modernists, are greatly annoyed at those members of the public who feel themselves free to have personal opinions about what is best and not best in architecture. They complain that in a democracy there is "a feeling that every man's taste should somehow have equal weight."

As [redacted] technician, the architect is indispensable. But a good architect also aspires to be an artist, and here we enter quite another realm. No academy of art and no college of architecture can create an artist.

From an aesthetic viewpoint, the essence of good architecture is proportion. There are rules about proportion (as there are rules about the composition of paintings) that, if followed, will produce generally satisfactory results. But it is not all a matter of measurements. Light is a factor. So are color and the furnishings of rooms. And many amateurs possess a natural or cultivated sense of proportion that trained architects (judging from their works) notoriously lack. Some of the most beautiful houses I have ever been in have been designed by their owners—amateurs in art and architecture.

Architects are not the only people who have spent much of their lives studying buildings and proportions. An interest in art is common to thousands of Americans who practice professions quite unrelated to it. Their quarrel with *some* modern architecture is aesthetic. And [redacted] great many people are sour on architects because the architect wants to build a house to please himself, without consideration of the family which is going to live in it.

In [redacted] democracy, if every man's taste does not have equal weight in planning his own home, the democracy will presently cease to be. Democracy implies that there are *some* areas of private life, and the place where Americans most seek and cherish it is in their homes. They want homes adapted to the way *they* live; reflecting their *own* tastes; and catering—if one wishes so to name them—to their particular prejudices. They don't want only a house, however interesting. They want a *home*—which is something else.

The modern architect not only wants to design your house; he also wants to design its interior—color, curtains, draperies and furnishings. He thinks of the whole thing [redacted] unit. God help you, if you ever had [redacted] grandmother who left you a mahogany dresser or a set of Chippendale chairs! He'll have them in an auction room before you can stutter your protest. He tells you they don't fit into a modern house. But it will not occur to him to *design* a house that your lares and penates will adorn. He will say, "The modern architect cannot design well in the Georgian style." Does he mean he can't or does he mean he won't? If he can't, he's incompetent.

Suppose you *like* eighteenth-century English or French furniture, whether original or in reproduction? What's wrong with it? It was one of the finest styles ever developed, and one of the most comfortable. Suppose you're a collector of Early American? Haven't you got a right?

Every real *home* contains things that one cherishes purely out of association. In my home in the country I have [redacted] heavy, Italian walnut table, six feet long, which I've used as [redacted] writing table for thirty years, abroad and at home. The room is large enough to accommodate it (in a perfect light) but it doesn't suit the other furnishings at all. Yet I have a crazy idea that I can work better at it than anywhere else. Haven't I a right to my crazy idea? After all, it's *my* room. Who of us has not kept (and displayed) gifts from our children, presented at a time when their taste was, to say the least, underdeveloped?

What, for that matter, is "taste"? In furniture it embraces a lot of things—design, quality of material and craftsmanship—but, on the whole, it's largely a personal matter. It isn't a violation of the Constitution *not* to like posture chairs and furniture of wrought iron and plastic—or to like them.

Architects and interior decorators (who now prefer to call themselves interior architects) cannot successfully be rigid arbiters of so personal a matter as "taste"—or of other personal matters of living.

Color is a very personal matter. Nowadays we have rooms in "decorator colors"—whatever that may mean. There are a limited number of colors in the spectrum. How one reacts to them is strictly personal. But in homes or buildings they run in fashions. I can remember when "Burgundy" and "puce" were favorites for carpets. Now (I seem to observe) those who know what the well-dressed home will wear go in for pale shades of carpeting, even in the sootiest city, that can be washed on the floor. Fine, but by whom? By you? By me? If by somebody else, how often and for how much?

During the past few years there's been a rage for chartreuse, terra cotta, and pink walls that are just one paint drop from magenta. You see these colors on the walls of new high schools and colleges from Maine to California. Why these singular predilections? I have seen art classrooms with a southern all-glass wall, the rest of the room painted in "shocking" pink! Are students supposed to paint pictures in such an environment? Or is it just to make it harder? All artists want a neutral, uncolored north light, and neutral off-white grayish walls, because colors in the light and environment enter into and destroy the colors one is applying to canvas.

And are these violent hues, in general, conducive to student concentration? I seriously doubt it. No previous school designers have ever believed so, and have chosen neutral shades, and avoided vast expanses of glass to which youthful eyes stray.

Coral is [redacted] pretty shade, if you happen to like it. But some don't. Some greens make one feel bilious (chartreuse does me). Others are soothing, for some. There are yellows and yellows. Some like blue, and some (I am among them) find that blue walls of any shade give one the blues. Why argue? There are allergies of the soul as well as of the body. It's a personal matter.

Fluorescent lamps boxed in around the ceiling diffuse an even light around CONTINUED ON PAGE 18


A
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SINGER
SINGER presents
the greatest sewing machine ever built
This is the SINGER* Slant-O-Matic. Excitingly new. New in its almost unbelievable ease of operation . . . new in the fine, sure beauty of its stitching . . . new in introducing convenience features never before built into a machine. The only zigzag machine for home use designed and made in America . . . it outsews any machine you've ever used for both straight and fancy stitching.
First automatic with a slant-needle and gear motor drive for easiest seeing, smoothest sewing ever. No stalling.
First automatic with a "drop-in" bobbin in front of needle. Fingertip control lifts throat plate for embroidery.
First automatic with a snap-up stitch chart on top, that lets you "tune" knob for all kinds of fancy stitches.
12 SINGER exclusives! See them at your
SINGER SEWING CENTERS
Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. *Trademark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



Slant-O-Matic shown one-third larger than actual size.

Here's an *advertisement* about reducing in Hollywood



"Steverino" and his glamorous wife, Jayne Meadows. That person at the other end of the phone conversation certainly isn't getting Steve's full attention.

One of Hollywood's happiest families—Mary Cummings, her husband Bob, star of his own TV show, and four up-and-Cummings youngsters—Patricia, Bob Jr., Baby Laurel and Melinda.



How the stars stay slim

By CAROL MILLER

LOVELY Alexis Smith, lunching recently at a Hollywood restaurant, watched curiously as her companion devoured a rich, calorie-packed dessert.

"Envy her?" she was asked.

"Not at all," Alexis replied. "I keep in shape the easy way, the way Nature intended me to—by not overeating. Whenever I start to put on extra pounds, I take these," and she reached into her purse and held up a wrapped caramel candy. That's right, a piece of candy!

Now there's probably no place in the world as weight-conscious as Hollywood, or where as many different ways to lose weight have been tried. Turkish baths, Swedish massages, Epsom Salts, stretch machines, jiggle tables, pills, protein diets, salt free diets, bulk cellulose—these are but a few of the methods.

Of course, there's a very good reason for Hollywood's concern over calories. Apart from the absurdity of an ingénue with a double chin, the camera itself adds pounds to one's normal appearance. But even though screen stars watch their weight—studios and press agents soft-pedal the subject. They prefer the public to believe their stars have sylph-like figures without any effort. To set the record straight, Hollywood stars need help—just as the rest of us.

Well, what kind of help? Publicity releases to the contrary, dieting alone isn't the answer. Most of us know only too well what a mountain of will power it takes to stay on a diet. And it's that much tougher in Hollywood. Well then, what is the answer?

Just this: they eat candy. Not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie, vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy called Ayds.

As June Havoc says, "Even for dancers and actresses like me, staying in trim is sometimes difficult—until you discover Ayds. It has done amazing things for my figure."

Another case in point is Juanita Hansen. Many readers will remember her as a top star for Mack Sennett during Hollywood's infancy. She was a slim, blonde beauty. She lost out in the movies and began gaining weight till she tipped the scales at 196.

She decided to do something about it. Today she is 127 pounds and looks like a new person. "I couldn't have done it without Ayds," she said.

The secret of this candy-reducing plan is that it's utterly different. It's not like old-fashioned methods, some of which were dangerous. Neither is it a fad diet or a "pill." Doctors call Ayds an "Appetite Depressant." Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You naturally eat less and lose weight.

What started the trend in Hollywood was a clinical investigation by six doctors at a medical center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, reported in one of the leading medical journals. It was a comprehensive study to determine the value of appetite depressants in achieving weight loss. The leading weight-reducing products were tested. And the doctors discovered that Ayds Reducing Candy gave by far the best over-all results. Other doctors recommended it to their patients, and the word soon spread throughout Hollywood.

In a world where appearance is so important, both husbands and wives have taken up this easy way to lose weight.

Mary Cummings, for example, wife of the popular star Bob Cummings and mother of four, admits, "Sure I lost weight with Ayds, without dieting or feeling hungry."

What seems to appeal to these people who can afford the costliest salon treatments is its ease and simplicity. They know from experience that exercise alone isn't effective. Skaters like Sonja Henie and Donna Atwood ("Ice Capades" star) rely on this miracle candy and, surely, they get enough exercise. But, says Sonja, "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds."

When Steve Allen was in Hollywood making "The Benny Goodman Story," he was exposed to the local pre-occupation of fighting fat. When he returned to New York, he decided to try the Ayds Plan. His lovely wife, actress and TV panelist Jayne Meadows, went along with him. "We don't agree on everything," report Steve and Jayne. "But we do agree that two can reduce easier than one. We both take Ayds and losing weight together is fun."

Druggists report that Ayds sales lead in America's continuing "battle of the bulge." Grandmother must have been right when she warned you as a child that eating candy before mealtime would spoil your appetite.

Before you too start reducing with Ayds,® see your doctor and have him write for a reprint of the Medical Journal Report. The Campana Company, Box MD, Batavia, Ill.



It's an old American custom—stopping to enjoy the scenery. The viewers here are Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens.

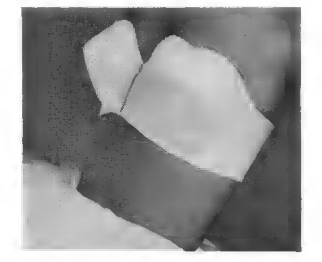
Million dollar holdup..."Good News"™ by Warner's

the one strapless bra that always stays up

Only thing criminal about this holdup is that nobody ever committed it before! But here it is at last (from Warner's®, famous bearers of all the best news in foundations)—a strapless that can't twist, slip or turn, can't ever be anything but beautifully comfortable. Its secret? A latex back, lined with comfy cotton, that hugs you gently, so you can be active as you like.

Choice of two styles: both in this elegant black and gold package. #P1031 (above), hook-and-eye front closing, with delicate scalloped trim. #P1041 (right), front zipper closing, with heart-shaped dip. Either, in white embroidered cotton . . . $6.50





new MAX FACTOR CURL CONTROL makes straight hair stay curly

...without permanents...without sticky sprays

Spray FIRST!

...Comb it through

...Arrange in your favorite style!

Now we announce a whole new idea in making the curls you love. An idea that makes every hair spray you've ever seen just plain old-fashioned.

It's new Max Factor Sof-Set Curl Control!

Spray it on ... comb it through ... set your curls to stay! Beautiful curls that last and last!

Only Curl Control, with fabulous Protein Polymist, must be sprayed on *first*, to go deep down all through the hair, giving it new body, new flexibility, new natural wave tendencies you never knew you had!

Now for the first time each and every hair holds in place naturally where you want it—just like you'd been born with curls.

And here's a big plus—Protein Polymist not only holds beautiful curls ... it also gives you lovelier, more lustrous hair.

Curls Even Stubborn Hair

For extremely resistant hair, Curl Control creates pin curls that last longer than ever before ... hold in damp or humid weather. That's because Curl Control is sprayed on first! It gets all through the



Spray FIRST...! Comb it through... Set pin curls!

hair before setting and you get that exclusive deep down curls-from-within action that no old-fashioned hair spray could ever get. You'll set curls that can last from shampoo to shampoo.

Formulated In Two Types—"Fine" or "Medium"

We all know that "fine" hair is much more difficult to control ... but until spray-first Curl Control was created, nothing could be done to solve "fine" hair problems. Now Max Factor creates Curl Control in two formulas ... one for the special needs of hard-to-manage "fine" hair, in the smart pink foil container marked "FINE".

For all other types of hair from medium to coarse, Max Factor makes Sof-Set Curl Control in the "MEDIUM" formula, in the plum colored foil container.



Get the Max Factor Curl Control made to suit YOUR own hair ... at all cosmetic counters. Only $1.50 for the large size ... super economy size now only $1.89.

IS THERE A RIGHT TO BAD TASTE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the room. But when one burns out, who is going to replace it? And how? You'll need a six-foot stepladder if the ceiling is of average height—and where are you going to keep it? Who is going to unscrew the old lamp and replace [redacted] new one from an insecure step? Your husband? Suppose he has lumbago? You're going to call in the electrician to change lamps, and he will cost much more than they do.

And are you going to drag a vacuum cleaner up the ladder to clean the boxes, where dust settles? You may be the world's best housekeeper, but you will just let it invisibly accumulate to drift, eventually, around the room.

"Recessed" lights have been a passion of architects. In homes they are all right in places where they [redacted] seldom used. But to replace a simple bulb, one must mount [redacted] ladder, unscrew the frame and then screw it back, after lying on one's stomach, searching the floor for a screw one has invariably dropped. And if in a darkish hall, where they burn much of the time, perpetual removing of the box will soon damage the plaster, requiring replastering and repainting.

Decorators don't like marbelized, splattered or otherwise patterned kitchen linoleums or floor tiles. They should be of [redacted] single color: white, or black-and-white, is beautiful. Beautiful for anyone except the cook, or the cookless housewife! Maybe decorators just love to mop kitchen floors.



You have not lived a perfect day, even though you have earned your money, unless you have done something for someone who will [redacted] able [redacted] repay you.

ANONYMOUS



I think I'm a good, even finicking housekeeper, and our kitchen floor is swept and wiped up with a wet or damp mop every day, and thoroughly washed and thinly waxed once a week. But it is not washed every time the laundryman walks in and out, or whenever a drop of something cooking spills on the floor. I had one of the prettiest kitchen floors you ever saw—from [redacted] decorator's viewpoint. But I cherished my cook more than the floor and relaid it in [redacted] marbelized pattern. (If I had been caring for the kitchen myself, I'd have done it earlier.)

The trouble with architects is that they want to remodel your life, your habits, your country, your nature and your domestics. It is important to remember that decoration, of itself, has nothing to do with creative art, and that great creative artists are notoriously indifferent to the "taste" of their surroundings.

Architecture is good in so far as it is honest and reasonable. A house must fit into its natural surroundings and use its natural (which are also usually its most economic) materials.

The "Cape Cod" or "salt-box" house was, and is, entirely rational. It originated in New England, a land of long and severe winters. It was built of wood, not only because wood was plentiful in a forested country, but because wood is the warmest of natural materials.

So people go on buying and remodeling old houses, not because remodeling is cheaper, but because, if one can still find a good carpenter and stonemason, the result is often pleasanter.

It just isn't true that most Americans love innovation and change. Most, I am quite sure, seek in their homes stability, tranquillity and tradition—of course with automatic heating, up-to-date kitchens and all the gadgets. Private life shows a formidable resistance to radical change. As long as an American's home is his castle, he'll go on insisting that he (or she) and preferably *they* are masters of one little place in the world. And until we are all thoroughly collectivized, brain-washed and psychologically conditioned we'll even insist on the right to bad taste. END

Evenings the Dallas Raneys like to relax in the family room where Mrs. Raney often plays the electric organ. Telephone here is important since the family spends so much time in this room.

Busy homemaker enjoys the convenience of

"telephones where we need them"

A busy homemaker with a family on the go, Mrs. Dallas P. Raney of Little Rock, Arkansas, finds her new modern home makes her day easier. It includes practically every homemaking convenience—among them, telephones right where the family needs them most.

"They're part of the way we live," says Mrs. Raney. "We all depend on the phone a lot. I rely on it for all my grocery shopping, in church committee work and visiting with friends.

"That's why we have phones in the kitchen, family room, master bedroom and our daughter's room. Their colors complement each room's furnishings. Wiring is concealed in the walls, and portable phones serve little-used rooms and the outdoor patio."

You and your family can enjoy the convenience of telephones where you need them. Reach, don't run, for your phone. The cost is low. Ask your telephone business office for all the details.

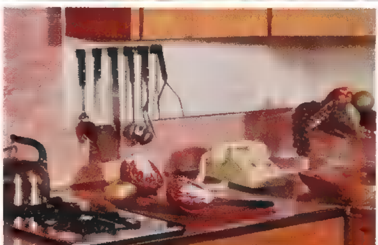
Working together to bring people together

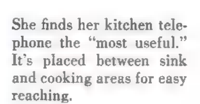
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Mrs. Raney especially enjoys having a telephone in the master bedroom, finds it especially convenient for chatting with friends.



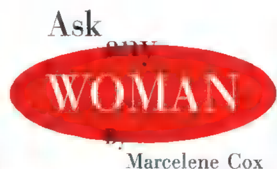


She finds her kitchen telephone the "most useful." It's placed between sink and cooking areas for easy reaching.



Teen-age Sharon has her own separate telephone line and directory listing. This keeps the other line free for family use.

Ask



Marcelene Cox

It is easy to tell who is the head of a family: it's the one to whom bad news is relayed.

An extravagance is anything purchased yesterday.

"Well, mother, I'll tell you exactly what he's like: on the second date you fall violently out of love with him."

"Those young parents," observed my neighbor, "have no routine with their children; only a ritual."

Above and beyond the call of duty: husband fixing something.

Compulsory education: getting dad to help with the homework.

By the time some parents get around to putting a foot down, the children are already following in their footsteps.

One man's opinion: "A woman will go to any length to concoct something new to spread on a cracker, then give a party to use it up."

An elderly lady confides her formula against loneliness: "Put on an old house dress, let the dishes set—and someone is sure to come by."

These days, before a woman can leave footprints in the sands of time, she has to "do her toes."

A beloved colored lady says, "I never lets myself carry more worries than I'd be miserable without, if I gets rid of them."

Perhaps the reason we never hear about a self-made woman is that she usually bestows the credit on some man.

A family wants a house to be cleaned the way it is in church: when those who make the work are not around.

One thing our grandmothers might miss, were they to have a return visit to our modern world, would be lines of clothes drying in bright sunshine under blue skies.

After dispensing several of the boss' messages over the telephone, on her first day in a new job, a young girl concluded her title should be changed to deceptionist.

The perfect mother-in-law visits only upon invitation; brings her own bed linen, towel—even washcloth; and stays no longer than a banana stays delectable.

One thing that goes as far as it once did is dirt tracked in by a family.

Nearly every letter received by a mother from her young son vacationing in the West described his location as follows: "I can see six miles in every direction, including down."

Social strata of sweetening: molasses, sugar, saccharin.

In our neighborhood, a jet plane crashed the sound barrier and all the mothers ran outside to see what the kids were up to. END

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is — *it's childproof**

***Never before such a high gloss!**
New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**
New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**
Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**
The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**
Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**
Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood



How two Midwestern communities have brought new hope to everyone who has ever suffered from a cavity

Two Towns Named Bloomington That Helped Lick Tooth Decay

By MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

TWO MIDWESTERN TOWNS — both, by coincidence, named Bloomington — have proved there is a new way to help prevent cavities in your teeth.

I know it works because I investigated—and got these facts.

For a long time scientists have known that cavities usually begin on soft spots — weak or vulnerable areas on tooth surfaces. Then, I found, an exciting discovery was made.

A toothpaste with stannous fluoride would strengthen those soft spots — thus preventing them from turning into cavities. The toothpaste is Crest with Fluoristan.

I found that in Bloomington, Indiana, over a thousand men, women and children volunteered to test this wonderful new way to prevent decay.

Half the volunteers brushed with "Toothpaste X"—actually Crest. The other half used "Toothpaste Z"—regular toothpaste.

After a year's time, dentists examined the teeth of all the volunteers. The results made history.

Grownups who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste.

Children who brushed with Crest had 49% fewer new cavities.

Full reports of these tests were published in official dental journals. The results aroused such interest that another test was made.

This one was in Bloomington, Minnesota, a thriving Minneapolis suburb. Almost all third-grade and fourth-grade school children in town took part. And again, the results made exciting news.

Again, children who brushed with Crest had far fewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste.

Many children who used Crest had no new cavities at all during that year. This is the great event that Norman Rockwell has dramatized in his picture opposite.

These tests gave Crest a record of decay prevention never approached by any other toothpaste —for *both* grownups and children.

I think we owe our thanks to the towns that proved this new way to help lick tooth decay.

• • •

For an informative, attractively illustrated booklet of 30 pages, "How to Take Care of Your Teeth," send your name and address with 10 cents to: Director, Division of Dental Research, Procter & Gamble, Dept. B-1, Box 182, Cincinnati 1, Ohio.

Questions you've asked us about CREST

How does Crest work?—*Mrs. F. M. C., San Antonio, Texas*

Crest with Fluoristan actually combines with and strengthens teeth themselves against decay. This is particularly true of the soft spots on teeth—the places where cavities usually start.

What is Fluoristan?—*Mrs. J. P. R., Wheeling, West Virginia*

Fluoristan* is a stannous fluoride formula especially developed for Crest. As you brush, Fluoristan strengthens teeth against decay. Fluoristan works for grownups and children.

Please tell me how many people, in all, tested Crest.—*Mrs. C. J. C., Pasadena, Calif.*

About 5,700 grownups and children took part in repeated tests of Crest over a 4-year period. This is the greatest "in-use" testing ever done on any toothpaste.

Does Crest stop mouth odor?—*Mrs. F. L. C., Denver, Colorado*

Yes. Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath. Crest gives you the most effective protection against mouth odor available in any toothpaste.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE

MIDDLETOWN DENTAL CLINIC HOURS 9-5

Mrs. Fay—
I'm happy to report
no new cavities for Danny
since his last visit.
J.S. D.D.S.

Norman Rockwell

"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.





*Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

The child views God through parents' eyes

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.



SPERRY LEA

What the church means to the parent will be felt by the child.



DR. SPOCK.

"The foundation for a love of God is the same as for love of parents. A baby is born to be affectionate."

I'd like to talk about the phases of emotional development in a child as they affect his attitude toward religion. Then I can mention a few of the problems in religious education that parents have asked me about.

From a psychological point of view I'd say that the foundation for a love of God is the same as for love of parents. A baby is born to be affectionate, as is shown by the fact that he smiles warmly by the time he's a month or two old, long before he can sit, walk, talk or even use his hands. If he is cared for by loving parents, his love for them and his trust in them increase each month. If there is no one to love a baby (as was true in certain cold, understaffed orphanages in the olden days), he grows up with a shallow, irresponsible personality and with little or no capacity to love anybody, including God.

It's particularly in the three-to-six-year-old period that a child comes to realize how much his parents mean to him. He's warmly affectionate toward them. He thinks they are the wisest, the handsomest and the most powerful people in the world. He asks them anything he wants to know and believes what they tell him. All day long he's trying to be more like them, in activities and in character.

If they tell him about God, he accepts their picture, literally. Parents in speaking of God to a child tend to emphasize the attributes which appeal most to them. The stern father will probably speak of a stern God. The gentle father will speak of a gentle God. The parents will show that they look up to God, the way the child looks up to his own father. As a result, the child comes to think of God as being somewhat like his father, only more idealized and on a grander scale. He will have feelings of love, of trust, of awe, of fear in somewhat the same proportions as he has these feelings for his father. If he has a father whom he cannot love at all, I doubt whether he will be able to love God. I remember being told once, by a priest who had studied such cases, that the boy who grows up thinking his father is a hypocrite in his religious practices is the most difficult of all to win to the church.

The child who hears little or nothing of God between three and six will of course form no concept of Him. But the attitudes he is developing toward his father will have a great influence on any religious attitudes he develops later.

After the age of six or seven it is the nature of a child to try to outgrow part of the excessive dependence and closeness he previously felt toward his parents. Though he continues to love them deeply underneath, he's apt to stop copying their diction and their mannerisms. He wants no longer to be considered their good little boy, but rather to be a rough, independent man of the world. He senses that he must get over the idea that his parents are all-wise, so he argues with them about everything and he quotes his teacher as a superior authority. He directs a lot of his emotional energy, that was formerly spent in adoring and copying his parents, into impersonal channels such as learning about the Three R's and science and manufacture. Since he feels the need to be more independent and critical of his father, he won't idealize him to the extent that he used to. Instead he turns to less close, less personal models. He finds that Superman and other heroes of the comic books are very satisfactory in regard to powerfulness, bravery, righteousness. And some of the reverence he previously felt for his father is now more comfortably accorded to God, if he has learned about Him.

But there is another aspect of the change in a child's nature after six which has a bearing on religion. He wants very much to be like the other children he knows—in clothes, in language, in haircut, in the TV programs he watches, in the school he goes to. Other things being equal, he'd like to go to the same Sunday school and church. But this need to turn away from his parent as a model and to pattern himself after his contemporaries is mainly concerned with superficial matters such as personal appearance and manners. Deep underneath he is still devoted to his parents and quite willing to share their beliefs. He is not at all ready yet—as he may be in adolescence—to question their religion or their ethics or their politics. If he finds there's a difference between the beliefs of his family and other families in these respects, he'll feel more security in lining up loyally with his parents. In a political campaign he wears the same button as his father. He accepts his parents' convictions about what is morally right and wrong, and he will stick to his parents' church if they indicate that they have feelings about it.

In the six-to-twelve-year-old period, it appeals to the child to belong to a church and to revere God, but in most cases the relationship is a relatively unemotional one—it doesn't involve very intense feelings or very personal feelings. In adolescence there is a real change. Now the young person's relationships—with parents, with friends, with members of the opposite sex—all acquire considerable intensity. The adolescent who is at all religious is apt to think about God as a real person Whom he knows and Who knows him. Almost every adolescent becomes at least somewhat introspective and concerned about himself: Am I normal? Am I acceptable? What are my ideals? What do I want to do with my life? He expects to find some guidance from his church and his God. In this sense his religion acquires real personal meaning for him, for the first time.

Now let's turn to religious education. It doesn't usually present problems to the mother and father who both belong to the same church and who have a comfortable belief in their church's teaching. When their child in his early years asks questions about God, they find it easy to convey their sense of Him—in a way that is understandable—much as if they were talking about a mortal to whom they are devoted. When he is ready for Sunday school, he usually goes without question, just as he goes to day school without question. The only advice that I would want to give to such parents would be to emphasize the positive teachings of religion, to emphasize the loving aspects of God, and to minimize the punitive aspects, particularly up to the age of six or eight.

A minor problem in religious education occasionally arises in the age period between six and nine years in the case of parents who do not attend church themselves and do not give their child any specific religious training, though they have very definite ethical and spiritual

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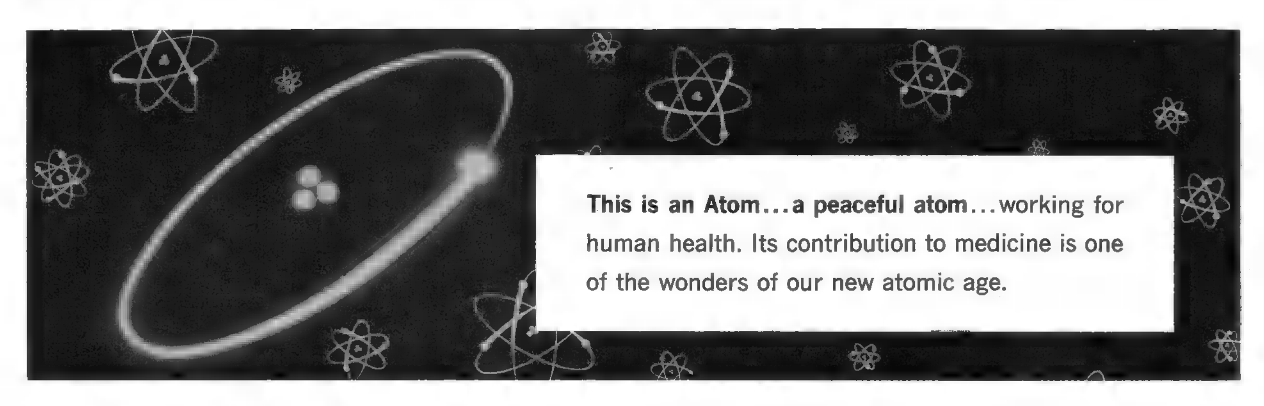
NEW! *Only child's home permanent with* **SQUEEZE-COMB EASE...**

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Comb Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!



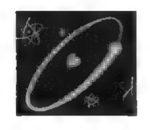


NEW LIGHT ON COLDS...

ATOM TRACER TESTS ACTS FASTER, LONGER THAN

These atom tracer tests prove Vicks VapoRub is already treating your nose, throat, bronchial area while aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach. And VapoRub keeps bringing relief hours after these tablets have stopped working

When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart...throat...back...and neck where so much cold tension is. VapoRub acts *instantly!*

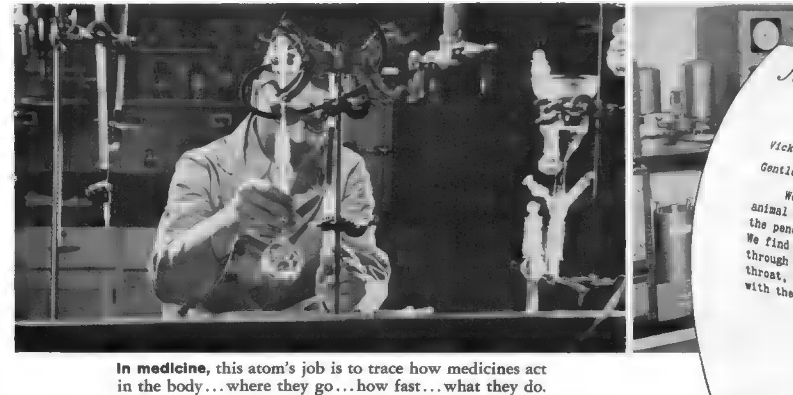


Now...from the laboratories of atomic medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you and your family can get relief from miseries of colds.

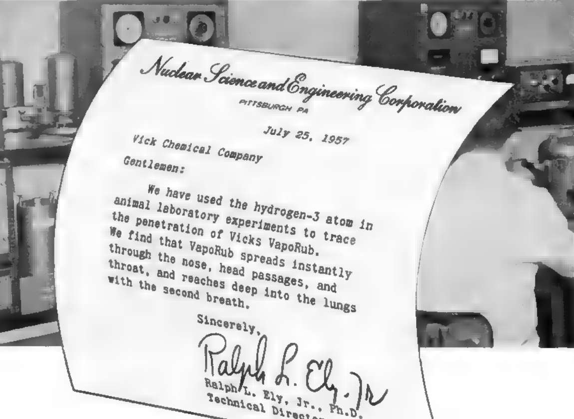
For scientists have used atom tracer tests to check the action of cold medications...and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster and longer than aspirin or any cold tablets.

These atom tracer tests prove VapoRub is already treating your nose, throat, bronchial area while aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach. And VapoRub keeps on bringing relief hours after these tablets have

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.



In medicine, this atom's job is to trace how medicines act in the body...where they go...how fast...what they do.



Nuclear Science and Engineering Corporation
PITTSBURGH PA

July 25, 1957

Vick Chemical Company

Gentlemen:

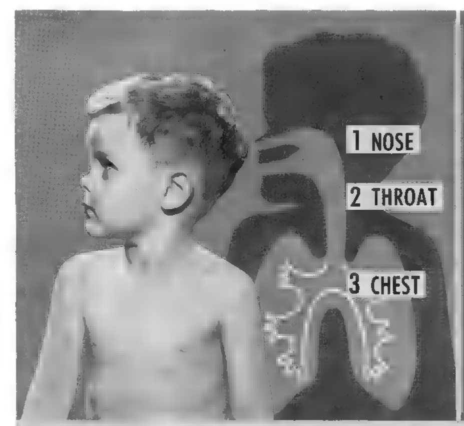
We have used the hydrogen-3 atom in animal laboratory experiments to trace the penetration of Vicks VapoRub. We find that VapoRub spreads instantly through the nose, head passages, and throat, and reaches deep into the lungs with the second breath.

Sincerely,

Ralph L. Ely, Jr.

Ralph L. Ely, Jr., Ph.D.
Technical Director

PROVE VICKS VAPORUB ASPIRIN OR ANY COLD TABLETS



No other type of treatment relieves all three cold areas...nose, throat, chest...directly...all at once...hour after hour...with every breath ...without internal dosing.



VapoRub loosens muscular tightness, soreness ...while medicated vapors relieve stuffed-up head, irritated throat, cough, upper bronchial congestion. So your child feels good again *fast!*

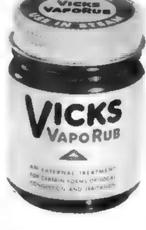


Grown-ups and elderly people throughout the world also use more VapoRub than any other product to relieve cold miseries. It acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets.

stopped working...to clear stuffed-up nose, soothe irritated throat, clear local chest congestion. So you can breathe better, sleep better, feel good fast.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas all at once...for as long as 10 hours...with every breath...without internal dosing. Not just nose alone...or throat...or chest...but *all 3* at the same time.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication. Why don't you turn to VapoRub, too? Enjoy the fast relief...the peace of mind...VapoRub can bring.



World's most widely used colds medication

...as a rub
...in steam
...in the nose

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

convictions. Let's say, for example, that they are disinclined to believe in the kind of God and heaven that are spoken of in the Bible or from the pulpit, but that they are more content themselves with the belief that God is the goodness in men's hearts and that heaven is the happiness which a man gives to others and for which he is remembered after he dies. However, they find that their young child picks up the remarks about religion of neighborhood children and brings them home to his parents for clarification. "Do we believe in God and heaven?" "Do people who don't go to church go to hell?" A conscientious parent of this sort is on a spot. He wants to be honest, he would like to explain his philosophy, yet he realizes that it is too vague for a seven-year-old. Of course he has to translate his beliefs into terms his child can comprehend, just as he has to simplify the facts of life or Santa Claus or the atom bomb. If I were he, I would answer, "Yes, we believe in God and we believe in heaven." I think this is a close enough approximation for a seven-year-old.



UP TO SNUFF

Tobacco [redacted] among the major curiosities found by early explorers in the New World. Smoking [redacted] introduced [redacted] Europe as a medicinal practice, became popular within [redacted] few generations. Snuffing of powdered tobacco into the [redacted] caught on more slowly.

Yet the [redacted] of snuff eventually be-[redacted] all but universal. Dandies and great ladies liked their snuff ground on the spot, [redacted] went about equipped with silver and ivory graters. Lesser folk had to be content to buy ready-ground mixtures. Some mixers of snuff added spices and perfumes to their wares—while unscrupulous dealers didn't hesitate to adulterate it.

So it came to be proverbial that it took a sharp fellow, not easily deceived, to tell the quality of snuff from [redacted] single whiff. Many [redacted] self-styled expert was described as "up to snuff"—or wise to its ways. Transferring to other areas of activity the odd title came to name any state of skill, confidence or fine fettle in general.

[redacted] B. [redacted]

He isn't interested in the subtleties. He very much wants a definite answer. He really wants to know, "Do we have beliefs, as other people have beliefs? Are we on the same side as the others, or are we different?" It seems wise to me, as a first step anyway, to emphasize the similarities. Otherwise the parents are, in [redacted] sense, insisting that the child think of himself as different from his friends just because of the parents' special philosophy. There will be plenty of time for him later to decide whether he wants to come to a regular or an unorthodox religion. If the child asks next, "Do we believe in hell?" the parent might well answer, "No, we don't," because severe punitiveness is not part of his philosophy and perhaps because he senses there is anxiety in the child's question. Then if the child asks, "Why don't we go to church?" the parent could answer, "Some people have a religion that makes them want to go to church and other people have a religion that doesn't make them want to go to church." If the child asks to go to Sunday school, I myself think the parent would be wise to encourage him to do so on the assumption that it would be beneficial educationally and spiritually. It would help him to some degree in the long run to find his own beliefs.

Next I want to mention the occasional problem in which the two parents have sharp differences in their religious views. More commonly it is the mother who is a strong believer in her own church; and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

SPECIAL OFFER from JOHNSON'S BABY SHAMPOO!

choice of 2 colors

TOWL-APRON

$1.59 VALUE

YOURS FOR ONLY **75¢**

with box top from Johnson's Baby Shampoo

- Thirsty-thick terry cloth towel stitched right on to apron.
- No more wet hands! Towel is at your side when you need it.
- Roomy terry-trimmed pocket, too.
- Choice of meadow green with white polka dots, sunny yellow towel. Or pink gingham check with French blue towel.

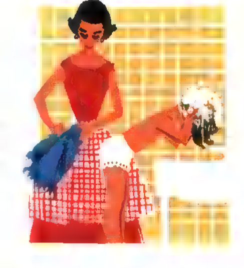
HANDY FOR SHAMPOOING, HOUSECLEANING, DISHWASHING ETC.



Your Towl-Apron makes a perfect helpmate at hair-wash time with Johnson's Baby Shampoo.

Try this wonderful shampoo that won't burn or irritate eyes . . . leaves hair silky soft.

Bottles come in 3 sizes.



THE "NO MORE TEARS" SHAMPOO

Send for your exclusive Towl-Apron Today. Limited offer. Use this coupon or get one at your drug store or supermarket. Or send [illegible] and address with 75¢ and box top to address on coupon below.

Towl-Apron, P. O. Box 10, Snow Shoe, Pa.

Enclosed is 75¢ and one Johnson's Baby Shampoo box top (any size) for each Towl-Apron.

Check color choice below.

☐ Meadow green apron, white polka dots, yellow towel ☐ Pink gingham check apron, blue towel

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Offer expires January 31, 1958. Refund guaranteed when supply is exhausted. Good only in Continental U. S. A., Hawaii and Alaska. This offer is void in any state, territory, municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

father is a nominal member of another church, or he is a nonbeliever, and he objects to the child's being indoctrinated in a religion of which he does not approve. Of course most couples who come from different religious backgrounds find, usually before they marry, [redacted] compromise that is agreeable to both, because their love for each other makes them want to. One can suspect, when the arguments continue, that it may not be religion which is coming between them, but that for neurotic reasons they have to quarrel and they find religion [redacted] very handy weapon.

I think that one parent who is at odds with the other is mistaken if he thinks that he alone can permanently direct a child toward one church or away from another by insisting on attendance or forbidding it. There is no doubt that a child brought up in [redacted] united family that adheres to an orthodox religion, in [redacted] neighborhood that adheres to that religion, will be strongly influenced for life. But it's very different if the parents are setting an example of unorthodoxy or if the parents are divided in their views, for then the child feels no deep obligation to follow any one creed and will probably decide for himself in adolescence or adulthood, on the basis of his fundamental attitudes toward life and on his special relationship to each of his parents.

ARE YOU MOVING?

If you are moving to [redacted] new home, the best way to be sure that your subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *reaches you promptly is to send us the new address at least 30 days* before *you move, together with the old address label cut from your magazine.*

[redacted] **Each year about 2,300,000 subscribers to Curtis magazines change their addresses and ask [redacted] to send the magazines to their new homes. We are happy to do this, but equally unhappy when delays occur. Sending us the label from your magazine will cut in half the time required to place the new address on our lists. Please send the old label and the new address *at least 30 days before you move.***

I would guess that the children, or at least the grandchildren, of people who didn't attend church find their way to church eventually, in much the same proportion as other people do, provided they are reasonably well adjusted. For, though it is impossible to prove the existence of God, at least to a skeptic, it is easy to show that human beings are naturally religious. A majority of those who have grown up with love and respect for their parents have always wanted to express similar feelings of dependence and devotion and obligation toward a Deity.

I would advise parents who have sharp religious differences to make every effort to leave the child out of their arguments, and to come to a compromise which leaves the least tension between themselves. Otherwise the child will only be made miserable. I'd tell a father who was trying to keep his child from adopting a certain religion that he was courting defeat. And if a mother explained that she wanted her child to experience the beauty and the consolation of her religion, but that her husband objects violently to her taking her child to that church, I'd suggest that the inspiration which the mother receives from her church will be felt clearly by the child and will have a potent indirect effect on him in childhood even if he himself does not attend. This will draw him toward that church later when he can make his own decisions.

There are two reactions to religion in adolescence that sometimes worry parents. An occasional child is so churned up by the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five...



bringing up baby®



When to lend a helping hand

Did you ever stop to think that when baby gets an out-of-sorts spell it may be that he's trying to accomplish something—like trying to turn over—to sit up—or to reach something that's out of reach? If you can't determine just what it is that baby wants, an extra helping of friendliness and affection often works wonders in getting baby over the rough spot.

"Strengthening influence" for baby

"Proteins," say the experts, "are the great strength-givers, the important 'growing tools' of the body." Gerber Strained Meats, of course, are rich in complete proteins as well as iron and B-vitamins. Made from succulent, selected Armour cuts, they're specially processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue. As for texture, Gerber Strained Meats are pureed to a smooth-on-the-tongue consistency that babies like.

ARMOUR

How to increase mealtime zeal

Forcing never made a baby a bigger or better eater, but these "tried and true" tricks help create a desire to eat.



- Lots of fresh air and sweet sleep.
- Reasonable exercise and play.
- Reasonable regularity about mealtimes.
- A goodly variety of good-tasting food.
- A pleasant, un-hurried atmosphere.



New idea in baby food

Something special in the way of flavor—something extra in the way of nourishment. Gerber's new High Meat Dinners have 3 times as much meat, and therefore much more protein than regular vegetable and meat combinations. This extra meat is combined with selected vegetables and cereal for brighter flavor and a varied assortment of nutrients. And with all this nourishment in one main dish, they're economical to serve. 3 varieties in both Strained and Junior versions. Beef, Veal or Chicken—all with vegetables.

Halloween Surprise

SWEET POTATO & APPLE CUSTARD

- *1 container Gerber Strained Sweet Potatoes**
- *1 container Gerber Strained Applesauce**
- *½ cup whole milk*
- *2 tablespoons sugar*
- *2 eggs, slightly beaten*

**9 delicious Strained Vegetables and 9 tempting Strained Fruits make menu planning easy.*

Combine ingredients and pour into greased custard cups. Set cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325°F.) until firm. About 60 minutes.

Fact or fiction

"Is there really a Mrs. Gerber?" That little question pops up in many of the charming letters from mothers who follow this column. Well, there's nothing fictional about me or my family. I'm a very much alive, proud mother of 5 and a delighted grandmother of 6. It's a busy, but rewarding life and the lot of us love every minute of it.

Nutrition notation

No matter what the age of your baby, cereal plays an important role in the infant diet all through babyhood. Gerber Baby Cereals are specially prepared to meet many of your baby's nutritional needs. All 5—Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Oatmeal, Mixed Cereal (formerly Cereal Food) and the new High Protein Cereal are fortified with iron, calcium and B-vitamins for strength and sturdy growth.

Gerber Baby Cereals are famous for bland but distinctive flavor and the smooth-on-the-tongue texture wee ones like. They're pre-cooked and ready to serve with milk, formula or other liquids.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!



5 Cereals • Over 75 Strained & Junior Foods, Including Meats

all dressed up for the evening

Far as the kids are concerned, Nitey Nites are just the thing—comfortable, good-looking . . . *they like 'em!* You're happy, too, because: snug, knitted Arctic Cloth is soft, fleecy-warm, washes and dries fast, needs no ironing . . . and it's Perry-ized to keep its fit. Left to right: Cupid print with plastic-sole bootee foot, elastic ankle, sizes 0 to 4; check-trimmed Skier, sizes 4 to 14; Winter Sportsman with patented H-Neck, fly-front, plastic-sole bootee foot, 4 to 8; and Tuck Grow-Sleeper with patented bootee foot, sizes 0 to 4. Solid Pastels, prints on soft pastels; some prints on white. Nitey Nites are priced from 2.25 to 3.98. New Nitey Nite Doll drinks, wets, has beautiful Saran hair and is dressed to match many styles.

they're so snug and elegant in new Arctic Cloth sleepers by



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

changes in his body and feelings that he almost loses the sense of who he is and where he is going. This is a frightening feeling and it may lead him—in his search for security—to an unusually intense, an almost frantic devotion to religion. I wouldn't worry about a levelheaded child who turned more to the church at this age in a serene mood. I would try to get expert guidance for the one who had become anxiously obsessed with religion.

The other adolescent reaction that bothers parents is quite different. It may show itself in objections to the parents' particular church or in resistance to going to any church at all. Of course the adolescent is trying hard to free himself from the remainder of his childhood dependence on parents and to prove that he can chart his own course through life. But rather than admit his doubts about his ability to accomplish these aims, he prefers to picture his parents as blocking his path. He finds all kinds of faults in them: they are still treating him like a baby or they have lost touch with the finer things of life or their religious beliefs are pathetically conventional. In one evening he believes he could formulate a religion that was more inspired and at the same time more in accord with the truth. Another reaction is to feel that religion is just one of those things, like schooling and family rules, that parents impose on their children. I remember in my own college days thinking that a majority of my friends (who came from normally religious families) had turned against religion for good. I was quite surprised a few years later to find that they were all having their babies baptized and that later still some of them were becoming pillars of their churches.

As soon as the adolescent feels convinced deep inside that he is an independent adult—it may come when he joins the service or when he takes a job or when he marries and has a child—then he can stop complaining about his parents and begin, happily, to behave very much like them, in churchgoing as in everything else.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

THE LITTLE DARK ONE

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Steve is Davy Crockett—
His cap of cobweb coonskin—
And Johnny is a Ranger
On a nonexistent roan—

So round and round the garden
Where Captain Hook and Tinker
And Hopalong and Robber Joe
And all their sort are known.

But Catharine—but Catharine
Walks softly through the roses,
Her baby doll in crook of arm—
She rides no role nor horse.

"And who are *you*, with roses crowned?"
She answers with her grave eyes round:
"I'm Catharine—just Catharine,
I'm Catharine, of course."

So round and round the garden
They travel in the shadows
Of things that seem and things that are
(Like people who are grown)
But Catharine, just Catharine
Already knows the mystery
And magic and enough-to-be
Of Catharine alone!







DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



Holly has such a look of virtue that we stop to laugh.

The fire burns brightly on the ancient hearth, the leaves on the sugar maples are brighter than the sunset, wisps of sweet hay stick out of every barn door. Goldenrod and a few late asters have survived the frosts, but the reaped fields are cinnamon and amber. Days are golden, nights are dark velvet pricked with stars.

There are other signs, too, that autumn walks the countryside. Comes the morning when the house is so chilly that even *two* sweaters are not enough. One year, in a brave showing of independence, I said we would not *give in* and start the furnace until we had to. We held off until Thanksgiving, but we never tried it again. Lugging wood for two fireplaces, and the old range, and my Franklin stove, proved to me that we are much weaker than our forebears. We got tired out!

It gave me a fine feeling of being able to battle the elements, and it also gave me a bad sinus attack and a head cold. For we have no heat upstairs without the furnace, and taking a bath meant leaping hastily into scalding water, then jumping out and shivering.

At some earlier day, the upstairs fireplaces in Stillmeadow were knocked out. Probably at the time the picket fence was used for firewood. There was a stove in Cicely's bedroom, for those tenants stored their ashes in her closet, and as the hot ashes piled up on the floor nature took her course, and the house nearly burned down.

But long before that, the people in our house did have a corner fireplace in one bedroom upstairs, and I often think of the children putting their copper-toed boots in front of the good heat as they popped into the feather beds and reached for the warming pan.

I was in the yard this morning, picking up fallen branches from the last storm. Holly and the cockers were helping. Holly got a fine branch, much too big to get through the door, but she worked at it. Finally she got it in and put it, properly, on my bed.

In autumn, the sense of the past is strong within me. As the leaves fall, time becomes suddenly very real. Not just what shall I do tomorrow, but what has been in the yesterdays, and what will be?

I remember going to Provincetown to see the Mayflower come in. It was a bitter foggy rainy day, with the dunes hidden in a bank of silvery gray. The wind was biting. Provincetown itself looked like a lost land, for the swirling fog hid the accouterments of civilization.

We went into a restaurant at the shore's edge, and waited, along with a crowd of other people. The waitresses flew about, giving the wrong orders to everyone. The guests were chiefly honeymoon couples, most of them looking, on that grim day, as if they feared they had made a mistake. But one couple ordered one bowl of clam chowder for Her, and He just dipped his spoon in and ate with her.

"He will be president of the company one day," predicted Jill.

A few couples on what we used to call "the shady side of middle age" when we were in school sat eating lobster and not paying too much attention.

Suddenly someone cried, "There she comes!"

The whole assemblage rushed to the windows. We had binoculars, and passed them around. Half an hour later a pretty little waitress said, "Who owns these?"

"I do," I said mildly, and got a look myself. But I always have to shut one eye when using binoculars, so it didn't do much good.

There she came, indeed, a tall ship, with an odd squarish front. The sea was rough, the fog heavy. We made out the flags flying, and we saw the whippet shapes of the cutters escorting her.

And suddenly I was back all those years, seeing the narrow shore from the deck of that tall ship. What hopes and dreams were riding with her then, and what a bleak, lonely harbor to anchor in! And yet from this came our country. As we drove back through spitting rain, I was glad we saw her coming in. I didn't care about the costumes, the speeches, the fanfare to come in Plymouth. All I wanted was to see the ship coming with difficulty around the end of the land, and see her finally come to anchor.

Then I thought, as the sand beat on the windshield, no, the best was the way everybody in the restaurant gathered together and talked and shared ideas and were uplifted with excitement. From the harried olive-colored Portuguese waitress to the pale elegant woman in a fabulously simple little gray knit, from the little hostess in her full hand-printed skirt to the honeymooners, peeling and doubtful, everyone knew a moment of unity. We shared the arrival of a ship that really was a symbol.

Two days before, we were sitting on the grass visiting with Art and Audrey Baines. And talking dogs. Art was rolling around with Holly, while Audrey moved the newest grandchild from her playpen. "Holly is a sweetheart," said Art. I sighed. We had been commuting to Art's for Holly to go to a show, meeting him late at night on a parkway somewhere—meeting him at one-thirty at Black Rock Turnpike—and Holly had nine points on her championship. But I didn't give a fig for a championship. It seemed to be an obligation to her breeding. I wondered, coming back from seeing the Mayflower rocking dizzily in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

MINIATURE HAMBURGER APPETIZERS

Bewitching dishes:

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats





Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

HALLOWEEN OATMEAL "LOLLIPOPS"

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like flavor to cookies.

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup shortening, soft
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. water
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked)

Sift together first 4 ingredients into bowl. Add brown sugar, shortening, egg, vanilla, water. Beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Stir in oats. Shape into balls; place on ungreased cookie sheets. Flatten; insert wooden skewers. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool slightly; remove from sheets. Decorate with confectioners' sugar frosting, coconut. Makes 4 dozen.

MINIATURE HAMBURGER APPETIZERS

Quaker Oats makes hamburgers juicier, tastier because it holds the good beef juices in the meat.

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 3 Tbsp. chopped onion
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ⅔ cup tomato juice

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. For each tiny hamburger, shape scant tablespoon of the meat mixture into a ball; flatten slightly. Pan-fry or broil to desired doneness. Fasten on toasted bread squares with toothpicks. Dip in your favorite barbecue sauce. Makes about 50 tiny, juicy hamburgers.

APRICOT-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The tangy flavor of fruit—blended into the oatmeal *during the cooking*—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in 1 cup cooked, sweetened apricots. Cover and let stand as directed. Garnish each serving with additional apricot halves if desired. Serve with milk or cream.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV


YOU'LL FLY
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, JET BON AMI CLEANS WINDOWS, PORCELAIN, PAINTED

THROUGH HOUSEWORK!

YES, A NEW METHOD NOW SIMPLIFIES CLEANING AS MUCH AS CAKE MIXES SHORTCUT BAKING. IT'S

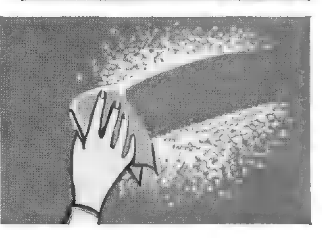
A New Way To Clean House ...Without Water

CUTS THE JOB TO A SIMPLE 2-STEP METHOD





LACY FROTH SPRAYS ON......



DIRT WIPES RIGHT OFF.......

Jet Bon Ami does away with pail, soap, water, tiresome polishing. Hands don't even get wet.

This is what every woman who's ever cleaned house has waited for! A method that simplifies cleaning as much as cake mixes shortcut baking! Now, with Jet Bon Ami, a lacy froth sprays on...dirt wipes right off with a *dry* cloth or paper towel. (You'll find Scot Towels ideal.) No waiting, no rinsing. No tiresome rubbing to bring up the shine. Porcelain, painted woodwork, chrome—all through the house—sparkle almost instantly. And imagine! On windows, Jet Bon Ami not only cleans glass, but sills as well! And on refrigerators! My, what a shine—with no waxy build-up. A stingy bit of froth cleans better than a lot—spreads as you wipe—very economical.

SPECIAL OFFER to show you the magic of this new waterless method. Buy one can of Jet Bon Ami. If it doesn't shortcut your cleaning or give your house all the sparkle and shine you desire, we'll refund your full purchase price. Just write your name, address, comments and price you paid on back of the label. Mail to: The Bon Ami Company, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Scot Towels

JET-SPRAY BON AMI

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WOODWORK, CHROME, TILE... QUICK AS A WINK—ESPECIALLY WITH SCOT TOWELS.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the rough sea, if obligation doesn't move more than mountains.

Maybe some of those people did not want to go across the unknown oceans either. Their courage is more than I could envision. But they sailed, they took the heavy, awkward ship across the sea, and they managed.

Now and then there are moments that are like a sapphire in the hand. The Mayflower gave me enough to think about for a year, but having dinner with Shirley Booth made me pinch myself to be sure it was real.

"How is Little Sister?" she asked at once anxiously. "And how is Hollyberry?"

It turned out we both love Siamese cats too. As well as cockers. I felt as if she had lived next door all my life. Theater people always seem to be in a world apart, but not Shirley Booth. She is the kind of woman who would call up and say her roses looked a little weak and what could be the matter? And her dogs did not like the new dog food, should she change back?

I suspect the reason she is a great actress is that she lives completely, and it probably has nothing to do with the fact that when she sets foot on the stage the air suddenly becomes incandescent.

At dinner, I noticed that her voice is just the same, a little flat and very honest and with a sudden rise when she is moved. Very much like the voice that called, "Come back, Little Sheba."

Helen Beals, our hostess, said we might never get fed, for she was *not* going to miss any of the conversation, which was like birds flying by then. But dinner was excellent and Helen's black cocker, Peter, was a very happy boy in a roomful of dog lovers.

I asked Shirley how she worked on "Come back, Little Sheba," the line which was an echo of all women calling all lost dogs. "Very simple," she said. "I saw a shabby little woman walking a shabby little dog one night on the street in New York. And I thought of her, and it just came out that way!"

When we asked her how it felt to win her Oscar, she said the main thing was she had a very full, elegant gown, and told the designer she could never walk in it. "Do not worry, madame," said the designer, "it will just float around you."

"It didn't float," said Shirley dryly. "I put my foot through it right away and fell on my knees on the steps."

Now in October, everyone in our valley is busy. It is what I call a last month. Last time to clear the garden, time to prune, time to fill the woodshed, time to winterize, as they say, the car. Time to wash everything washable while it can dry on the line without freezing solid. For I know of nothing more discouraging than trying to part a frozen sheet from a frozen line. It is about like managing a section of wallboard. In the end it invariably falls on my face, crackling.

Erma wants to freshen up all the curtains. They blow on the line in the wine-sweet sun. And the dust of summer vanishes.

Holly loves activity. She helps with everything. She is always ready to nip up the clothespins, tear off with a towel, or swing on the dragging end of a blanket. Then after a hard day of helping, she stretches out comfortably in her chair in the family room and has such a look of virtue that we stop everything to laugh.

The soup kettle comes out. We like simmered soup, long over the open fire. Veal, beef, chicken bones are good. Plenty of seasoning, including five or six cloves. Then when the stock is rich and robust, we toss in any number of things from onions to celery leaves (never underestimate the value of celery leaves), carrots, beans, rice, peas, whatever we have. A bit of leftover tomato paste is helpful, as is some gravy from yesterday's roast. This thickens it a bit, which is all to the good. And then, if we are gilding the lily, I pop in dumplings with parsley flakes or grated cheese and lots of paprika. We always make a big pot because the cockers and Irish like it as well as we do. Jonquil especially loves carrots and onions.

Twilight comes sudden and soon now. The moon climbs above the old apple trees in silver beauty. The dogs take a last sniff around while I just look at the moon, and think of how many times the moon has risen over those old apple trees.

The moonlight is cool now, and the air smells of windfalls that have been frosted. The trees are giving up their red and gold leaves, so some of the branches are charcoal in the pale light.

All over my valley, I reflect, children are again battling with homework. The world has been an uneasy one for so long. But the children are still struggling with two times eight is —— and what is the capital of Argentina?

And I wonder, as I walk back to the lighted house, what have I learned of value, in the schools I went to and the bigger school of life?

Possibly not much, except that love is more important than hate, that lovingkindness makes for happiness. For hate is a kind of sickness that is worse for the one who establishes it than for the object, whether it be a neighbor, a race, a religion or a country. "Let us love one another," I say to Holly, as she races past.

"No problem for me," her tail says, "I love the world!"

The hills are strong and dark against the moonlit sky. Smoke feathers from the chimney. Jill is reading Agatha Christie and the logs in the great fireplace have fallen apart.

As I come in with a bevy of dogs, I hear the old house breathing. It is a quiet sound of settling ancient beams and sills.

"My, what a fine day," says Holly.

"How about just one more carrot?" asks Jonquil.

And one more day is over. END

PEDIATRICIAN RECOMMENDS "FENCING IN" TODDLERS

An Evanston, Illinois, pediatrician has recommended that preschool children be separated from "adult gadgets and trouble" for at least half of their playtime.

Dr. E. Robbins Kimball said this will help the child in his adjustment and adaptability by allowing him to escape the adult "no" for part of his time and by slowing down the expansion of his world to the point where he can handle it.

A child does not really understand what belongs to him and what belongs to his parents until he is four years old. Until then he should be relieved of the responsibility of not touching the possessions of adults for half of his playing hours (four hours a day), Doctor Kimball said in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Because parents cannot live in a nursery, Doctor Kimball suggested that the child be separated from the adult world by means of a playpen, gated room or porch, fenced yard or nursery school, depending on his age.

Such "compartmentation" gives nervous mothers relief and decreases the number of household accidents. In addition, it prevents the child from developing habitual patterns of resistance to adults as they try to direct him.

So strong, a single sheet of regular-weight ALCOA WRAP aluminum foil pulls water skier 30 MPH!

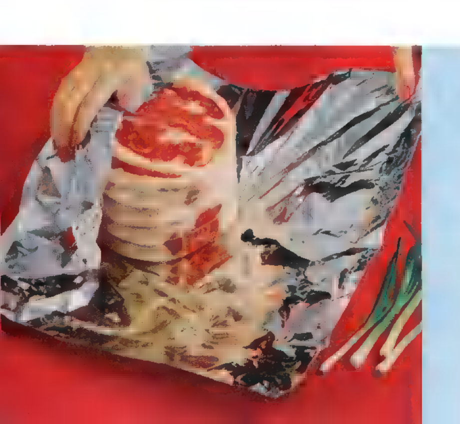
This is an actual photograph taken in beautiful Cypress Gardens, Florida

think what this strength means in your kitchen:

STRONG NEW ALCOA WRAP

seals more juices, more flavor in every roast you buy

Because strong new Alcoa® Wrap resists ripping, you can wrap your roast really tight to hold in tantalizing flavors and rich, natural juices. Even inexpensive cuts of meat stay juicier, tastier, more tender when you roast them in *strong* Alcoa Wrap. Store leftover roast in Alcoa Wrap, too. Its extra strength seals air *out*, freshness *in*.

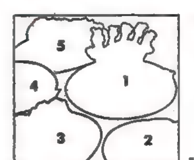


IT'S SO EASY...
HERE'S HOW:

Simply place roast on Alcoa Wrap sheet. Fold foil above roast in double fold, pull sides up; place on rack in shallow pan. Add no water; *do not cover*. If meat thermometer is used, insert through Alcoa Wrap. Roast in preheated 425°F. oven. 45 minutes before meat is done, open foil for browning. A 3-lb. rare beef roast, for instance, will take only 1½ hours.



Five Fall ways to



Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray

1. Regal Roast Pork. Fill crown roast with favorite stuffing, cover bone tips with foil and roast in 350° oven, 30 minutes per pound. Before serving, add a cap of ruby-red Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce.

2. Sitter's Night Supper—cold chicken and sassy Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Write names with cream cheese!

3. Lamb Chops with Game Sauce. Serve tangy Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce as is. Or heat with two tbsp. butter, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, dash cayenne, ½ tsp. cloves and 1 tsp. salt. When blended, add 1 cup cider or port wine. Serve immediately.

4. Carousel Casserole. In round baking dish alternate thick slices of canned ham and Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce. Sprinkle with brown sugar and Cranberry Juice. Bake ½ hour. Even at 350° Jellied Cranberry Sauce won't melt.

5. Sauerbraten, New England Style. Brown pot roast. Add 1½ cups water, 1 can Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce, ½ tsp. cloves and 2 tbsp. vinegar. Cover, cook till tender. (Add more water during cooking if necessary.) To serve, remove roast from pan. Crumble 10 gingersnaps into liquid remaining. Cook 5 minutes till smooth and thick, and pour over roast. Serve extra hot Whole Cranberry Sauce on the side.

Save 10¢ on Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Refreshing Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is yours for less during fresh-cranberry season. Look for Ocean Spray Fresh Cranberries with the valuable juice coupon.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too

Teen-agers with Time on their Hands find Boys' Club the Answer


GUY GILLETTE

Parents always know where to find these teen-agers. Members of Park-Holm Boys' Club, they spend many an hour in the workshop under the leadership of Tom Hastings, fourth from left.

Girls Learn Skills Too

By MARGARET HICKEY

Anyone who has ever visited ■ boys' club will tell you it is an invigorating experience. Boys who once played in the streets swarm, laughing and shouting, into their new-found funland, team off for boxing, baseball, basketball or hammering in wood and metal shops. Among them are boys who never had an adult friend, but who now find in their leader someone they can look up to and be pals with. Many are growing up with ideals and outlook they might otherwise never have had.

The same conditions—crowded neighborhoods, overworked mothers, lack of recreation—that show the need for boys' clubs also point up the need for girls' clubs. For these are youngsters who do not belong to other youth organizations, either because they cannot afford even small fees or because such groups do not exist in their communities.

By contrast there are only 65 girls' clubs with ■ membership of 41,379, but 400 boys' clubs with 375,000 members. Girls' club workers often find it hard to dramatize for the community the homely, yet wonderful, skills their girls are acquiring every day.

A typical example is the Winter Haven club, the only Girls Clubs of America member in Florida. Many of the members are children of migratory crop workers who toil all day in hot fields and come home too tired for anything but rest. Nine years ago these girls had no place to go, often gathered on street corners late at night. Miss Matilda Heinrich, director of the local welfare department, worried about this—until one day in 1948 she rounded up 20 girls for a club meeting in a school cafeteria. Over the years Miss Heinrich, as unpaid club director, has hounded the community to come to the club's aid. Today, five afternoons ■ week, some 200 girls aged six to sixteen jam their own clubhouse to make friends and picnic together, and also, under the direction of able volunteers, to learn to cook, knit, sew, garden, groom themselves and even to dance.

Clubs in other communities have grown up with the backing of civic groups, among them Soroptimists, Junior League, Kiwanis, as well as sororities and business groups. Some meet in old houses, some in streamlined concrete buildings, at least one in ■ converted garage. But all have a single aim—to help girls; and a common need—for more volunteers, more citizens' committees, more money. Counsel, advice, program help and training opportunities, however, are available to all through Girls Clubs national headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts. END

Mrs. Hetland was stacking away supper dishes when it happened—a crash, then a shower of splintered glass from the kitchen window. Outside, there were sounds of scuffling feet. A moment passed. Mrs. Hetland, ■ little shaken, stepped cautiously to the door and peered into the darkness. But all was quiet now on the walk that separated the one-story frame buildings of the housing project.

"It's those boys again," she muttered, "always making trouble."

William Donovan, director of the Park-Holm project in Newport, Rhode Island, listened with concern as Mrs. Hetland told him what had happened. It was a story he had heard many times before.

Park-Holm, a low-income neighborhood of neat green, white and blue units surrounded by trees and clotheslines, is on the fringe of town and served by a bus that runs only infrequently. There was nothing for lively teen-agers to do, that January of 1954, except stir up trouble. Evenings, older boys at Park-Holm gathered on the open back porch of the meeting hall. Usually they just stood around and talked after supper, but sometimes they forced the door open, crowded inside for a smoke. And there always were complaints from tenants—about rowdiness, milk bottles thrown at roofs and windows, fruits and vegetables strewn around the grounds.

In the hope of keeping the boys out of mischief, Mr. Donovan decided to let them in the hall. But after an hour, ■ janitor found the boys chucking water-filled paper bags at one another. That was the last time they used the hall—with permission.

William Donovan was surprised, a few weeks later, when a dozen teen-agers—among them boys tenants had complained about—filed into his office. A short, freckle-faced blond boy was spokesman.

"I guess you know, Mr. Donovan," he began hesitantly, "that there isn't much for us guys to do around here, and, well, we're tired of the same old routine of coming home from school, eating supper, then just standing around the back porch. Sometimes it gets pretty cold. Could we—that is, would you let us use the hall if we organized ■ club?"

William Donovan called on one of his own tenants, ■ tall, husky former marine, for advice. Thomas Hastings, barely thirty, then with three youngsters of his own, had a degree in social work and was a juvenile consultant with the Newport City Welfare Department. Furthermore, Tom Hastings knew something about boys' clubs—he had first joined one in Worcester, Massachusetts, when he was in second grade. Would he be willing to help?

Tom Hastings, remembering the five youngsters charged with vandalism he had encountered in an "out-of-court" case, felt a boys' club which combined recreation with guidance was sorely needed. Many parents he talked to agreed. "I try to do my best, but I have to work," a widow told him. Her son was one who had been throwing stones. Robert Barrows, though his son was too young for ■ club, knew what it would mean to others. "I've kicked a ball out there with some of the kids. You know, it's big news when a *man* plays with them. They need someone to show off to, get tips from." All parents wanted their boys to get out of the cramped apartments and have ■ good time. But they also wanted to know where they were and who their friends were.

That was the beginning of the Park-Holm Boys' Club. The twelve boys rounded up ■ half-dozen others for the first meeting in March, 1954, held in one small room of the community hall. Nobody knew exactly what to do at first, so Tom Hastings, as volunteer leader, explained parliamentary procedure and how it works. Election of officers then got under way.

"I saw this in a newspaper," ■ bright-eyed boy called out, holding ■ program of a boys' club in Providence active in community-fund drives and cleanup campaigns. The Park-Holm boys determined they, too, would have a service committee, to work for juvenile decency—as well as athletic and social committees.

Organizing the athletic activities was easy. Everyone wanted to play. But first they needed ■ place to practice. Park-Holm had a baseball diamond and a basketball court, but both were in need of repair. The service and athletic committees decided to recruit members to do the necessary work—level the ground on both areas, resurface them with clay and loam the Housing Authority promised to provide. The basketball court would get new backstops; the diamond, its base paths straightened.

Evenings, the boys, wearing their oldest clothes, got down on hands and knees and scraped floors CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



How many forkfuls of *no vitamins* do you eat in a day? Some of the most delicious things on your table supply little more vitamins than an ice cube.

It makes a problem, because you want to eat and drink what you like. Can vitamin supplements set you free to eat and drink what you like without endangering your health? That depends.



There are things vitamins can do and things they cannot do.

You can easily get the facts: just ask your pharmacist for Squibb's free leaflet "Hidden Hunger." Make a note: Vitamins...Drugstore... "Hidden Hunger."

And if you are sick, see your doctor. Let him use his skill and judgment to decide what you need.

SQUIBB

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

in the hall with steel wool; when that was done, they applied ■ coat of gym finish to make them good and smooth for future dances.

Next the boys painted their clubroom lounge blue with chartreuse trim. Chairs and lamps begged and borrowed from families and neighbors added ■ "homey" touch.

It was just ■ matter of time before the Housing Authority gave the boys another small room. By November, 1955, club members were building and redecorating again. This time they had a library in mind. With lumber purchased from their club treasury they constructed five-shelf-high bookcases, a dictionary stand, and a low case for children's books—for the membership was soon to include youngsters aged six to twelve. When residents of Park-Holm learned—through a mimeographed community newspaper club members left on doorsteps—what the boys were up to, donations of books started pouring in. Mrs. Raymond J. Lynch, a young mother and former librarian, volunteered her services and immediately put the boys to work cataloguing the books.

Now the boys have the entire hall for club activities. Drop by any evening except Tuesday. If you're early—a few minutes before six—you can see Tom Hastings and Joe MacDonald through the lighted window. They're getting out equipment and setting up games. Outside, on the steps, ten-year-old Mike Edwards waits patiently to get in. He's the youngest of four boys and often left out of things at home. But at boys' club there are "thousands of games," he tells you. he can

Quarrels would never last long if there were ■ faults on both sides.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

play with fellows his own age. As soon as the door opens he runs to the table where Joe has started a list of players. "I'm in the checkers tournament," Mike shouts. Joe writes down his name, then reminds him to hang up his coat in the closet. By now four more youngsters have come in and a fierce game of table tennis gets under way. The hall is soon filled with younger boys and they jump into their places around the checker and chess boards and begin playing with intense concentration.

Twenty-year-old Joe MacDonald, one of the charter members of Park-Holm club, just about makes it by six on Monday evenings from his job at a supermarket. ("Dinner can wait—I look at food all day.") Joe is one of four assistant leaders who take charge under Tom Hastings' direction one evening a week. The assistants earn $1.00 an hour, paid out of a fund collected by mothers of club members.

Joe tells you proudly that tenants hardly ever complain about teen-agers in Park-Holm nowadays. And he is backed up by Inspector Paul Sullivan, who can remember when two or three police calls a week to Park-Holm were routine. The boys make their own rules of discipline, but with Tom Hastings quietly guiding and directing.

President "Bing" Coen has learned to "throw the ball to the guy that's clowning around" during meetings with the comment, "Let's hear your suggestion." The immediate reaction is ■ red face and a desperate attempt to contribute something to the discussion. Richard H. Fullerton, a member of the club's advisory committee, hopes his own seven- and nine-year-old sons will follow President Bing's example and develop leadership, learn to make decisions and organize. He, like a number of other parents, has found the club a means of strengthening points he makes at home.

Tom Hastings is always on the lookout for the little danger signals that indicate ■ boy needs special attention. There is the overactive youngster who can't work out his feelings at home; the shy, withdrawn child who needs reassurance and encouragement to take part in things; the boy without the guidance of ■

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Walnutty-wonderful! Two great new desserts!

Bake 'em with Diamond Walnuts



FUDGY WALNUT PUDDING!

Beat 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ cup butter, melted, ¾ cup dark corn syrup. Add ¾ cup chopped Diamond Walnuts; pour into ungreased 9″ sq. pan. Top with 2 cups Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix batter; bake 40 min. at 350° (325° for glass pans). Cut in squares; invert. Top with whipped cream and walnut halves.

For fresh flavor, use DIAMOND WALNUTS! These are the very choicest from California—with every tempting, golden kernel fresh and crisp and full of goodness. Get Diamond Walnuts in the shell in cellophane bags. Thin-shelled, fun to crack—two full cups of plump kernels from every 1-lb. bag. Or, fresh-shelled Diamond Walnut halves and pieces come in handy vacuum cans.

You can work wonders with your imagination and **Diamond Walnuts**

and Betty Crocker Cake Mixes!



Melt ⅓ cup butter. Bring to boil with ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. light corn syrup. Pour into ungreased 9" sq. pan. Arrange 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts over mixture. Top with half of Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix batter. Bake 35 min. at 350°. Invert immediately, leaving pan over cake 1 minute. Especially good served warm!



"Aren't you the clever one! Thinking up luscious desserts to please the family you love and slipping in extra nourishment, too! Ever think about cake? Cakes you bake with Betty Crocker Cake Mixes give your family the proteins, vitamins, and minerals of fresh eggs and wholesome milk. Tonight, try one of these ideas . . . for an old-fashioned treat with extra energy in every bite!"

Betty Crocker Yellow CAKE MIX

"I guarantee a perfect* cake—*cake...after cake...after cake!"*



*Yes, every mix [illegible] make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

father who constantly teases older boys to get attention ("Ya oughta be in a cage" is one of the current name-calling favorites that Tom tries to discourage). Often all it takes is a special job to make these boys feel needed and important. One very quiet lad soon had a lot to say at meetings after he was appointed circulation manager of the community newspaper; another, a tease, no longer had time for mischiefmaking once he accepted chairmanship of Park-Holm cleanup day.

Tom Hastings frequently calls on parents of boys who consistently get into arguments at the club or disrupt the games. He will start off by bringing out one of the boy's good qualities, such as "Rob has a good sense of humor; everybody likes his jokes." Almost always the mother will open up with what has been troubling her: "Yes, but he's not doing well in school. He seems so restless." Tom then sees to it that the boy takes some job, such as supervising tournaments, to help him feel more settled.

The club, now with its new wood-and-metal-crafts workshop, boxing nights, fishing and stamp clubs and athletic teams, hasn't solved all juvenile problems in the Park-Holm area. But, through leadership and guidance, many boys have been helped who otherwise would have been left to shift for themselves. There was the boy who spent $25 he had helped collect for the club in a fund drive. Tom Hastings, convinced that stealing is a symptom of some problem or disturbance, treated it that way. He talked with the boy, got him to agree to work afternoons to pay back the money—and no one was the wiser.

Sometimes the older boys help. One youngster, whom we will call Jim, had been hanging around with a group of roughnecks, finally was brought into Juvenile Court for damaging a neighbor's property. After Jim was released in his mother's custody, Joe MacDonald, well liked for his easygoing manner, persuaded him to come around to the club. Jim's mother, a widow, now goes to work calm in the knowledge her son has made friends with the right kind of boys and is taking part in supervised activities in the evening.

The influence of the Park-Holm Boys' Club has not been limited to its 317 members, but now is reaching out to every boy in Newport County. The first seeds of expansion were sown when in January, 1956, Park-Holm Club wrote to the Boys' Clubs of America in New York City for help in bringing after-school recreation to other parts of the city where no youth groups existed. As it does in any interested city or town, the national group sent its regional representative to make a study of the youth situation. If a need existed, advice and assistance would be available free of charge to help win community support for a boys' club. Mr. Edgar W. Rylander, the New England regional representative, did find such a need. Of Newport's schoolboy population of 3977, he counted 2566 with no place to play after school except street corners and back alleys. Those who did belong to Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A. or a community center, he learned, were not the youngsters who most needed recreation and guidance to keep them out of trouble.

Armed with this report, Tom Hastings called a meeting of representatives of local service clubs, churches and city government to tell them about Park-Holm Boys' Club and the need for more such clubs. Tom Hastings' talk about how a "gang" with proper leadership *can* be a positive influence in a boy's life got results. Out of this meeting came a steering committee to study the possibilities of a county-wide boys' club. Within a few weeks a new permanent "Boys' Clubs of Newport County" was formed, affiliated with the national organization. Thirty-one leading citizens were elected to a board of governors and $6000 was pledged anonymously to underwrite the first year's salary of an executive secretary. Tom Hastings, with his proved ability to absorb noise and fights, was the unanimous choice for the post. In addition, the Rhode Island Foundation, which manages gifts and endowments for community betterment, earmarked $4000 to provide a unit director for Park-Holm Club. Community fund-raising drives will help provide the operating budget.

Today Newport County has five boys' clubs and will soon have a centrally located headquarters where all clubs may come for tournaments and games. "I never see Bobby any more," one Park-Holm mother sighs, "but the important thing is I *always* know where to find him." END



"He is <u>not</u> talking about me!"



Bottled in glass they'll taste just as good tomorrow

In shining glass, your favorite juices not only look fresh and inviting . . . they stay that way. That's because glass is so perfect for storing things you don't use up first time round. When you serve what's left, all the flavor and freshness are intact. Glass is so pure, it never, never tampers with taste. Tell your dealer you prefer juices in clear, clean glass bottles.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



"That's the last time I introduce anybody to anybody!"

Is the "teen-ager" a new figure pirouetting down our mid-century? Is she just the "bobby-soxer" with a pony tail? Or yesterday's "adolescent"? Is she perhaps more of an individual than her elders are inclined to think she is? Three novels about teen-agers—all good books in their way—make one speculate.

GIDGET, by *Frederick Kohner* (Putnam), is the story of a summer on a California beach, of a girl getting on to 16, and a gang of boys who are experts at the dangerous sport of surf riding. Gidget herself cuts the waves with a clean swift stroke; she's under four feet tall, and wears a pink bathing suit. Told in rock 'n' roll vernacular, this little novel is saved from complete cheapness by a pert and vigorous personality, and some terrifically big breakers.

DRIVES MY GREEN AGE, by *Josephine Carson* (Harper), is the opposite approach—quiet and delicate. Chris is only 12, a somewhat gawky little girl in a small Kansas town. But she is "aware"—of the feel of life, of the differences in people, of nature. She thinks about love, but observes without comprehension some of its manifestations. Whereas Gidget might suggest a fresher Françoise Sagan, Chris will remind one of *Member of the Wedding*.

THE SCORPION FIELD, by *J. L. Musser* (Appleton-Century-Crofts), is bitter. From the jaded angle of an adult it tells the tawdry little affair of two adolescents: a girl of 15 and a boy of 17 were found in an abandoned automobile making love. We never get close to the boy and girl, but we see with devastating clarity the ensuing tragedy that could have been averted but for the perfidy of a neurotic mother and the closed eyes of a weakling father.

"Children should look up to their parents," said cynic Bernard Shaw, "not as an example, but as a warning."

A pointer for the parents and teachers of teen-agers (and for anyone else with her future ahead of her) is the National Vocational Guidance Association, which gets out excellent pamphlets of information and advice on colleges and careers. Write for full information to National Vocational Guidance Association, 1534 "O" St., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

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No one who loves the Maine coast, the small firs and rocks and the salty tang, should miss THE WORLD OF CARRICK'S COVE (Norton), a nostalgic novel by *Gerald Warner Brace*, in which he looks back on the old days of simple island living, probably of his own youth.

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But the finest American novel I have read in many a year is BY LOVE POSSESSED, by *James Gould Cozzens* (Harcourt, Brace). This is set in a small Eastern city, a county seat, with its judges and the local law firms, its citizens of integrity, its weaklings—a close-knit town where the generations intermingle and keep old memories alive. It is the kind of town in which the white Nordic old-family Protestant (preferably Episcopalian) is still in the saddle; where the one large family of Negroes is hard-working, respected and socially at ease, where the Jewish lawyer from New York is an outsider and the Catholic district attorney is ever so slightly suspect; where in fact the attitude of Protestants in power toward the Catholic Church is still nineteenth century. If you take the lid off the inner life of any town—especially an old town—you are sure to find scandal and romance and tragedy, and so it is here, breathing and sighing and shuddering under the come-and-go of everyday life. Beneath the surface of the most worthy lie such deep-covered layers of deceit and wrongdoing; below the calm exterior, such sickening fright. Slowly, as in real life, these many people of the town, held in bondage by as many kinds of love, become known to us in their rounded personalities. Their stories are logically and dramatically intertwined. Yet for all this diversity, the novel has a satisfying unity that lies in the sane philosophy of its creator. It takes place in a single weekend, and it never moves outside the city. Once caught up in it, our attention never strays. We stay to the end.

By Love Possessed *will be compared, by many, to the best of Henry James—for its intensity, its infinite care and patience in delineation of character, and for the delicate balance in matters of conscience. But the canvas is wider than any ever conceived by James, and the world portrayed is, after all, our world today.*

●

A really funny book is WARM BODIES, by *Donald Morris* (Simon and Schuster)—a Navy yarn with a happy ending and a riotous wedding. A "Warm Body" is a man with at least one arm and two fingers who can pick up something when he is told to. "Warm Bodies can carry boxes, sort small objects, turn on lights, chip paint and sweep."

●

Unfortunately only too useful, YOUR FAMILY WITHOUT YOU, by *N. R. Caine* (Crown), is about the sound practical importance of making wills. . . . "After all, you can't take it with you," said the exasperated salesman who was trying without success to sell a grand piano to a wealthy old lady. "I can take it with me easier than a grand piano," she answered.



"Your book has done more for my husband than all his doctors put together... and their sleeping pills."

Now we've gone the circle and are back to babies. A nice lighthearted gift book for the expectant parents—among the dozens of silly ones they're likely to get—is THE DAY I WAS BORN, in which they fill out for their child what was happening in the world on the day that he was born, with space for family photos, newspaper clippings, weather, fashions, best movies, song hits (Greenberg, 201 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.).

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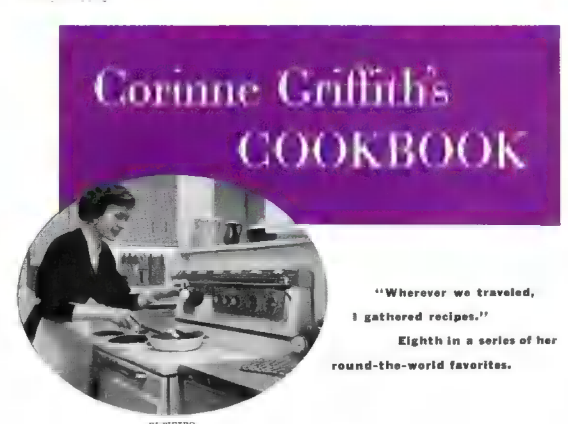
Jack and Jill, Curtis magazine for children, has announced a serial-story contest for which the prize will be $1000. Manuscripts due January 15, 1958, competition rules to be had by sending postal-card request to Contest Editor, Jack and Jill, Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Towle's FONTANA

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts

Corinne Griffith's COOKBOOK



DI PIETRO

"Wherever we traveled, I gathered recipes." Eighth in a series of her round-the-world favorites.

If you like a cup of hot chocolate occasionally as much as I, try the following recipe:

HOT CHOCOLATE MOCHA

Heat 3 cups milk with 5 small milk-chocolate bars over boiling water until the chocolate is melted and well blended. Whip ½ cup heavy cream, adding gradually 1 teaspoon powdered sugar and 2 teaspoons instant coffee. Place 1 tablespoon heavy cream in each cup. Pour in chocolate milk and top with coffee-flavored whipped cream. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

•

Extra special!

HONOLULU SHRIMP

1st step: Shell and devein 3 pounds raw shrimp. Cook in water enough to cover, adding parsley, a slice of onion, 3 whole mace (or ¼ teaspoon ground), 1 clove garlic, 3 stalks celery, ½ bay leaf, 6 whole peppercorns, 1 slice lemon, 1 tablespoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer until tender—about 15 minutes.

2nd step: Mix the following dry ingredients: ¼ teaspoon curry powder (no more), ¼ teaspoon cayenne, ¾ teaspoon salt and 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Blend with 2 tablespoons cold water (or ½ cup sherry, if you prefer). Bring 1 quart heavy cream to a boil. Add the cornstarch mixture, cook and stir until thickened. Add the cooked and drained shrimp.

3rd step: Serve the shrimp sauce over 6 cups hot cooked rice. Have the following ingredients in separate bowls: 4 slices cooked ham (cut into small cubes), 10 ounces peanuts, chopped fine, ½ coconut (grated), and 6 hard-cooked eggs (chopped fine). Put a little of each over rice-shrimp combination. Serves 12.

•

Potatoes done this way are wonderful with a roast-pork dinner.

GREEN POTATOES FROM SWEDEN

Boil 6 large potatoes (about 3 pounds). When tender, peel and put through ricer or mash. Add ¾ cup light cream, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ pound butter, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Beat until light and fluffy. Now add 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 2½ tablespoons chopped dill leaves (or 1½ teaspoons dried dill) and 1 package frozen chopped spinach which has been cooked according to directions on the package and seasoned to taste. Beat again until mixture is blended. Taste for seasoning and add more salt and pepper if needed. Place in a 1½-quart greased casserole. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., for about 20 minutes or until thoroughly heated through.

•

Simple, but good.

ORANGE COMPOTE

Peel 4 seedless oranges and slice ⅛" thick across the sections. Arrange slices in deep dish. Cook ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice and rind of 1 orange, grated, until sugar has dissolved and liquid comes to boil. Cool and pour over orange slices and serve with sugar cookies. This is the perfect way to end a heavy meal.

•

Although this onion-rye bread would be approved by women as well as by men, still this recipe is primarily for the men. For a stag dinner or for the night when the Master Mind invites a few friends over to watch the fights on television, try this:

A MAN'S WORLD
(Onion-Rye Bread)

Scald 1 cup milk. Put in mixing bowl 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 tablespoons shortening. Add scalded milk. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve 1 package yeast, compressed or dry, in ½ cup lukewarm water. Stir until softened. Add to lukewarm mixture. Add 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour. Mix until smooth. Sprinkle 5 teaspoons caraway seeds on dough. Add 3 tablespoons chopped onion and enough rye flour (1½ cups unsifted) to make a firm dough.

Knead until elastic to the touch on rye-floured board. Place in a greased bowl. Brush top of dough with salad oil. Put in warm place to rise double in size. Knead again on a lightly rye-floured board until free from air bubbles. Shape into a loaf and place in a well-greased loaf pan. Brush top of dough with salad oil. Cover and let rise until double in size. Bake in 350° F. oven 45 to 50 minutes. When taken from oven, brush with butter or margarine and let cool on wire rack.

Editors' Note: Corinne Griffith, the motion-picture star, has collected recipes in many countries—from famous hosts and hostesses and from obscure (but superb) cooks.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

have received about my article (Wanted—Women to Help) in the June JOURNAL. One letter that impressed me was from Michigan:

"Do you know that I have called places like churches, etc., and offered to do this sort of thing and not once have I been called. I wanted to just go in and give someone a helping hand, possibly wash, clean up, cook a hot meal—all the things you mentioned—and people were surprised, didn't know anyone who would need this sort of help. I was not asking for any pay. Some years ago when I was seriously ill, had two children, and not one soul to help me, I'd have given anything if someone could have run the vacuum, done dishes and changed the beds. I know there must be many people who need this sort of help, but I feel so helpless not knowing who to call."

At the other extreme is an excellent letter from the president of the Homemakers Service of Middlesex County, New Jersey, which describes a highly organized service set up with the encouragement of the state Division of Chronic Illnesses and also with the approval of the state and county medical societies—all under voluntary auspices so far. This service sends out women who help with housework at $1.25 an hour. They do not do any nursing. Possibly in a good many other localities it has been possible to establish this sort of service. (In my own county, some organizations attempted to set up a service, but could not secure women to undertake the work.)

A letter from New Hampshire suggests that the state put out a program of home study courses so that mothers who have the time and qualifications could earn a degree for elementary teaching or for practical nursing at little or no expense. Several letters from older women say they have been stimulated to seek training now in these fields.

On the problem as a whole I have received very little light. But it strikes me that the churches are not doing all they might to solve this home help part of the problem.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

How to Get a Pen Pal

New York City

Dear Editors: Would you like to tell your young readers about the Pen Friends Division of the English-Speaking Union?

Americans between the ages of nine and sixteen who are anxious to establish pen friendships with young people in Britain (and there are a few on the Continent) may send a post card direct to the English-Speaking Union, 16 East 69th Street, New York City. They should give name, age, address (printed clearly) and mention one or two hobbies.

Teachers or group leaders need merely state the number of names required in desired age groups and we shall gladly send them for distribution and acknowledgment. There is no charge for our services.

Very sincerely yours,
A. B. GRANT, *Chairman,*
Pen Friends Division

▶ *Young adults who wish pen friends may write to Letters Abroad, 45 East 65th Street, New York 21, N.Y. ED.*

Correction

New York City

Dear Mr. Fink: We thought you would want to know that the captions and biographies were switched for two artists in the June and July JOURNALS. [Page 11 in each issue. ED.]

Leonard Pytlak's original serigraph, Hilltop Vista, has been listed as McEvoy's Dam by Emil Ganso; and Mr. Ganso's work was credited to Mr. Pytlak.

Sincerely,
MARTHA DICKINSON, *Manager,*
Weyhe Gallery

A New Life After Breast Cancer

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: I was twenty-seven when I learned I had cancer of the breast. When my doctor told me I must undergo a radical mastectomy (surgical removal of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54


now quick cooked
Open your cookbooks to the part about vegetables, and you know what they all say: *Cook quick!* Quick-cooking keeps vegetables crisper, more flavorful, brighter in color. Saves vitamins, too.
And now the Green Giant has discovered a way to quick-cook corn! Niblets Brand corn.
The secret is a very special pressure cooker. The corn goes whirling through in high heat under split-second automatic control. Swoosh! It's tender.
No can of corn ever brought you flavor this fresh before. New quick-cooked Niblets. Just heat and have yourself a ball!
NIBLETS BRAND CORN—*the quick-cooked corn*
Choice of two family sizes: 12-oz. can, serves 4 to 5; 7-oz. can, serves 2 to 3.
Niblets
FRESH CORN
VACUUM PACKED
NOW
QUICK
COOKED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

the breast and adjacent underarm tissue), everything in me cried out against it. I wasn't married, hadn't even [redacted] steady beau, and I couldn't believe that any man could want a wife with only one breast.

My particular type of cancer was a fast-growing variety which, unchecked, would have been fatal within six months. But it had been detected early—there was hope for me if only I would take it.

It is no exaggeration that I was on the verge of suicide. I feared cancer, death, the operation itself, but most of all life as an amputee. Even if the miracle happened and I did find love and marriage, could [redacted] ever have a child? Old wives' tales of mutations took root and helped spread the fear that could have cost my life. In sheer desperation I finally consented to surgery—if I must die, let it be quickly.

That was five years ago. I have been married for four of them. Throughout this time I've had the prescribed medical checkups, and there has been no metastasis (transfer of disease from one part of the body to another). Today I am numbered among the "cured." My husband and [redacted] have just returned from an extensive European tour and are now happily planning a family.

The hardest lesson for me was how to cope with fear. For months *after* the mastectomy I lived in [redacted] new kind of terror. [redacted] had lost a part of myself for which there could be no compensation—an integral part of femininity. I hid away in my room, feeling like [redacted] criminal every time I put on my new foam-rubber breast. It seemed a sort of deception I was perpetrating on the general public because it allowed me to pretend to be a whole woman. I would have preferred losing an arm or leg—something that could be discussed publicly without flinching—anything unconnected with sex. I cringed at magazines featuring bosomy cover girls, plunging necklines and bathing beauties. (But now I am tanned and relaxed after basking in the sun of [redacted] Mediterranean beach, where no one could have suspected a surgical "falsie" beneath my smart, halter-top swim suit.)

I became a recluse, refused invitations from my friends, refused to see my own mother! I emerged only after dark to buy groceries. I believed that everyone felt sorry for me, and I hated it. I never stopped to think that *I* was feeling sorry for myself.

Then, late in my convalescence, a married couple in another state asked me to visit them. I leaped at this opportunity to "get away from it all," and it was the best thing that could have happened. My friends didn't let me mope about the house; they took me to every social function their community had to offer. I found myself dating again, and my self-inflicted seclusion was over. Later, back at work, I met the man I was to marry.

Love had come into my life, but even this promise of happiness was quickly overshadowed. It was too late. How could I tell him about the mastectomy? Wouldn't his love disintegrate into horror? If I shuddered at the sight of my own body, how could I inflict myself on the man I loved? I tortured myself with questions—and how wrong I was!

"Darling," he said when I did tell him, "we all have scars of one sort or another. Yours happen to be physical. That operation saved your life. If you hadn't had it—well, I don't like to think I might never have met you."

In spite of his reassurances, I was still terrified about my wedding night. But scars *do* heal with time, love and understanding—the mental as well as the physical ones. When our wedding took place that winter, it was the happiest day of my life.

I did need more reassurances, in those early days of our marriage, both from my husband and my doctor, but as time went on I was able to [redacted] how foolish and unfounded my panicky outbursts were. When a young movie star died after a long bout with cancer, I wept uncontrollably, but my husband's gentle patience helped a great deal. I was on the road to [redacted] healthier outlook.

Cancer's symptoms are now well known to all of us. Should you discover any of these symptoms, don't let fear prevent an early diagnosis. If you fight that fear, you may learn, as I did, that you can live, love and be happy as a "whole woman" after a cancer operation.

Sincerely,
GENEVIEVE ZEISS

NEW FRIGIDAIRE WASHER RATED No. 1





Rated No. 1 for Driest Spin!

*By U. S. Testing Company, Inc.**



Sheer Look Design! Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at price of white!

3-RING AGITATOR

Gets clothes up to 50% Cleaner than other leading washers—by Test

Yes, America has a great new Number One washer – already proved to outperform, out-clean any automatic known to date.

Its name—*Ultra-Clean*—from Frigidaire! See it – see an entirely different washer with a 3-Ring Agitator that gets clothes up to 50% cleaner—and freer of lint—than other leading makes. See *all fabrics* washed perfectly, in fastest time—and the driest clothes that ever left a laundry tub. All this, with greatest over-all savings in hot water, detergent—*and* a built-in Suds-Water-Saver *in every model* can save you still more!

Combine it with a new Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryer for the fastest, "savingest," "cleaningest" washday pair known. See your Frigidaire dealer.

New Frigidaire Ultra-Clean Automatic Washers for as little as **$229^95**
(MODEL WS-58) *Manufacturer's Suggested Price*

*In tests of six leading washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Tested and verified by U. S. Testing Company, Inc., largest, most diversified independent textile testing organization in the world. Founded 1880. Reports #29123 and #29123-A dated May 2 and May 10, 1957.

Lint Chaser Ring "sweeps" out more lint, dirt, [redacted] automatically —than washers with filters that must be cleaned by hand

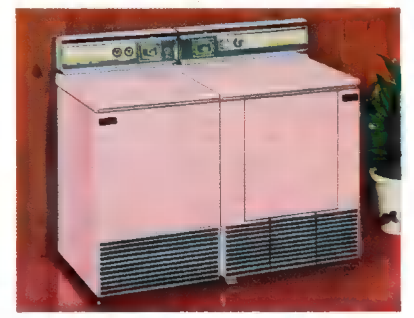
Circulator Ring keeps clothes separated, keeps them always moving under water, opens folds, guards against tangling.

Energy Ring—power-pulses water into surging currents that gently flex clothes, open fabric "pores" to whisk out deep-down dirt.

Below Turquoise Cap is a special dispenser that releases detergent, bleach or tint evenly, safely mixed, under water.

SudsWater-Saver in Every [redacted] Cuts washday costs almost 1/2

Save up to 3500 gallons of hot water—plus 40 good-sized boxes of detergent—in a year.



New—Automatic Tinting! Another First! In Frigidaire Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers. Easiest, safest way. No boiling bother, no spotting or streaking. Matching Electric Dryer has Filtrator, controls lint and moisture without plumbing.

New — "Wrinkles-Away" Drying! Frigidaire Imperial and DeLuxe Dryers have the "Wrinkles-Away" Cycle. Removes wrinkles from synthetics "Drip-Dry" garments. Cuts ironing, hanger drying. Freshens like new "washables" mussed through use.



Get the one that's No. 1

'58 FRIGIDAIRE

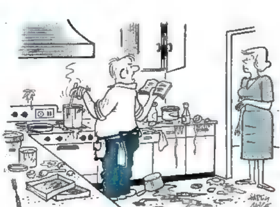
ULTRA-CLEAN WASHER with Matching Electric Dryers



Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Not yet! Not *yet!* I'll call you when it's ready!"

In our town's newer suburbs all the little ranch houses, split-levels and cottages gleam in bright tints and pastels, with garage doors ingeniously decorated; and as I flew over the lake the other day I noticed even docks painted coral and turquoise.

Recently I've lunched twice and dined once with Miss Universe, and even had my picture taken with her, without kindling my Royal Consort's jealousy. I'd sum it up in one sentence: She thinks Miss Universe has better fish to fry.

"Us girls," says Betty Comfort, deliberately ungrammatical while pruning her grapevines, "spend hours comparing notes on our mothers' foibles, especially the ones in their eighties. Grandmas are a breeze by comparison."

Our lunch-table Beau Brummell in the cafeteria basement swears that the whole world is overheated. "This winter," he vows, "I'm going to wear only summer suits, with maybe an old raccoon coat for the dash from warm car to warm entrance."

Among our town's semi-intellectuals a rumor has spread that Somerset Maugham has pruned his choice ten "greatest novels" to half their length. "Now," says our local Mme. de Staël, "is the time to read War and Peace, and Crime and Punishment, clear through."

In blushing modesty, I have hung only three copies of the photo snapped with Ike (and the editor of L. H. J.) in strategic spots where people might [redacted] it. After all, I nominated Ike for President in 1948, four years early.

I found a scorecard on the golf links with only one hole recorded—the first, a 7 and a 10. They'd decided not to keep score after all and threw the scorecard away; smart dubs.

In our twenty-nine-times-remodeled homestead, we have thirty-some small motors powering thirty-some appliances, none of which I fully understand. I advocate a high-school course to prepare young husbands for the unreasonable repair demands of their frantic young wives.

Our neighborhood's stateliest Victorian house got rid of its ancient accumulations with an auction sale in the front yard; [redacted] shameless attic exposé. Oddly, some of the [redacted] avid buyers were young newlyweds in our block, eager to get quaint.

As my spy among our region's eager beauties, my Dream Girl discovered that the Miss Universe aspirants dab petroleum jelly on their teeth, to make 'em glisten. Boo, it shines so it almost frightens you!

I ran into Bob Feller the other day, and though I had seen him only two or three times in fifteen years, he greeted me easily: "Hello, Harlan!" He still looks fit to pitch and he's the man I buy my next insurance policy from.

My researchers report that a family's milk and gasoline bills go down sharply when the kids are away at school or off for the summer. (They add that the average youngster consumes one quart of milk for each gallon of gasoline, their liquid diet.)

"One mark of the well-bred girl," muses Peter Comfort, turning his "Welcome" mat upside down for the weekend, "is that when she goes for a stroll on the links at the country club at night she takes off her high-heeled shoes to walk across the greens."

My Princess of Sheer Delight is a mixture of modern and old-fashioned: her latest passion in furniture is [redacted] combination rocking and swivel chair of metal, wicker and plastic, with all the best traits of the 1890's and the 1960's.

We try to behave nonchalantly about it: our town's most fashionable banker has bought a Rolls-Royce, and often his wife drives with her chauffeur to the neighborhood drugstore for a fizzy drink. Everybody tries to act casual, as if she were in a jalopy.

A hashery at the lake we go to for weekends (my wife's family built their cottage in 1878) gives you all you can eat for $1. Best customers: musicians from the famous orchestras who come to play each week for the dances; three meats and seven vegetables at a meal.

Our neighbors, the youngest gramps in town, have put off replacing their twenty-five-year-old davenport another year. Instead they've bought their married daughter some carpet and [redacted] back-yard fence, so their new grandchild can have it soft and safe.

I watched the judges at a nearby beauty contest wrangle and fume till they chose a complacent corn-fed beauty instead of her rival, an elegant, delicate creature. I conclude some people like cabbage, some broccoli, some Brussels sprouts.

Our local highbrow, palpably an intellectual and aesthete, bawled me out for speaking well of small-town Jean Seberg in Otto Preminger's breezy version of Shaw's St. Joan. Well, Shaw wrote his endless monologues in [redacted] talkier era; we're edgier now, impatient, won't listen after 10:30. Few people miss the lost verbiage.

From my barber I have the last word on haircuts: a man should never look as if he needs [redacted] haircut, nor [redacted] if he's just had one; he must appear always in the middle.

This year at home-coming I'll try [redacted] new technique on my Dream Girl's ardent old beaux at the state university: I'll pretend to recognize 'em as her old professors, call 'em "sir," and offer 'em my chair.

I envy gardeners who specialize proudly in iris or gladiolus or roses or begonias; how I yearn to brag also about a specialty, something exotic, yet sturdy and easy to grow. Like orchids, maybe?

Our young lieutenant now has his bride and infant Harlan III with him in Japan. When he returns from a fifteen-hour flight along the coast of Asia she allows him, [redacted] a reward, to give baby his bottle.

Some of our town's supermarkets stay open until 10 P.M., and I suspect that shopping for the groceries has now overhauled night baseball and gossip as the great American pastime.

. . . When my daughter sends me a floor plan of her new house, with front and rear snapshots and an arrow aimed at the guest room,

. . . Or my son-in-law writes me a four-page single-spaced letter explaining the viewpoint of the young exec,

. . . And my son gives me a frank analysis of his Air Force finances, and boasts how much he'll be able to save—next year,

. . . Or my daughter-in-law makes me a bush jacket of Japanese shantung,

. . . And my Lady Love warns me not to run up the stairs,

. . . Then for an instant I seem to have played all my cards right; I've got it golden!



How necessary are "equal privileges" to a wife's happiness?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHO CAN BE HAPPILY MARRIED?

Can a person's chances of married happiness be reliably predicted while he or she is still single? Can the traits and characteristics favorable to a happy marriage be identified and described? To find out, we at Penn State have been carrying on an extensive research program for more than fifteen years.

In general, we can answer both questions affirmatively. Certainly our tests are not infallible, nor do we expect them to be. But they are highly indicative, and of established value in counseling practice.

In developing our data, we interview college students, both men and women, first before marriage, and then again some time afterward. In the first interview we investigate personality and character traits, family background and relationships, and other pertinent factors. The follow-up tests (many individuals are reinterviewed several times) are designed to evaluate the quality of the marriage adjustment—that is, the degree of happiness the couple has found in marriage. Favorable scores on the premarriage interviews have proved to be significantly associated with a good marriage adjustment.

Then, by studying the individual factors which combine to produce a favorable score or prediction, we can pinpoint the personal qualities which most often foretell a happy marriage. Married happiness must still be achieved (it cannot be conferred, like a college degree), but the person's capacity to do so is indicated by the presence or the absence of these factors.

From our thousands of records of premarriage interviews, we have selected two. From our follow-up interviews, we know that one is now a contented wife; the other is on the point of seeking divorce. Here are summaries of our original findings. See if you can identify the success and the near-failure.

"Betty is sociable and outgoing, interested in a wide range of activities. She enjoys entertaining friends, likes sports, takes part in welfare work. Nora finds such things pallid fare, but enjoys all-night parties, and off-beat amusement places.

"Betty avoids unnecessary risks, like driving a car at high speed or walking alone at night along a dark street. Nora rather enjoys the thrill of danger, but worries lest her reckless behavior cost her the good opinion of her friends.

"Betty is calm, cheerful, rarely fights to get her own way. She is not easily irritated, doesn't get upset when callers arrive unexpectedly or other minor annoyances crop up. Nora is moody, high-strung, often depressed, likely to 'blow her top' when she has to stop for a red light or stand in a crowded bus.

"Betty has a firm set of standards and values, but is otherwise flexible in her thinking, willing and able to change her mind. Nora's personal philosophy is not clearly defined, yet she is opinionated and somewhat intolerant.

"Betty's parents were happily married, and she enjoyed a close, confidential relationship with them both. Nora grew up in an atmosphere of quarreling and conflict; she does not love her father.

"In her own marriage, Betty expects (and prefers) her husband to 'wear the pants'; she wants at least two children, and plans to work hard for happiness. When Nora marries, she expects her husband to put her wishes ahead of his own, to grant her privileges equal to his, and to provide a liberal personal allowance."

It is not surprising that Betty has found happiness as a wife and mother, Nora has not. But if you are more like Nora than Betty, it does not follow that your marriage is doomed to failure. Instead, study Nora's traits as we have described them for clues to your own defects as a marriage prospect. Then set about improving your qualifications. Whether you are a single girl or already a wife, your efforts now can greatly increase your chances of future happiness.

HOW NOT TO SOLVE PROBLEMS

In any month I can expect to hear two clients say something like this: "I planned to come long ago, but I kept putting it off, hoping things would take care of themselves." This is a discouraging beginning, for problems in human relations, like physical ailments, are most readily treated before they become chronic.

To be sure, minor or infrequent complaints are often best ignored. Only a hypochondriac seeks professional attention for every fleeting symptom, only a neurotic thinks every petty difference between husband and wife must be discussed, analyzed and resolved. Talking about a problem too much, too seriously and too soon may actually precipitate trouble instead of averting it. But recurring severe discomfort, emotional or physical, deserves prompt attention. Very often, in the heat of a quarrel, a wife will inwardly resolve to take action. But when calm is restored, she decides (or hopes) that "things will take care of themselves." This sequence may be justified once or twice, but continued refusal to face the issue can be disastrous.

Consider this example: A young wife wrote for an appointment, saying, "I'm faced by a critical decision and feel counsel would be helpful. I think my mind is made up, but would like your reaction to my plans."

Three days before the scheduled appointment came another letter: "It won't be necessary to see you after all, as I've thought the problem through and decided to go ahead."

In ten days she telephoned: "I've started to carry out my plans, but find myself worrying about the outcome. I need general counseling as well as marriage counsel. When can you see me?" A date was set, but canceled a week later by telegram.

Next came another telephone call: "I must have help. Things have changed—for the worse. Will you see me tomorrow?"

She had still told me nothing about herself or the nature of her problem, and it seemed unlikely that she would ever follow through. Still, her distress was so obviously acute that I arranged an emergency weekend conference. ("Tomorrow" was impossible.) She did not appear. A special-delivery letter next day expressed apologies, but made no explanation except that matters were going smoothly once more.

In two weeks, another letter, another plea for an appointment. Replying, I urged her to consult either of two able counselors in her own city whom I had recommended earlier. She replied by wiring for an appointment.

Once more the pattern was repeated—a date set, a last-minute cancellation, profuse apologies, and the old refrain:

"I've made my decision."

After four months, a final letter arrived: "I thought I was in love with another man. I believed him when he told me he was getting a divorce, and left my husband. Now I have nobody, and I'm at the end of my rope." The envelope was postmarked two thousand miles from her original address, with no return address.

No one can say what would have happened if this wife had followed through on her original plan to seek help. The outcome might have been the same, it might have been different. But this much is certain: she sensed a threat, otherwise she would not have sought counsel. By failing to act when she saw the need, she denied herself even the chance to avert disaster.

If you are troubled by some continuing difficulty in your marriage, admit it, think it through and make a decision. You may decide on positive action, or simply to accept the situation as it is and make the best of it. But make up your mind, then stick to your decision, until and unless you have definite reasons for charting a new course.

When you find yourself thinking again and again, "I'm going to *do* something about that," it's time either to do it or to forget it, whether the problem is a leaky faucet, a child's unruly behavior or some deeper conflict with your husband. But wavering between "I'm going to" and "I'll let it go" can lead only to confusion, discomfort and perhaps heartbreak.

ASK YOURSELF:
Do I Know What Love Is?

Love is a feeling, both subtle and profound. Because it is so personal and so variable, it is difficult to define. Yet it can be expressed in many tangible ways. Perhaps your answers to these tangible questions can help you appreciate the intangible nature of love.

Do You:

1. **Often tell your husband you love him?**
2. **Plan menus around his tastes?**
3. **Have some endearing name for him?**
4. **Eagerly prepare for his daily homecoming?**
5. **Glow inside when he praises you?**
6. **Like to make him smile?**
7. **Want him always to look his best?**
8. **Comfort him when he feels bad?**
9. **Often think how wonderful he is?**
10. **Miss him when he's away on trips?**
11. **Praise his good qualities to your friends?**
12. **Gladly try to match his moods?**
13. **Do your best to please him?**
14. **Feel closer to him as time passes?**

If you answered "Yes" to eleven or more of these questions, it is not necessary to define love to feel sure that you love your husband, and that he knows it. With fewer "yes" answers, you may still love him, but he probably doesn't feel certain. Finding more ways to show your love might add new meaning to marriage for him.

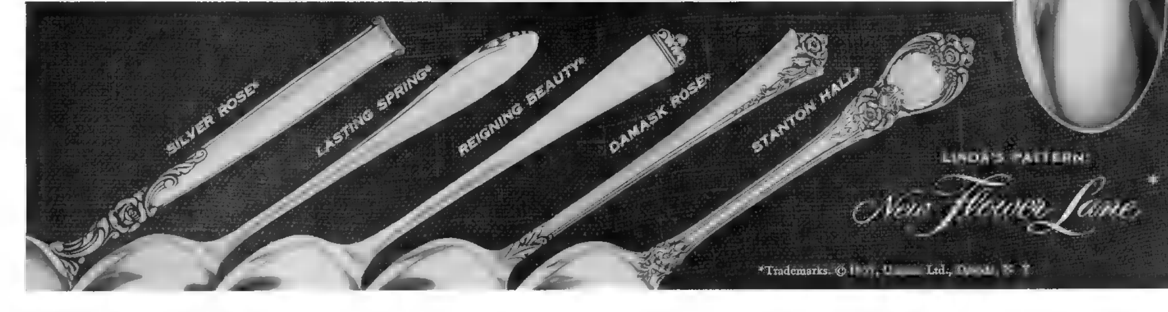
BOB HOPE, NOW STARRING IN THE COMEDY-DRAMA BEAU JAMES IN TECHNICOLOR AND VISTAVISI

"Linda [redacted] always the best table-setter and unsetter in the San Fernando Valley," says Bob Hope. "I figured she deserved her own sterling."

Bob Hope's gift to his daughter Linda . . . a lovely new Heirloom* Sterling design called Flower Lane. "It's [redacted] perfectly heavenly pattern," says Linda. "Very simple but with such an *unusual* kind of charm." See *all* the beautiful, fresh, young-spirited Heirloom Sterling patterns at your favorite jeweler's or silver department. Basic 4-piece place settings from $20, Federal Tax included! Easy terms, if you wish.

HEIRLOOM STERLING

CREATED [redacted] THE DESIGN STUDIOS OF ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS



New Palmolive Soap Gives New Life to Your Complexion!



JUST ONE BAR WILL PROVE IT! BECAUSE NEW PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!



New Lather!

Think of the softest, creamiest lather! It's *yours* in New Palmolive. Rich, white lather that actually soothes as it cleanses . . . helps your *true* complexion beauty come through!



New Fragrance!

Think of the most fabulous French perfumes! They were the inspiration for Palmolive's haunting new fragrance. So fresh, so clean, so heaven-scented!



New Color!

Think of the fresh green of spring! That's the color of New Palmolive . . . all pretty and new for a prettier you!



New Wrapper!

Wrap them all up in gleaming emerald foil —*and there* you have the exciting New Palmolive Soap . . . the best news your complexion ever had!

There's never been a beauty soap like this before... **NOT EVEN PALMOLIVE!**

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

A run on the banks caused a Wall Street panic in October, 1907, and the Knickerbocker Trust closed its doors. Women could no longer dress unassisted since their clothing began to be hooked and buttoned in the back. Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown was written; Socialist leader Eugene Debs was making his fiery speeches, and Marconi talked on wireless from Nova Scotia to Ireland.

Remarks Editor Bok in the October, 1907, JOURNAL: "Because a boy has the 'gift of gab' does not necessarily mean he should be [redacted] lawyer; if he has neither will nor brains, does this point to the pulpit? Because he is sharp and greedy, a career in the stock market?"

"Twenty-five millions of records for talking machines were sold last year," continues Editor Bok. "Many of them trashy melodies of vulgar slang and coarse innuendo, morally dangerous and musically misleading."

The First Rule for [redacted] Husband and Wife, according to William Jennings Bryan, is to live within their means.

Economies: "Old hot-water bottles should not be thrown away. They make excellent traveling bags for toothbrushes or round mats to put under house plants."

"On one day [redacted] month let the whole family improve the house by staining furniture, or making sofa pillows, bureau scarves, picture frames or shirtwaist boxes covered with cretonne."

Household hint: "Number your flatirons [redacted] the stove with chalk 1-2-3-4 and use them in rotation when ironing."

Writes Laura A. Smith in What I Found Out as [redacted] Business Girl, "Cling to your womanly ideals, keep your heart young and envy no one. Show the men you work for that you feel they will treat you fair, protect you and look out for your interests."

"Although I am quite stout my figure is very hollow around the armholes," confesses a reader who is advised by Mrs. Ralston to wear padding under the arms.

"A good pair of shoes at $3 will often outwear two pairs of cheap ones."



Vickie Harris: a slice of toast for every taste.

Considering that in this country we consume 300,000,000 slices of toast a day—38 per cent white, 37 per cent whole-wheat, 14 per cent rye, then raisin, graham, cinnamon, protein, in that order—it wasn't surprising to come on *Vickie Harris* in front of the Homemaking Department's formidable control panel, testing various types of breads for toasting speeds, and setting up a fine fragrance. "Say [redacted] wife likes whole-wheat, which is medium slow," said Vicki; "the husband wants white, which is fast; the children wish raisin, the fastest toast of all." A three-slot pop-up was Vicki's recommendation for that family. Raisin takes [redacted] pop-up; white takes two; whole-wheat takes three. Children get three pieces to mother's one; husband gets two; but mother knows best: she isn't taking out all her calories on toast.

*In Scotland, this summer, **Bruce and Beatrice Gould** visited friends, in residence as the queen's representatives, at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. They were much impressed by pipers wearing plaids (long shawls over the shoulder) as well as tartan (plaid to us) kilts, tootling their eerie wailing bagpipes at dinner; by the small stone room where Mary Queen of Scots supped with Rizzio just before his murder; and by Mrs. Gould's real Victorian bedroom, complete with steel engravings of horses, dogs and squirrels, a writing desk stamped V R, and [redacted] marble-topped washstand, equipped with bowl and pitcher. They later visited **Dorothy Black**, beloved JOURNAL author, in her charming house in the Scottish hills near Aberdeen, hard by Balmoral Castle. There they were impressed by Dorothy's concession to American taste, a modern bathroom to each bedroom, unlike Holyrood Palace, where bathrooms, though magnificent, were so few that guests had to nip in fast before [redacted] distinguished fellow guest got there first.*

Week by week each month, under the ministrations of art editor ***William Fink*** and assistant ***Albert Serwazi***, the JOURNAL emerges from bud form to flower on the walls of their department, and we must say it is a pretty eye-opening process to watch as monotone photostat layouts gradually give way to the final full color you see right now as you turn the pages. Each week the ***Goulds*** come back to hold a rehearsal, shifting page positions to improve the JOURNAL's performance when it reaches the reader; maybe replacing a regional house from New England with one from the South that better fits the mood of the magazine that month; bringing one story forward, putting another farther back. Then the day of the dress rehearsal, when the last-minute fashion pages are in place, when the finishing touches and final O.K.'s are given, and you can sidle back and forth three times along the two wide walls and take in the entire next issue. It would be [redacted] wonderful time and place to have a party, but we're afraid it's not much use suggesting that.

Al Serwazi and Bill Fink with this month's Journal in formative stage.

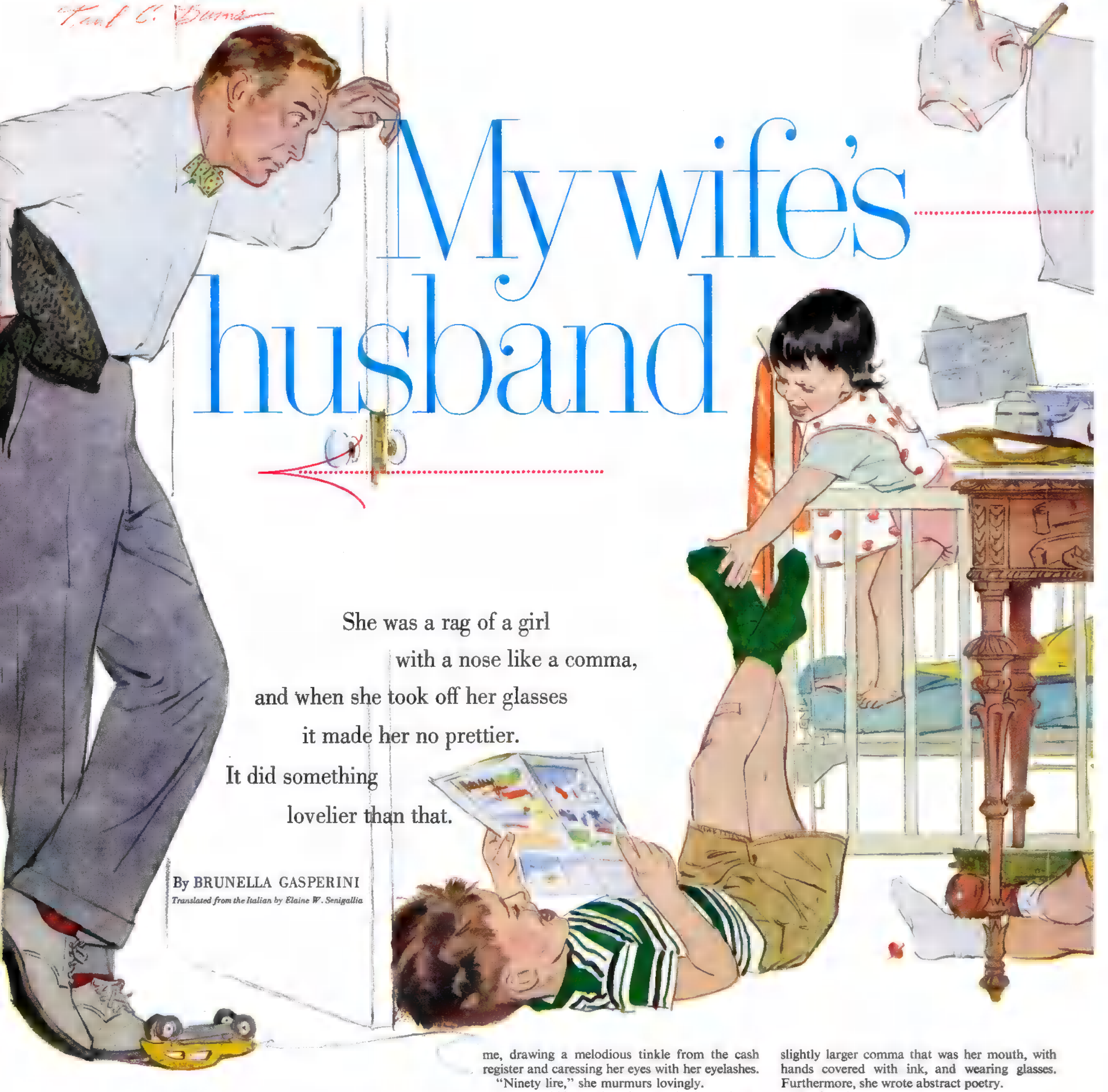


Motor scooters are all over town here. Like Japanese beetles, somebody said. But even so, we still give [redacted] double-take whenever we see a fellow editor buzz by on one, as when *Tina Fredericks* in a wide skirt and broad straw hat went scooting across Rockefeller Plaza behind *Ruth Orkin*, the photographer, on their way to the Metropolitan Museum for luncheon. "That trip was nothing," Tina said when Ruth returned her to us. "We met two girls from the public library who went scooting out to California and back last summer." We asked Tina how it felt to breeze along alfresco. "Conspicuous," she acknowledged. "What's tiresome are the same three questions everyone asks when you stop for red lights. . . . Do you have to have a license? Yes, you say. . . . How many miles to the gallon? A hundred and twenty, you yell. . . . How much do they cost? But by now you're machine-gunning off again, so you hold up four fingers, and they just nod up and down and wave good-by."



Ruth Orkin and Tina Fredericks scooting out for lunch.

ABBOT MILLS · JOSEPH DI PIETRO · ABBOT MILLS



My wife's husband

She was a rag of a girl with a nose like a comma, and when she took off her glasses it made her no prettier. It did something lovelier than that.

By BRUNELLA GASPERINI

Translated from the Italian by Elaine W. Senigallia

I know I should go home right now; it's nearly dinnertime, but the bar is cool and I'm tired. Then, too, I'm fed up. My office is a torment; maybe all offices are, but mine is even more so, taking orders from an idiotic boss—I who dreamed of a great legal career, the courtrooms resounding with my imperious voice, "Gentlemen of the court ——" Look at me now. Maybe I'd better fortify myself with another vermouth before going home. If you knew my home, you'd understand. Or even if you knew the cashier at this bar.

She's not just the cashier. She is the owner's daughter, twenty-two years old and named Floretta. When she gives me my receipt she smiles at me, drawing a melodious tinkle from the cash register and caressing her eyes with her eyelashes.

"Ninety lire," she murmurs lovingly.

You should know that girls like this have always been my type. When I was at the university I had a positive harem of girls like Floretta, beautiful, soft, perfectly turned out, with dreamy eyes and lots of money as well. I had only to choose—speaking just between ourselves—but I was careful not to do it. I had to be free. Free professionally, free in every way. And thus I should have remained if one summer day of my twenty-third year (I had graduated from law school the month before) the sky hadn't fallen on my head.

She wasn't beautiful. She wasn't soft. She wasn't perfectly turned out. Her eyes weren't dreamy and she hadn't a lira. She was a rag of a girl, thin as a nail, with a nose like a small comma above a slightly larger comma that was her mouth, with hands covered with ink, and wearing glasses. Furthermore, she wrote abstract poetry.

The first time I saw her I thought, "*Mamma mia*, what a disaster!" And I continued to think so, fiercely for months, asking myself why someone like me, followed by so many soft, restful blondes, should waste his time following, in his turn, a disheveled girl who wore glasses, who never said what I thought she would say, who dreamed of going around the world on a bicycle.

I called her Dante Alighieri and she called me Bob Taylor and we hated each other atrociously until suddenly a sort of painful numbing cloud surrounded me and from that cloud I uttered broken, subdued sounds incomprehensible to anyone but to her or me. Still inside that cloud, I held her in my arms and she took off her glasses. It was



Here is my wife writing one of her stories, with her green handkerchief for headache, her ski pants for inspiration, and supper not even started.

only a tiny gesture and yet so intimate that in front of her bare little face I felt my legs become like piecrust. I believe it was because of that gesture that I married her. The idea that someday she might take off her glasses for someone else drove me completely crazy.

Thus, just because of the glasses, I gave up waiting for my great career, took the first steady job that I found, and married her. Her and her glasses and her disorder and her butterfingers and her poetry. To all this add four children one after the other. Four, do you understand? "Oh," she says, "one more or less—what difference does it make? Anyway, every baby arrives with its own little basket." I've never seen any of those baskets. I've seen only diapers hung up across the dining room, bottles on my wife's desk, talcum powder in the cheese dish, safety pins everywhere. Perhaps you're beginning to get the idea. Perhaps you're beginning to understand why I am as fed up as twenty fed-up people, why I must reinforce myself with vermouth before going home. You begin to understand, but you are still far from the reality.

You should know that my wife no longer writes poetry. Good, you'll say; in all this sorrow there's a silver lining. Just a minute. My wife no longer writes abstract poetry but she writes stories, not in the least abstract, and what's more they get published in large-circulation magazines. And people read them. Our janitor's wife reads them. The other tenants in our building read them. They read them and cry. They read them and laugh. They read them and talk about them—oh, how they talk about them!

And then there are the letters. Mountains of letters. Not satisfied with reading, laughing, crying and talking, my wife's admirers write her letters. She reads them to me, her glasses misted with enjoyment. She smiles like ten smiling people and then she puts them in the first place that occurs to her. Whatever drawer you open in our home, you can be sure of finding at least one safety pin and one letter from an admirer. The best ones she pins to the wall of the living room-dining room-nursery-studio with thumbtacks and every once in a while rereads them, feeling herself very much Dante Alighieri while the children bite one another and the roast burns.

Eight o'clock! How worried Minni must be. A cute name, Minni, isn't it? It makes you think of a feminine little mouse. I don't mean that my wife is a feminine little mouse, nor even that she is cute. In fact, I don't even call her Minni. I call her Wife or Dante Alighieri CONTINUED ON PAGE 219

CHOSEN TO

Margrethe was not born to rule—1000 years of tradition stood between her and the throne of Denmark. Her people wiped it out in a single day.

ANNA MARIE LINDEQUIST

Margrethe and her sisters, Benedikte, 13, and Anne-Marie, 11, grew up in ■ minimum of "royal" atmosphere—for years they didn't even know they were princesses. With their mother, Queen Ingrid.

UNITED PRESS

Every winter Margrethe, her mother and sisters go off for a week or two at a Norwegian skiing lodge. Such moments of freedom are becoming rarer.

UNITED PRESS

With her grandfather, Sweden's King Gustav VI, Margrethe digs in ancient Etruscan ruins near Rome.

Frederik IX is a gentle, understanding royal teacher who can take over when his daughter is unexpectedly offered ■ lively squealing piglet at the Bellahoej agricultural fair. He gave Margrethe the nickname "Daisy."



NORDISK PRESSEFOTO

For a girl whose destiny includes five castles, three hunting lodges, a yacht, stables, and millions of dollars' worth of jewels—including the Danish crown jewels—Margrethe Alexandrine Thorhildur Ingrid is remarkably casual about it. She bicycles through the streets of Copenhagen with blond hair flying. She digs with her grandfather in the ruins of an ancient Etruscan street. Newspaper snapshots show her unflatteringly down on all fours in ■ pit of relics, dirt under her fingernails and smudges on her face—and Margrethe doesn't care at all.

She is far more concerned when her two younger sisters act *impossibly* childish and silly. At such exasperating moments, Margrethe gets out her binoculars and heads for the woods alone, to watch birds and take notes for the Danish Ornithological Society, or simply to sit thinking long thoughts about life. Then, having accomplished something serious, she returns to her sisters refreshed—and may fall in with their whispering and giggling as though she were a child herself.

But these moments of freedom are becoming rarer. Last summer, Margrethe was carefree—and all the summers before. Next April, with ■ twenty-one-gun harbor salute to mark her eighteenth birthday and coming-of-age, Royal Princess Margrethe will become Crown Princess Margrethe of Denmark, namesake of one of the most fearsome women in history—and abolisher of the oldest tradition of the oldest ruling house in the world.

So perhaps it's ■ good thing she's had time for fun and freedom.

Margrethe (pronounced Mar-grā'-tuh) didn't set out to break tradition. Neither did her parents. In 1952, with three adored daughters and no sons, King Frederik IX and Queen Ingrid were perfectly willing to let the throne go to Frederik's brother Knud and upon his death to Knud's son Ingolf, in accordance with the ancient Danish law saying no woman can become ruler of the Danes.

But the Danish people—who greet each Fourth of July with fireworks, bands and speeches in admiration of American independence—are fiercely independent themselves. They saw nothing sacrosanct in ■ thousand-year-old tradition that denied Margrethe the throne; so Minister of Justice Helga Petersen proposed ■ constitutional change giving the right of succession to the ruling sovereign's eldest child—regardless of sex.

Some parliamentary gentlemen, however, were inclined to be cautious. After much debate, it was agreed that the king's eldest daughter should take the throne provided she had no brother either older *or* younger. When the proposed amendment was finally ready for the vote, it was weighted down by three other proposals of uncertain popularity: to abolish the upper house of parliament; to authorize surrender of some national authority to certain international bodies (NATO and UN); to change Greenland from ■ colony to full partnership in the Kingdom of Denmark.

Amending the Danish constitution is ■ long process. First parliament (the Folketing) must approve. Then a plebiscite must be held and the changes endorsed by 45 per cent of the country's total registered voters—more even than turns out in many U. S. elections! (But Danish people are so fervently interested in public affairs

BE QUEEN

By LAURA DATE RILEY

that failure to vote is regarded as disapproval.) After popular endorsement, the proposal goes back to the Folketing for final approval.

In the days before the plebiscite, women's clubs rallied to support the proposed change. Callers went from door to door explaining and discussing it. There were speeches and rallies. But there was really no need for such activity. No Dane who remembers the German invasion of April, 1940, could ever forget the sight of week-old Margrethe in her carriage, wheeled through the streets of Copenhagen by gallant Queen Ingrid—while ships blew up and sank in the harbor, tanks exploded in the square in front of Amalienborg Palace, and the palace its:lf was bombarded. And no Dane is likely to forget the bleak years of occupation when the happy, golden-haired little princess was the one bright image on the public scene; when she stood in their minds and hearts as a symbol of hope for the future. So, given the chance to show their regard for her, they responded overwhelmingly; on May 28, 1953, Margrethe was elected the potential future Queen of Denmark by grace of God and will of the people.

Eight days later King Frederik signed the new constitution at Christianborg castle. In celebrating, twenty-five criminals were amnestied, and—after Queen Ingrid called to ask permission—Margrethe got the day off from school!

In the same vote the little land of 500 islands and ■ peninsula, dotted with its ice-cream-colored houses and only a third ■■ large as Pennsylvania, suddenly became the fifth largest country in the western hemisphere. For Greenland, with its 850,000 square miles and 26,000 people, was now Denmark too.

Already Margrethe's new status has brought her both pleasure and pain. Pleasure—because it's fun to be liked, and no monarch could be more sure than she of popularity and approval. Still, she has given up certain joys. As crown princess she must stay home and be tutored privately for depth-knowledge in the suddenly important subjects of Danish history, economics, international law—while her sisters Benedikte, 13, and Anne-Marie, 11, continue to tear off on their bicycles every morning to Zahle's, the girls' school in downtown Copenhagen which Margrethe attended for eight years. These days, when her father and mother perform state functions, Margrethe must do more than accompany them: she must watch and listen intently, and gradually assume a more important part herself; one day these duties will be hers alone.

No longer are parties and dances quite so exciting. Boys who had lost their timidity before the warmth of a princess who smiled, was always friendly and was called "Daisy" by her family, suddenly were awe-struck all over again at the idea of holding a future queen in their arms. And Margrethe knows that she will never again dance with a boy and think ordinary girlish thoughts about how nice he is, and if he likes her, too, and will she see him soon. First she must consider his station. If he's a commoner—well, she might as well introduce him to her prettiest girl friend; *she* must marry a person of princely blood.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



UNITED PRESS

It's fun being crown princess when the crowd shouts with obvious love, "Margrethe! We want Margrethe!" It's not so much fun when boys who used to cut in at parties are awe-struck at the idea of dancing with their future queen.

The Sublet

Sam did not know Constance, but because he lived in her apartment he knew a great deal about her. Did he have the right to use this knowledge?

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

"The real-estate agent phoned me yesterday," Gary said. "Apparently it belongs to one of those career girls. You know, the kind who want to live their own lives in the big city, and study interior decorating or something."

"Sure," Sam agreed, looking about him with interest. He'd been skeptical when Gary told him he'd heard of a place. But now he surveyed with approval the nice blue curtains in the living room, and the compact but spotless red-and-white kitchen. "We won't find anything better than this," he said. "Let's take it."

Gary nodded. "The sublet is for only six months," he said. "But later on we can probably renew."

They went back to the real-estate office and signed the lease, and the next day they moved in. It was a simple process. Shirts in one drawer, socks in another; a few personal possessions, but very few. Miraculously, they didn't have to buy anything, for the place was exceptionally complete. Foraging around the kitchenette, they found glasses, ice bucket, an efficient array of pots and pans. Sam felt warmly grateful to the unknown young woman who had provided for them so thoughtfully.

After a week or so, they gave a party, a sort of housewarming. Gary had a job with World News, Inc., and Sam was with an engineering firm, so between them they had quite an assortment of friends and acquaintances. The party was a success, and the apartment greatly admired.

"Where did you find it?" Bill Saunders asked. "I wish you could see the place I'm holed up in!"

And Ernie Blake said, "Let me know when they draft you, Sam, and I'll move right in."

Sam grinned. "I've already finished my job in the Army," he said. "I'm here to stay." And he meant it. Not for years had he felt so at home, so rooted, somehow. Whenever he walked through the door and saw this square-shaped room, with the big windows, and the ivy in green-and-white pots, something inside of him seemed to settle down in a nice little cocoon of contentment.

He knew quite a few girls in New York, whom he liked more or less equally. But he limited himself to about two dates a week, and often brought work home from the office. As a rule he worked in the living room, but one evening, when Gary had a couple of friends in, he retired to the bedroom. It was quiet there, and the lighting was good, but the desk was far too small. His knees hit the underside, and when he tried to straighten them there wasn't room for his feet. To remedy this, he pulled the drawer out altogether, and as he did so a piece of paper slid through the back and fell on the floor. Automatically he picked it up, and started to toss it into the wastebasket. But for some reason a line of writing at the top of the page caught his eye: "I wish I didn't have to write this, Peter. It is dawn now, and I've been awake all night. . . ."

Sam frowned, feeling vaguely puzzled. What did that mean, anyhow? It was certainly an odd way to start a letter. Yet apparently that's what this was. And who had written it? The girl who owned this apartment and had used this desk? After a moment's reflection, he sat down on the edge of the bed and read it through.

"I wish I didn't have to write this, Peter. It is dawn now, and I've been awake all night. It is very hard to know how to phrase it, but maybe that is the trouble. If you are to marry someone you must be able to communicate, with words, and without words also. And that is something we've never been able to do. I promised you a long time ago, and our families are so close that I'm not even sure I'll have the courage to send this. But lately a lot of things have changed for me. I've found a new awareness, a new understanding of what love can mean. If only you will try to understand, and not think I'm just a flighty, inconstant sort of person. Perhaps I'm too sensitive about hurting other people. I can imagine just how they will feel, almost as though I'm experiencing it myself. And I do value your friendship, Peter. That's why I'm so torn now, and why it's so hard to write this letter, and even harder to send it. And yet I've been awake all night. I can't sleep for thinking ——"

That was as far as the letter went. There was no signature. Sam read it a second time, even more confused now, bewildered by this intimate glimpse into an entirely unknown life. Had she sent another draft of this letter? And what was her name?

Later in the evening, when Gary's friends had left, he asked him. "What's the name of the girl we rent this apartment from?" he said. "Do you happen to know?"

But Gary shook his head. "Maybe it's on the lease," he suggested. "We can look."

And so they got out the lease and discovered that, though they were paying the rent direct to the real-estate agent, the owner was a Miss Constance Shipley.

Which told him exactly nothing.

And yet it was strange the way phrases from that letter kept cropping up. He took Alma Phillips out one evening. She had red curls and brown eyes and danced perfectly. But then he remembered that sentence: "If you are to marry someone you must be able to communicate, with words, and without words also." It was something he had never actually thought about before, and now it bothered him. Finally he tried explaining some of his feelings about life to Alma. But they didn't get across.

Then there was a girl at the office, Penny Duryea, whom he liked a lot. But the day he took her to lunch he found himself mentally repeating those words: "A new understanding of what love can mean." They were vague and inconclusive, certainly, yet it came to him suddenly that probably a good many people never did discover what love could mean. Yet you shouldn't settle for less. Not if you could help it.

And then one evening, toward the end of the month, he had an unexpected phone call from Greenwich, Connecticut. The voice on the other end of the line was commanding, in a modulated, well-bred sort of way. "This is Mrs. Shipley speaking," it said. "Are you Mr. Bixler, or Mr. Garrick?"

"Mr. Garrick," Sam said. "Mr. Bixler is out."

"Well, that will do, as long as you're one of the tenants. Mr. Garrick, my daughter left a few things she needs in a box in the back of the hall closet. She's being married next week, and I was wondering if you would be good enough to leave a key with the superintendent so we can stop by tomorrow and pick them up."

"Of course, Mrs. Shipley," Sam said. "I'll be glad to." He thought fast. "Come to think of it," he added, "I'm CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. H



She hesitated and Sam thought
of a phrase from her letter:
"I've found a new awareness of what love can mean . . .
that's why I'm so torn now."



AMID MY

By BETTY LUSSIER

Betty Lussier soon learned that life on the Lukus farm included more than farming. To Arab and Spanish workers she was teacher, doctor, social worker, friend, guest, and el oum—*their beloved "Little Mother."*

The author spent much of her childhood on a farm in Maryland. She became interested in planting hybrid corn in Spanish Morocco while living, with her husband Ricardo and their four sons, in Madrid. Here is the true story of the three seasons she spent farming in the Lukus River valley—compressed, for convenience in telling, into one summer. ED.

Spanish Morocco is truly a foreign country. It is tall eucalyptus trees with spotted trunks casting a leprous shade over the roads and bringing a momentary relief from the burning of the sun into the sand; it is towering, fat-leaved cactus spreading out over miles and miles of desolate, unpopulated hills. It is thick-walled-against-the-heat villas, whitewashed and set into picture-card orange groves. It is the occasional camel harnessed with a burro to a wooden plow. It is the Arab man padding along a sandy road huddled inside his heavy brown hand-woven woolen jelab to protect him from the hot summer sun, followed at a respectful distance by his plodding, inferior *fatima* swathed from head to ankle in a white haik and veiled carefully so that all that is visible are her eyes and one gnarled, brown paw clutching the halter rope of the family burro. It is also the Spanish farmer, himself a foreigner in Morocco, but as a rule as poor as the native Arab and just as proud.

Yes, Morocco is foreign, unlike our United States in physiography and character. And yet, because I lived and worked there, an American woman alone with four small children among backward Arabs and crude Spanish laborers who were accustomed to treating a woman as a chattel on the same level with the burro, the very thought of returning to Morocco always gives me a great feeling of returning to a homeland.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NON-FICTION BOOK

I had farmed in Spanish Morocco only a short time when the enormous difference between man and woman, and the still more pronounced difference which exists between the native woman and the foreign woman, was thrust upon me.

I was out riding, accompanied by two of my Spanish foremen. Marron, Pepe and I were examining a new parcel of land we intended to plant for the first time that spring. It was late afternoon, with the sun dropping and the long shadow of the Rif Mountains lengthening across the vast Mehasen Valley, giving the flat part of the valley an eerie darkness, while farther away, toward the Mehasen River, out of the mountain's shadow, it was still relentless sunshine.

Our work was done. We three could start for home, across the river. I slapped the bridle reins gently across the neck of my mare, Quimera. Marron rode close beside me, but my tractor chief, Pepe, remained behind on the narrow path, engaged in serious conversation with a strange horseman who had come out of nowhere.

The new horseman was a lean and wiry Arab with a pock-marked, chocolate skin, set off handsomely by a beautiful white woolen jelab—the all-purpose Arab garment—and a yellow silk turban wound artfully around his head. His arms, sticking out of the jelab sleeves, were sinewy and his slender fingers clutched the reins like the best English jockey. His saddle was the bulky Moroccan type, lined with a whole crude sheepskin, and he was astride a small white Arab mare. In the Arab custom, her tail and mane had been left untrimmed and her tail swept the ground most dramatically. Now and then the rider removed a brown hand from the rein to gesticulate wildly in the air.

"What does he want, Pepe?" I asked.

"He wants to race," Pepe blurted out.

I hesitated. "It is not the best thing for your horse at the end of a long, hot day. But if you want to defend your reputation as the fastest rider in the valley, go ahead."

Pepe smiled slyly. "You don't understand, Señora Betty. It's not me he wants to race against. It's you."

"Me?" I echoed, startled. Why should this Arab want to race against me?

"Yes, you," insisted Pepe. "It's something about the honor of the Arab male—they cannot have a woman riding in their territory without knowing that they can better her."

The Arab jerked his mare closer to mine and peered curiously into my face, his black eyes snapping wickedly as he jostled up and down on his saddle. I smiled at him politely. I had no intention of racing across the plain like an insane one over some vague point of honor. I spoke to Pepe in Spanish: "This is silly. Who wins such a race depends upon which mare is better and which rider is more adept, not upon whether the rider is male or female. Explain that to our visitor in his language, will you, Pepe?"

Now Marron shook his head. "He would not understand it. He only understands that you are female and that you have invaded male territory, therefore you have to stand his challenge."

The Arab suddenly loosened his rein and let his mare flash directly across the path

AMID MY ALIEN CORN
is soon to be published in book form
by J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALIEN CORN

"You won't last long in Morocco," they warned her.
But she was a woman with a dream—
and the courage to make that dream come true.

past Quimera. At the same time, he flung one arm above his head and let out ■ terrifying high-pitched, enduring shriek—his challenge—which faded across the plain ■ he dashed away.

Before he was ten yards off, without realizing, I lashed Quimera with the loose ends of the reins, dug my heels into her belly and flattened my body along her neck.

"Go, go, go!" I yelled in her ear, and instantly we were plunging after the Arab. His little mare with her slim legs fairly skimmed over the rough ground, but Quimera was steadily gaining by right of her longer legs and more powerful body. She drew up, neck and neck, with the Arab horse. For a second or two the mares raced along together, no sound on the air except their labored breathing, the creaking of our saddles and the clink of the metal bits. The two swerved even closer and my ankle was caught in a painful crush against the heavy stirrup of the Arab saddle. Suddenly the Arab let out another of his wild screams and surged out in front in ■ cloud of dirt lumps and dust, the winner.

I came to a less spectacular stop beside him. His mouth spread into a gleeful grin, his black eyes sparkled happily, and in his exuberance he dropped his reins, stretched out both his hands and gripped my shoulders in brotherly fashion.

"You good, you very good," he said in broken Spanish, and with no further communications he yanked his mare around and raced back to his *kabila*—the local Arab village.

I sat there on Quimera, catching my breath. I looked off across the plain at the graceful billow of the white jelab whipping out behind the little Arab mare, as it burst from under the mountain shadow into the sunshine again. He was content, that Arab; he could tell all the village that this new foreign woman was only a woman after all, with no superpowers. He had defeated her in fair combat.

And suddenly it struck me that this race against ■ challenging Arab on a desolate plain in Spanish Morocco was ■ long way from the leisurely, social life I led in Madrid. What had brought me to this lonely African valley? *What am I doing here, anyway?* I asked myself.

Once one has farmed, one always misses ■ farm. Farmers have a way of setting aside their tools of trade for long periods and for various reasons—we get discouraged with the land, we get enthusiastic about something else, we get tired of being very poor. We go away for all these reasons, but at some time or other we come back again to farming. We come back sheepishly sometimes and we would rather not have to explain why, but we do come back.

I went away from farming for many of these same reasons; I needed to go back to farming because of the too comfortable life we led in Madrid. I had begun to feel I was not doing all that I could do, not using my capacities to their fullest. I am sure that no one else noticed this inner slackness, but I felt it strongly. The empty, getting-nowhere idleness of my life in Madrid weighed upon me. I wanted to do something with my hands and brains, I wanted to do something basic.

Farming is the most basic of all work and the work I knew best, and that is the real reason, under all the reasons I was to conjure up in my CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



"My sons accepted their new life without question. Arabs believe that children should be allowed to do whatever they want, and not be punished. This suited the boys fine."

Betty's Arab mare, here seen with Betty holding son Jay, took her through cornfields where station wagon could not go. Horses and burros were daily play companions for children.





She kissed him for luck,
for gratitude,
for good-by,
with a kind of
innocent passion.

Now she would know the worst—or the best—of all she had feared and hoped of this strange marriage.



SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Orphaned when Oliver Cromwell's army destroyed the castle of her father, Lord Ashley, tiny Julia is saved by a devoted family servant. But when the servant dies, Julia is left alone in a war-ruined land where no household has food or shelter to share. She is found by a kindly Dutch sea captain, Johannes Belderdik, who takes her home with him in the belief that she will be warmly welcomed by his wife Truida, whose childlessness had been a source of deep sorrow. But Truida is jealous of her husband's love for the pretty eight-year-old child whom he regards now as a daughter. When Johannes dies suddenly, Truida sends bewildered, grief-stricken Julia to an orphanage run by a stern woman who believes Truida when she claims the girl to be "unmanageable," determines to rid herself of Julia as soon as possible. She schemes to have Julia accepted by the East India Company as a "Company's Daughter"—girls who are trained and sent out to be wives of plantation owners and workers in the remote, legendary Spice Islands of the East Indies. So, at fifteen, lovely golden-haired Julia is married in a "glove marriage" ceremony to a man named Pieter Vosmar, whom she has never seen. Reluctant, frightened, she sets forth on the long, seven-month voyage to her new home in the company of placid Marie, another "glove marriage" bride.

By NORAH LOFTS

II They had seen the island of Banda and its little satellite islands come up out of the water, blue blurs which took on, as they watched, the shape and substance of reality. The smaller islands were out of sight now; the ship lay in Banda harbor with the town of Banda Neira, Marie's future home, directly ahead of them. There was the circle of houses and warehouses along the water front, white and cream and yellow, and blue and pink and ocher-colored, and behind it the massed roofs of many houses, and behind them a climbing sweep of green, rising up to a sharp conical peak which, the captain had told them, was the Fire Mountain.

The two girls stood alone together, and Marie, who had looked forward so joyously to this moment, suddenly turned pale.

"I do hope he will like me—that I shall like him. I hadn't realized —— You did, didn't you?" she asked almost accusingly. "All along you knew how dreadful it would be."

"We shall soon know the worst," Julia said.

The agent came aboard. He had brought two assistants, the good penman to make the cargo lists and the strong fellow to take charge of boxes addressed to the agent's wife. To the latter he said, "Yes, I know you've got a wife aboard. Don't let that take your mind off your duties; I've got a wife at home and she's waiting for what the captain has brought—or God help him!"

"May I just take a moment to look at her, Mynheer?"

"You may," said the agent, "but only a minute. You've got the rest of your life to look at her, God help *you*."

The girls saw him coming, shouldering his way along with unmistakable intensity of purpose.

"We should have worn our gloves," Marie said.

He saw them. One small and plump and dark; the other taller and fairer. His heart rose. He didn't care which was which; he'd be happy with either of the girls as his wife.

Just short of them he stopped and made a bow, clumsy to begin with and ruined by someone behind him brushing against his hindquarters. To keep his balance he had to take two steps forward, but as he straightened he smiled and said good-naturedly and somehow endearingly, "That *would* happen to me! May I bid you both welcome to Banda and ask which is Mevrouw Oltman?"

Marie said, "I am," and then he knew that she was the one he had favored all along. He threw his great arms round her. "Oh, I'm lucky," he said. "I never thought you'd be so pretty."

"And you're handsome," Marie said.

Julia had taken a step away and stood looking at them. It was just right; exactly what Marie had expected and exactly what Mevrouw Helmers had foretold. The good God had made men and women and put them together. He'd made Marie and Hendrik and had—with a little help from the East India Company—brought them together and for them all was well. *But for me—the man isn't born to whom I could take so instant a fancy . . . and somewhere here a man is coming who will ——*

She felt sick and turned away and looked over the rail.

Coming in toward the ship's side, very noticeable among the other boats, was one painted white with a yellow canopy. It was rowed by two brown men who wore short drawers of the same yellow and had metal collars around their necks. They brought the boat alongside, and one took hold of the ship's ladder. As he steadied the boat a small man, dressed entirely in pale gray, came out from under the awning and began to climb.

"That must be somebody very important. What a fine boat!"

Julia was surprised to find Marie beside her.

"Hendrik has some work to do, so I have to wait. Julia, don't you think he's *nice?* I do hope yours is too."

The small man in gray had gained the deck and now came toward them, and whereas Hendrik had had to push his way through, everybody stepped back to allow this man free passage.

"It must be the governor himself," said Marie, "and he's—yes, he is—coming to welcome us."

And it seemed so. He came straight toward them. He was, despite his short stature, an impressive figure, very upright and taut. His hair, worn long and elaborately curled, was as near as could be the color of his clothes; fine lace frothed whitely at his wrist and breast. He halted, looked at them both in a way only just saved from insolence by its seriousness, and then asked:

"Mevrouw Vosmar?"

"I am, Mynheer."

He bowed. "I am Simon Vosmar. My son was unable to meet you himself. I trust you had a pleasant voyage. And now, if you are ready ——" He turned and offered her his arm.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Why I like being

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

We asked thirteen outstanding women to express their feeling about the special rewards of womanhood. Straight from their hearts come the answers that will give you a lift—or a laugh!

Have you ever stopped to think of the special satisfactions in life that come to you because you are a woman? If you are like most of us, you are probably so busy just *being* a woman—doing a woman's work and delighting in a woman's pastimes—that it has never occurred to you to appraise your unique place in the world. Following are some thoughts on this fascinating subject from a variety of women whose names will be familiar to you. Just like a woman, though, we'll begin with what a famous *man* once said about a member of our sex:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Though Wordsworth's celebrated paragon may be no more than a "phantom of delight," her Creator endowed her with an immortal beauty that lives through the ages to enhance the ways of women, stir the hearts of men and grace the lives of children.

"Being just biologically a woman isn't enough," says ***MRS. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE***, "but being a spiritually conditioned woman is a joyous experience. For then, certain built-in qualities may be used to invest life with extraordinary meaning. For example, at dinner one evening I was seated beside a famous psychologist. A plate was served and the man on the other side of me touched it. Finding it very hot, he drew back with an expression of pain. I reached forward, picked it up and held it for him. 'How can you hold ■ hot plate like that?' he asked. The psychologist overheard and answered, 'Don't you know that a woman is so constituted nervously that she can handle hot things better than men?' I like to think that as a woman I can handle the heatedness of life and bring serenity, quietness and emotional control into situations. A spiritually integrated woman can be a center of quietness in the family and a creative influence in the world about her."

All life is brightened by woman's special talent for creativeness. "I believe women are able to create beauty out of anything," says ***ARLENE DAHL LAMAS***. "Examples of her feminine ingenuity are everywhere: in the gay curtains made from a scrap of cloth to cheer up her kitchen; in the tempting buffet supper concocted from leftovers; in the charm of her own appearance brought out by something as simple as a fun apron or a ribbon in her hair. With no more than a bouquet of field flowers, a few bright pillows or a bowl of polished fruit, a woman can turn a drab place into ■ haven of delight. I believe these are the kinds of things that glorify a woman, day by day, and prompt the man in her life to kiss her lovingly and sigh contentedly, 'It's good to be home!'"

The rich and intimate communication a woman has with her family and friends comforts her with warmth and stands her in good stead as time goes by. A woman never waits for a "right time or place" to cultivate friendships. It is part of her nature to be always "getting to know you": over the dinner dishes; across the yard, when you meet unexpectedly; in the hours she spends with you when you are ill or lonely and need her. All through the day a mother stops to share a "just-between-us" moment with her child—and in the quiet of their closeness, in the clasp of their hands, in the exchange of big and little ideas, new bonds of love and understanding are stored in both their minds and stamped on both their hearts.

"Enjoying the opportunities ■ woman has to receive and appreciate friendship is one of the biggest joys in life," says ***LILLIAN GILBRETH***. "Perhaps a widow who tries to bring up a large family of small children and at the same time carry on her husband's work has special reason to be grateful for the generous and willing help she receives. A neighbor asks if she may not enter my daughters in the dancing class, ■ that they get there appropriately dressed, and are returned home. A man phones to ask if he might take one of my sons, along with his own child, to a father-son Boy Scout meeting. A whole community of people make a social life possible for a mother and her family who need it, but who have little to offer in return hospitality. I am deeply grateful for so many friends who have given *this* woman and her family a full, rich life."

A husband was asked, on the occasion of his twentieth wedding anniversary, what he considered to be his wife's most appealing qualities. Unhesitatingly, he answered, "Her femininity. Everything she does spells w-o-m-a-n. Her walk is light and graceful, her voice, too—and she uses her hands prettily. Her ideas are usually as sound and solid as a man's, but when she offers them she does it with the graciousness of a hostess serving tea. In a way, there's a selfish



BERN KEATING

a Woman

Oh, small and lovely
With the still unblemished heart,
What will your part be?

RUTH MARY DuBOIS

motive about my loving her femininity. You see, it sets *me* up—makes me feel important as a man!"

What woman *doesn't* delight in her ability to so charm ■ man? All we have to do is *look* at the clothes we choose, *taste* the food we cook, *smell* the perfume we wear, *hear* the way we talk, and *feel* the beat of our hearts, to know that it's *the man* who inspires us to flavor life by making the most of our senses!

"Being a woman makes it possible to enjoy men so much more!" says ***MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN FARROW.*** "In a house full of men—husband and three sons—I speak from experience! I enjoy the company of men. I like the way their minds work. Most of all, I like the way they treat us—as though they really believe we are the weaker sex, and at the same time as though we are a superior being. When I have looked into the little face of my newborn baby and found, in the tiny frown and fleeting expressions of this unbelievable little being, the spirit of the man I love, I know there could be no greater joy on earth. I am glad I am a woman! I am even glad it is a 'man's world'!"

The woman who is blessed with a good sense of humor—who makes up her mind to live on the sunny side of life despite its stormy intervals—is *truly* nobly planned. If you can cheerfully shrug off a disappointment, find the funny side of ■ maddening situation, laugh even when the world *doesn't* always laugh with you, chances are this special quality of personality has won you a life full of friends and good times.

"There are so many reasons why I like being a woman I don't know where to begin," says ***BETTY MACDONALD,*** whose sense of humor brings as much cheer into her own life as it does into her stories. "Of course I could start with the right to vote, but the fact that this is not one of woman's exclusive franchises is pretty obvious if you have ever been around at election time and heard, 'Jim, honey, is it Acheson or Dulles we despise?'

"No, I'm thinking in terms of more truly womanly things. For instance, take Mother's Day when we had a roundup. Was I out in the cool green dawn saddling and currying horses; was I riding over these beautiful hills; was I leaning against the fence drinking Corral de Tierras, and exchanging anecdotes pointing up my bravery, skill with animals and general quick-wittedness? Of course not. I spent the day in that cozy old-fashioned little groove between stove, sink and kitchen table, with occasional sorties to the freezer and garbage cans. And where am I after ■ dinner party when the door has shut at two A.M. on the last guest? Do I yawn out of my clothes and fall wearily to bed? I should say not. I limp right out to the kitchen where mountains of dirty dishes, a bottle of soy sauce spilled inside the refrigerator, and wilted salad await me. I look forlornly around—and then, almost overcome with my good fortune in having been born a female, I kick off my high heels, wipe my tears on ■ crumpled napkin marked 'Having fun with Betty and Don,' tie on a big apron and put the old coffee-pot on to heat!"

For any of you who are sometimes tempted to think that "career women" live only for fame and self-centered glory or get more pleasure out of punching clocks than pinning diapers, listen to what *these* famous personalities have to say about the satisfactions of being a woman:

MARGARET MEAD underscores our own belief that children are the greatest source of pleasure in the world by saying, "More than anything else, I have cherished my close association with my daughter. I've loved teaching her the things I knew, reading to her the books I'd read. All through my own childhood I enjoyed younger children more than I did most adults, and ■ lifetime of studying children has therefore been a lifetime of delight. Though I sympathized with administrators who thought women were ■ nuisance on expeditions, still I felt comfortable in asking to go because what I wanted to do—study how children learned to be members of different cultures—needed to be done by ■ woman anthropologist. Primitive men frowned upon male intruders into the lives of their women. But I was also relieved when the former administrator of New Guinea said I might go anywhere I liked in the interior, 'because you have proved you don't get killed in New Guinea.'"

The following world-famous career woman might understandably pin her reasons for liking to be who she is on the fact of her personal popularity and the glamour it brings to her life. But ***ETHEL MERMAN SIX*** says quite simply, "I like being ■ woman because I like to have children. When I look at my two youngsters, Ethel and Bobby, and realize that they are ■ part of and belong to me, I can think of nothing in this world that is more important or precious."

MILDRED McAFEE HORTON, former president of Wellesley CONTINUED ON PAGE 125


"What kind of man are you? It's your family he threatens. *Do* something about him!"
They had been civilized
THE Exec

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

Sam Bowden lay on his back under a high Saturday sun, eyes closed, aware of the nearness of Carol. Digestion of the picnic lunch was proceeding comfortably. Jamie and Bucky were thrashing around on the beach, and Sam knew that it would soon be time for eleven-year-old Jamie to send six-year-old Bucky to ask if it wasn't time they could go back into the water. On other years Nancy would have been racing and whooping with the younger kids.

But this year Nancy was fourteen, and this year she had brought a guest along, a fifteen-year-old boy named Pike Foster. Nancy and Pike lay baking in the sun on the foredeck of the Sweet Sioux III, with a portable radio tuned to the odd offerings of a progressive disk jockey. The Sweet Sioux was moored a hundred feet down the curve of beach, her bow ten feet off the sand, and the music was barely audible.

Sam Bowden lay with the sun coming red through his eyelids and tried, almost with desperation, to tell himself that all was right with his particular world. Everything was fine. This was the first expedition of the year to the island. The Bowdens would make three or four trips to it this year, the same as every year since 1950, when they had found it. It was a ridiculously small island twelve miles out into the lake, northwest of New Essex. It was too small to have a name. It merited a single dot on the charts and a warning of shoal waters for the benefit of wandering boatmen. It had a hill and a beach and reasonably deep water just off the beach.

Everything was under control. The marriage was of the very best variety. Everybody was healthy. He had been a partner in the law firm ever since 1948. Their house, just outside the village of Harper, thirteen miles from New Essex, was more house than he should have purchased, but he could console himself with the constantly increasing value of the ten acres of land. They had no savings to speak of, a very few shares of pale-blue-chip stocks. But his hefty insurance program gave him a feeling of security.

He told himself that there was absolutely no need to fret. No point in getting hysterical. Think of it as just another problem that could be taken care of neatly, quietly, with dispatch and efficiency.

"Hey!" Carol said, breaking in on his thought.

"Uh?"

"Wake up and look at me, you inert mass."

He rolled up onto one sharp elbow and squinted at her. "You look just fine," he said. And she did, indeed. The pale blue swim suit set off her dark coloring. Her hair was black and shiny, a heritage from the remote fraction of Indian blood that had provided the inevitable name for the three boats they had owned. Her eyes were fine and dark and large. Her thirty-seven years showed in the weather wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, and possibly in the veins on the backs of her hands, but not at all in the long lithe figure, the round and agile legs.

"I was not fishing," she said firmly. "This is a serious matter. Pay attention."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It started on Thursday when you came back from the office. You were physically present, but spiritually among the missing. And yesterday the same. And today, more of it. Fifteen years of marriage, my remote friend, gives a girl extrasensory equipment."

"That sounds provocative. The equipment looks good on you!"

"Hush! No smart talk, Samuel. No covering up. I want to know. Just now you were scowling more than the sun requires. I know when something is nibbling at you."

"In all of New Essex, I am known as Subtle Sam. Nobody knows what I'm thinking. They cannot probe my Gioconda smile. I can draw and fill an inside straight without a tremor. But you have an uncanny ——"

"Please," she said in an entirely different voice, and he knew that he would have to tell her.

"All right. But understand that I'm a natural-born worrier. Everything is so good that I'm superstitious. I want to keep this very precious applecart of ours standing on its wheels."

"I can help you worry."

"Or maybe laugh me out of it. I hope so. A weird thing happened when I came out of the office on Thursday. But that isn't the starting place. It starts on a certain trip overseas you might possibly remember."

He knew she could remember. There had been only the one trip, back in 1943, when First Lieut. Samuel B. Bowden, of the Judge Advocate General's Department, took a lengthy cruise on the old Comte de Biancamano, which was being operated by the U. S. Navy. He had embarked wearing his Pentagon pallor, and had eventually ended up in New Delhi in Theater Headquarters of the CBI.

"I'm not fixing to forget it, lover. You were gone a good chunk of time. A good chunk out of my life. A bad chunk, I should say."

"You haven't heard me go through the Bowden symposium of side-splitting war stories for some time, but do you happen to remember my anecdote about Melbourne? It wasn't very funny."

"Sort of. Let me see. You got off there and you got mixed up in something and the ship went on without you because you had to be a witness, and you never caught up with that foot locker we packed with such loving care."

"I was a key witness at a court-martial. Rape."

"Yes, I remember that. But I don't remember how you came to be a witness."

"It was a June night, and cold. I decided to walk back to the ship. It was two in the morning. As I was getting myself thoroughly lost, I heard a whimpering in an alley. I thought it was a puppy or a kitten. But it was the girl. She was fourteen."

He knew that that night would never leave his memory. The great stone city with its wide deserted streets, just a few lights burning. The sound of his heels echoing from the empty walls. He was humming Roll Out the Barrel. It became nicely resonant when he was opposite the mouths of the alleys.

He decided a puppy or a kitten could be smuggled onto the ship. And then he had stopped and stared without comprehension at the pale tumbled legs, the brute rhythm of the attacker, had heard the animal whining, heard the meaty crack of his fist against her face. With comprehension had come a high wild anger. He had pulled the soldier away from her, and as the man had scrambled up, had struck wildly and with all his strength, and had hit the hard shelf of jaw. The man had grappled with him weakly, then slid down, rolled onto his back and, to Sam's astonishment, had begun to snore. He ran out and a few moments later hailed a Shore Patrol jeep. CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

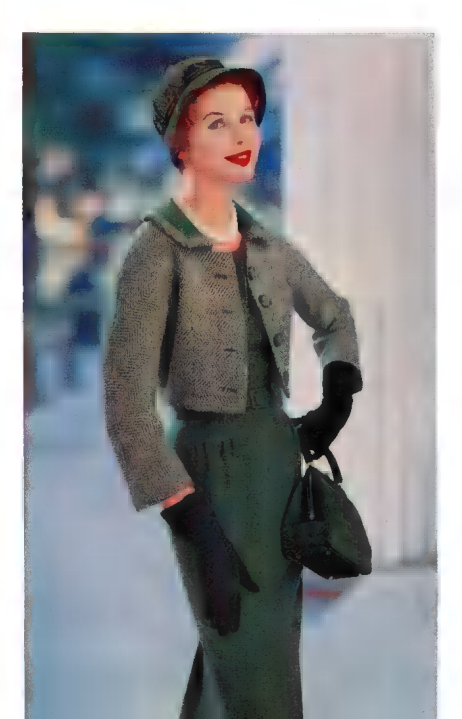
safe and civilized world. Now, suddenly, the law they must live by was the law of the jungle.

utioners

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

BEAUTIFUL TIMELESS CASUALS

to wear anywhere, everywhere . . . for life in town or in the country.



A jersey dress with a tweed jacket in this year's moss green, by Leonard Arkin, $69.95. Corduroy hat by Miss Ruth, bag by Morris Moskowitz.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

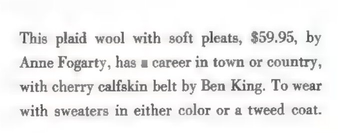
Universal fashion of the easy tweed suit with a straight jacket, slim skirt, around $47.00. In sapphire blue by Ted Fell, worn with a deep blue silk blouse, around $15.00; matching hat by John Frederics, bag by Gucci, shoes by Perugia.

This easy, colorful, comfortable way of dressing has become identified with the U.S.A. For women who are equally at home in a station wagon, an office, a restaurant, a four-engine plane or their own living rooms. this creed of the jersey dress, tweed suit, coat-that-goes-over-anything is the most adaptable, long-lasting, becoming and certainly the best-loved fashion of the generation. It goes for all ages from the teens to their grandmothers. From huge-knit great-sweaters and flannel coats to crepe shirtwaist dresses. we show you the newest, most universal of these casuals . . .

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion* [redacted] *of the Journal*



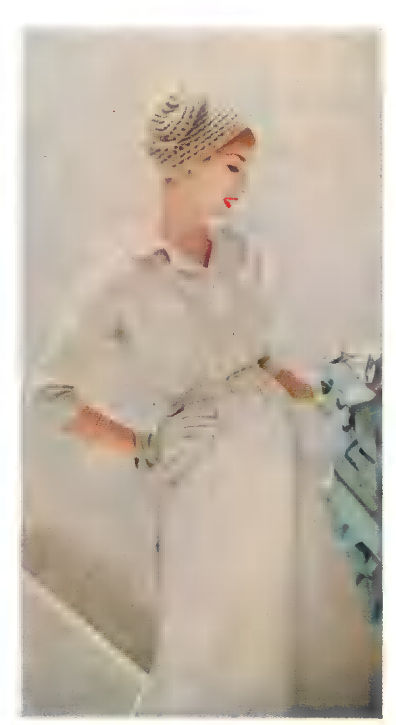
Royal-purple country sweater in a giant stitch, by Christian Dior, tweed skirt by Mr. John, bracelet by Seaman Schepps.



This plaid wool with soft pleats, $59.95, by Anne Fogarty, has a career in town or country, with cherry calfskin belt by Ben King. To wear with sweaters in either color or a tweed coat.

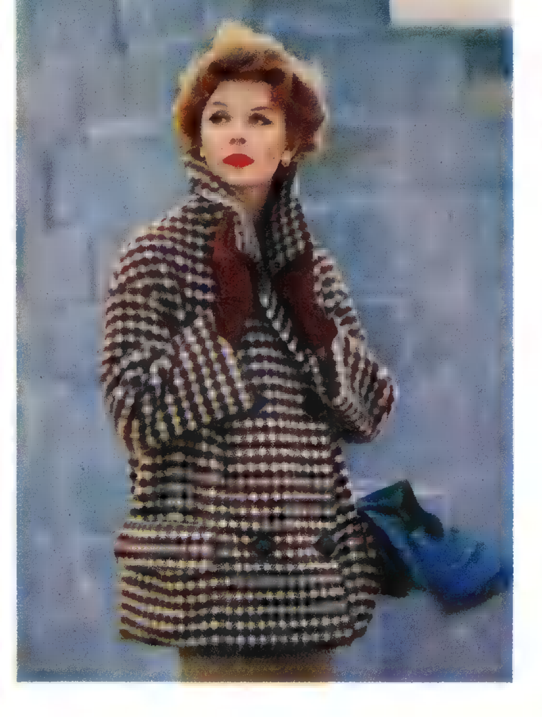
KUBLIN

BEAUTIFUL TIMELESS CASUALS



A simple beige wool dress has become a basic. This one by David Crystal, $29.95. Knitted hat by John Fredericks.

The perfect spectator coat in oversized shepherd's checks, to wear over sports clothes in the country, town wools in town, around $139.75. Shown here with a dark brown skirt and sweater, casual felt hat, short pigskin gloves.

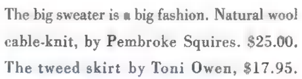


The short checked reefer, so comfortable in a car, has the look young America loves. By Monte Sano and Pruzan. Worn with beige or brown, or with bright blues and greens.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



New fashion in a flannel coat worn with an opossum hat by Mr. John, Paisley printed corduroy dress.



The big sweater is a big fashion. Natural wool cable-knit, by Pembroke Squires. $25.00. The tweed skirt by Toni Owen, $17.95.



Everybody in the world loves a shirtwaist dress. This rayon-and-acetate crepe with brass buttons, by David Crystal, at $17.95 is simple, inexpensive, versatile as the day is long. Also in black, beige, blue and red. Wear it with a new giant necklace.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



my one "BUY" this fall

So many women depend on one sparkling new costume each season to add fashion and zest to their wardrobes . . . a skillful, dollar-wise plan that keeps their clothes continuously current and exciting. This year the significant one may be a fur-trimmed suit, a winter print, a silk in a blazing color, a jersey with imperative usefulness, a coat with nine lives, that wonderful "something with a jacket"—each one perfected with the right accessories . . .

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

Every wardrobe needs a red coat—it goes with everything, contributes brilliance. This one with the draped collar and big easy sleeves is by Dan Millstein, $125.00. Soft leopard-cloth hat from Lilly Dache's junior collection; the matching bag by Morris Moskowitz.



This belted suit in a fabric that looks hand-knit is significant in any locale, $159.75. By Philippe Tournaye. Green moleskin muff and hat by Miss Alice.



Essential black jersey suit, by Harry Willis, about $55. Big bright corduroy bag by Morris Moskowitz; fur-rimmed felt hat, John Frederics.



The fur-trimmed jacket costume is a fashion keynoter. This brown tweed with black jersey top and fox collar, $125.00, by Ben Barrack. Bag by Greta, shoes by Margaret Jerrold, hat by Miss Colby.

The black silk-crepe dress is so versatile that it is any woman's one best buy. This one by Ben Barrack, $69.95; pale beaver felt from Mr. John's junior collection, Christian Dior's necklace, bag by Lucille.

WILHELA [redacted]



PATTERN WITH A FUTURE



EMMA GENE HALL

Yes, all seven of these suits have been made from the very same pattern. The jacket is designed to become all figures; and as for skirts, there are two—one straight and one with all-round pleats. Right now, you'll probably be thinking in terms of wool jersey like the blue one above. The paisley silk of the blouse (Vogue Design No. 9227) also lines the jacket. Or in tweed like our lavender one with jersey trim. Later, make it in dramatic white lamé or in an all-beige satin-and-chiffon combination, adding a mink collar. In the spring what could be prettier than this same suit in black silk faille; and for summer think of it in turquoise linen with shorter sleeves. ALL versions, Vogue Design No. S-4832, 10 to 20.

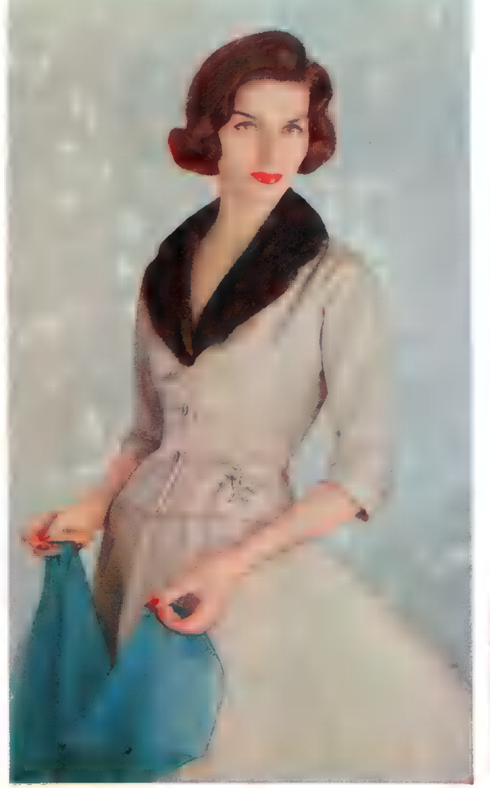
By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 112. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them [redacted] your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please [redacted] sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.



BEADED ■ BY FRANCES HIRSCH

This slim, lovely silver-and-white lamé is a perfect theater costume. Sparkle with rhinestone buttons and crystal beads.

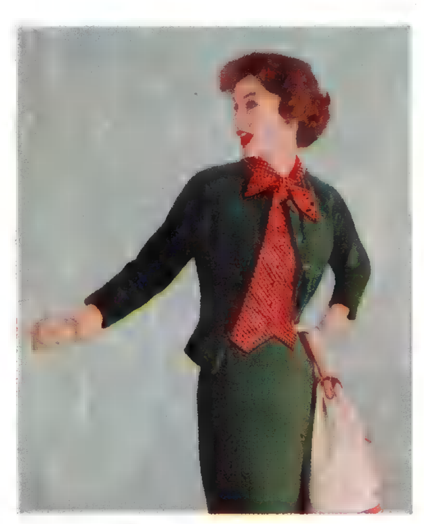


What could be lovelier than a combination of silk satin and chiffon in the same pale beige? We have added a detachable ranch-mink collar; and why not make a chiffon blouse to match the skirt?



■ ACCESSORIES ■ JULES LEITMAN

Black silk faille makes this "good little suit" all women long to own. We have added two ½" fabric bows at the waistline for detail.



Wide-wale corduroy comes in the most magnificent colors. Ours, in avocado green, is brightened by a red print blouse (Vogue Design No. 9318). Note that the fabric is cut cross grain for added interest.



This printed velveteen abstract plaid design in shades of pink and red is enhanced by a pink jersey blouse with a cowl neckline. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9317, 12 to 42.

We like the look of this jacket worn open and easy without buttons and buttonholes. Could be belted too. Pick up the mauve of the tweed in the jersey blouse, collar, cuffs. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9072, 10 to 18.

Can this Marriage be Saved?

The more two persons have in common, the easier they are likely to find the many adjustments of marriage. Yet everyone knows of marriages in which husband and wife started almost as far apart as the poles, in religion, culture, race, education—any important trait you can name—yet have had a happy and productive partnership. The secret of success lies not merely in accepting but in sympathizing with the differences, seeing the value in each one. The secret of failure lies in disparaging the differences and trying to force change; in continual assertion that "I'm better than you are," not in exactly those words but in many thousands of other words to the same effect. Marriage counselors have to help their clients to give themselves some re-education for this purpose, in most instances. Fortunately this is not too difficult, if two persons loved each other enough to marry in the first place. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Iris K. Richardson. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., General Director

SHE: "On the day Max returned from Korea our peace was ended. He was fiercely critical of the house my earnings had bought. He objected to my friends and my new clothes. He demanded that I quit work and I refused."

HE: "Jenny has become mercenary in spirit and intolerably penny-pinching. She took a job while I was overseas and now declares our boys need the money she earns. What they need is more of her company."



LEONARD NADEL

"I declined the bouquet, politely but firmly. My refusal infuriated Max."

JENNY TELLS HER SIDE: "I don't know why I let you waste my time," Jenny said to the marriage counselor in the emphatic accents of Western Oklahoma. The year was 1954 and Jenny was then thirty years old. She had soft, dark hair, close-cropped, a robust but not-an-ounce-too-heavy figure, smoldering blue eyes that defied the world.

"At present I'm working twelve splits at the telephone company—splits are four-hour shifts scattered irregularly through the week—and I'm painting and papering my seven-room house. I'm keeping up with the weeds in a half-acre garden and I'm freezing and canning my produce to cut expenses and meet the payments on my house. In addition—and this I consider my real job—I'm cooking and doing the washing and looking after my three sons. I intend to see to it that Bill, Bob and Jack grow up to be fine, strong men.

"I don't want to learn how to polish up my personality and be a better wife. To be honest, I can't see I need improvement. And so far as my boys and I are concerned, it's too late for their father to improve. Six months ago I asked Max to move out of the house and allow his sons and me a little peace. Four months ago, after much turmoil, he did move. Our marriage is done for. It's his fault, not mine. For twelve years he bullied and abused me and the boys.

"By now you must be wondering why I came here to talk to you. I came solely to oblige Max. Last night he begged for another chance. He climbed down off his high horse, he crawled, he even shed tears. I have no love left for Max, not one particle. Still and all, I guess I have my share of common humanity. And more than my share of imagination. Words have always made pictures in my head that please or trouble me. Say 'summer' and I see a hot gold sun shining on a long road. Say 'autumn' and in my mind I hear rain splashing on the roof. I *hate* the word 'divorce,' really hate it. Possibly because my parents were divorced the word seems gray and ugly; glad as I am to be separated from Max, I shrink from the idea of being a 'divorced' woman.

"Max is a steady visitor in my house. When he stopped by last night he didn't bring a stick of candy to his sons, but he brought me a big bunch of flowers. Roses, hothouse roses. I'm fond of flowers, but my back yard is in full bloom and anyhow Max can't afford hothouse flowers. That made no never-mind to him. Max is Austrian-born—he escaped from Vienna just before World War Two—and apparently it's a European belief—anyway, it's his belief—that a bouquet or an extravagant gift will bedazzle a woman and bury years of insults and meanness. That type of reasoning doesn't go with me. A freight car loaded with orchids wouldn't take care of what I took from Max in the days before he went off to Korea and the boys and I learned the joys of freedom and I found out to my surprise how easy it was to stand on my own feet.

"Well, I declined the bouquet politely but firmly. My refusal infuriated Max. At once he and I became involved in one of our whing-ding disputes. Suddenly, in the midst of the uproar, Max leaned against the wall and his bouquet slipped to the floor. It was then he put his hand over his face and he cried. I saw my grandfather cry like that at my grandmother's funeral, and though I was only seven years old I still remember. I started toward Max. Perhaps it was in my heart to comfort him. The impulse was short-lived, I assure you. Before I took two steps Max straightened up and snarled at me. Immediately we were fighting again.

"Ordinarily Max is quiet-voiced—I'm the noisy one in the family—but he is a master of the taunting, sarcastic remark. Max is better educated than I am; he has a Ph.D. in European law; he has a degree in psychology CONTINUED ON PAGE 186



JOURNAL'S PORTFOLIO HOUSE No. 6

RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor

WILLIAMS AND WELLS
Designers

MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Decorating Editor

CAROL L. CRANE
Architectural Assistant

The house and its setting, like their style and utility, are perfect companions. STOLLER

PHILOSOPHY OF A JOURNAL PORTFOLIO HOUSE

JOURNAL Portfolio Houses are designed to give our readers MAXIMUM VALUE AT MINIMUM COST. In value we include space, convenient livability, taste and beauty. Cost by our standards calls for prices that are reasonable and consistent for a growing family, with no sacrifice of quality or longevity of materials, with no innovations that add outrageously to cost. In keeping our main effort centered on the cost problem, sound inner structure and pure outer beauty stay paramount. If an innovation functions, and is in line with a practical budget, we include it. We do not include it unless it provides *economy plus excellence.*

A Portfolio House has to be tried, true and ready to stand the test of time—as does anything you recommend to a friend.

THE EDITORS

A HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW

What gives the house such livability and value
How landscaping frames the house like a picture
Why the living room is such a success
Things that make the dining room so special
Designing delightfulness into the kitchen
Plus features in large basement and bedrooms

● **A hundred things** about this house make it better and better as it goes along. ● **Its cost is a fascinating feature** in view of its looks, livability and lasting value. ● **Construction estimates** of the house itself—five bedrooms, two baths and a half, full basement, along with family dining room, living room, kitchen and lobby—range between $22,000 and $29,000, depending on your local prices. ● **For 15 per cent less** you can leave the second floor and basement unfinished until you need them, yet enjoy a generous small-family house. ● **The house is a picture,** and, like a picture, it is set off by its frame of JOURNAL fencing, which is fine for its outward appearance and for the feeling of privacy and security it provides. It multiplies the effectiveness of newly planted shrubbery and trees from the very start. ● **Exterior walls** are vertical tongue-and-groove siding, painted a soft turquoise. ● **Attractive contrast** is the slate-blue trim which emphasizes the horizontal ground-hugging lines of the house. ● **White asphalt roof shingles** work as well as they look—for a cooler house (they reflect the sun's heat), for a more carefree house (their built-in color



The plan tells the story of the house and garden at a glance; but wander through it in your mind's eye and see how well it works.

never requires repainting). ■ **Aluminum sliding window sash** is factory-finished, permanently bright. ■ **Frosted-glass skylights** over stair well and second-floor bath give more light and air than old-fashioned dormers, cost less to build.

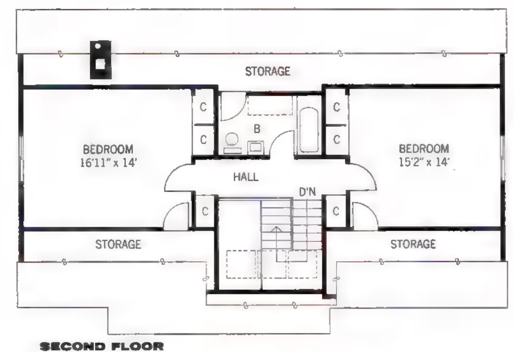
From its sheltered entry path to its expansive rear terrace, the outside is as livable as the house itself. ■ **Brick-paved entry path, front and rear terraces** are utilitarian as well as attractive; they place the planting away from the house where it belongs, looks better, grows better. ■ **The paving**—brick laid in sand over a gravel base—functions perfectly as an exterior floor in all weathers. ■ **Paved areas** lead onto a fine lawn frame for the house, cool and quiet. ■ **Lawns of rougher grass** beyond the boundaries of the fencing are for play, protection and easy maintenance. ■ **Weather-wise terrace furniture** of rattan peel and woven willow is as practical as it is pretty; the hourglass stools separate at the center to become individual snack tables, or child-sized chairs. Legs of the willow-seated tripod stools detach and store within the basket-shaped seats; stools can stack on a basement shelf out of season.

These outdoor pleasures hint at the many features of livability to be found within. . . .

EZRA STOLLER

The patio is wrapped around with rhododendron and Journal fencing, planted for spring and summer with pansies and geraniums, made livable and lovely with furniture of rattan peel.

The patio grows out of the living room. The whole garden grows out of the house.



SECOND FLOOR

Plenty of space for studies and fun in large second-floor bedrooms.

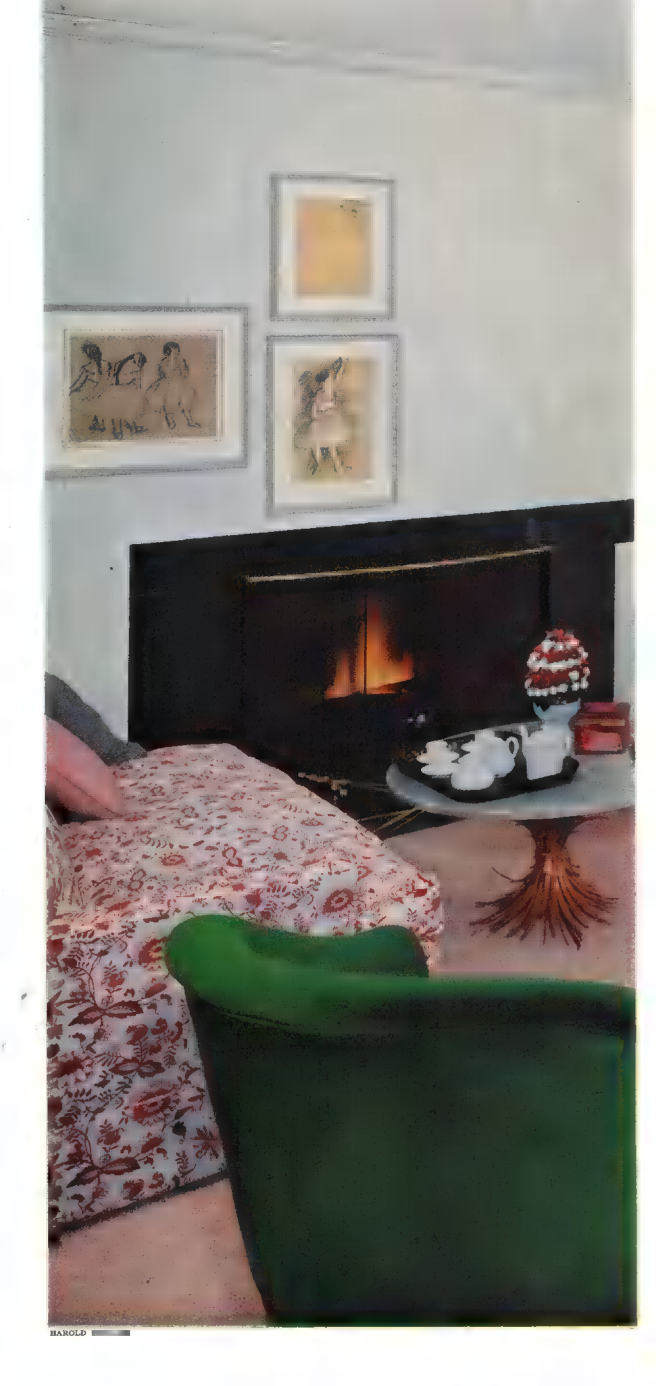
MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH [redacted] TO GROW

The dappled and secluded terrace you viewed from outdoors can now be seen from inside the house. Here you see how it actually adds to the guest capacity and beauty of the home.

THE LIVING ROOM

■ **Outdoors carries indoors** from blossomed patio right into a flower-touched **living room.** Here the scheme is simple elegance. ■ **Wallpaper of petal pink** is laced with [redacted] white design, subdued and charming for a room like this, and picked up boldly by **twin couches** and their vermilion flowers on cloud white. The advantage of these small sofas, beautifully scaled, is that they can be put together to form one long sofa or combined to make a corner grouping. The room stays versatile with a capacity for change and growth all through the years. ■ Between sofas, a **marble coffee table** on an imaginative base is one of the handsomely lustrous and wearfree surfaces of the room. ■ Background for the whole grouping is a fire in a slate-faced hearth against [redacted] **fireplace wall of chalk-white random-board paneling.** And note storage possibilities—above the paneled wood box set into the wall, game cabinets run almost to ceiling. The wall itself provides gallery space for an art collection added to over the years. ■ Almost [redacted] echo of lawns outside are the **green velvet armchairs,** and they, with a nest of plastic-topped polished-wood **stacking tables,** form a conversational group all their own.

■ Farther on toward the window you see an **ebony-black, plastic-topped game table,** a perfect spot to set a tray of cool drinks on its trip to the outer terrace. ■ Beside it, **geranium-painted chairs** are part of a whole new genus of furniture that comes prepainted, harbinger of all our more colorful homes ahead. ■ The colors, [redacted] joy in themselves, call for only the subtlest of framing to tie all their bouquet beauties together. ■ And so the rug is a **rosy-beige wool,** moderate of price and buoyant of tuft underfoot. ■ **Draperies in slim beige-and-white stripe** are a synthetic mix, of pearly translucence. ■ For **extra storage,** far end of the room, not shown here, holds two commodious low chests of scarlet with brass fittings. ● And there you have it in [redacted] garden setting . . . a gemlike room that can seat at least ten, take an overflow of as many more outdoors, can beckon to an impromptu garden party or close out the world for a gentle evening around the fire. Create it with few and vivid furnishings at the beginning and it can be added to at ease later.



HAROLD [redacted]

The living room



Living room is on side of house away from road, from all distractions. Outdoor terrace "doubles" this room's capacity all summer, gives a pleasing view at any time of the year.

has its own elegance

and extends into an entertaining patio beyond.



Dining room faces front of house, views bricked terrace sheltered by low fence, looks beyond it to tree-screened road. Its placement deepens sense of spaciousness.

A distinct—and distinguished— small dining room, a rarity today, invites relaxation at mealtime.



HAROLD FOWLER

Leaving the living room, you cross the central foyer to the opposite side of the house which has a terrace all its own.

THE DINING ROOM

■ What most homes don't provide today, and what this one does, is a **separate dining room.** ■ As you see by the plan, it adjoins the kitchen, and across its 10′4″ width can hold a dinner party of eight with a long view of far horizons. The room itself could be highly formal, casual, or a combination of prized antiques and practical modern. ■ The **table of glowing teakwood** is a two-leaf extension at an astoundingly budget price as tables go, proof that judicious choice need not break the bank. ■ Around it go congenially two Louis XIII chairs upholstered in yellow-and-charcoal checkerboard that is actually sunproof and mildewproof sailcloth, and expansive **contemporary tub chairs** in natural beech lacquered a brilliant flame color. ■ **Black-and-white wall-paper** is a soothing repetition of Persian flowers. We see it framed by a flame-colored strip above and lit by curtains of **sheer yellow linen** with the cast-iron wearability for which linen has long been loved.

■ **Full-wall windows** open at the bottom for a scent of the grassy fields outside, are scaled upward to stop at a washable height even teens can manage. ■ The **pegged oak floor** armored by wax is handsome enough to spend a lifetime with no floor covering. ■ **Side walls need no accent** except soft-glow lamp fixtures, here nineteenth-century white glass and iron flanking a wall shelf of lacy reed and wood. ■ In practical terms, the room looks complete, and is from the first day its table and chairs and few essentials are set in place. ■ **Ruggedly individual dinnerware—**grass mats, ceramics, walnut-handled stainless flatware, tole and ironstone—all merge in a warm play of color.

■ At the far end of the room we allowed for **two storage closets** to hold an entire stock of partyware and linens. **Hidden hardware** lets them open at a touch, click tightly closed, with no break in the white planking design. ■ Between them, **serving cupboard** can be built in, or, as here, be an **antique buffet** of polished pine with the patina of generations. A seventeenth-century still life goes above it. Taking part in twentieth-century not-so-still life below are an antique brass ladle, Limoges coffee set, flowered tureen. ■ If you close your eyes you can decorate the same nook a dozen other ways, from Shaker simplicity to modern brilliance and a Braque painting. ■ The convenient **swinging door to the kitchen** is about four steps to the left of the buffet.

WHAT KIND OF KITCHEN?

For our house we planned a kitchen to handle all the busy work the rest of the house is shielded from. Informal meals, breakfasts, afternoon snacks can be served at its counter to free the dining room from odd-hour traffic that would interfere with dinner plans. But that is only one of the kitchen's skills. . . .

End of room opposite windows holds serving center. Dish closet at right ends at hall, where a separate big coat closet takes over.



A cheerful kitchen that knows its way around takes the clutter out of domesticity

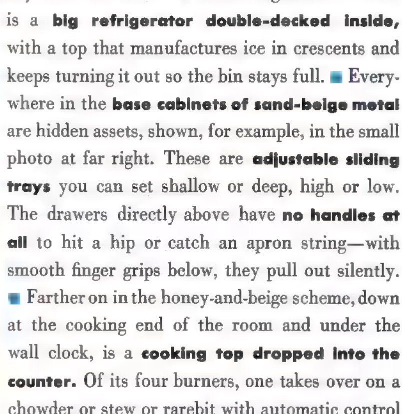
MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW

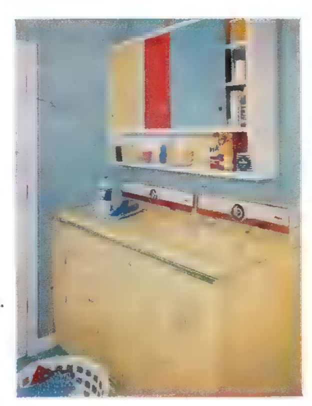


For informality, there's a soup-and-cereal counter.

A ROOM WITH MANY TALENTS

■ A whole control center for family living, it channels so much action because of the precise way its centers are grouped in the 8′11″ x 19′ room. Count them—cooking, washing, serving snacks, laundering, ordering, home-business-agenting. The kitchen (see plan on facing page, photo at right) is strategically next to garage, delivery drive, service court and play area. ■ **A high-visibility row of windows** views all entering trucks and cars. ■ **Back delivery door** is a step past the washer-and-dryer corner. ■ Pretend you moved in. Open the **roomy row of honey-colored cupboards** and see how they take everything in sight *out* of sight, tidy as a pin. ■ Beneath them a **one-piece sink plus drainboard** holds pails of flowers or quantities of home-grown vegetables awaiting a rinsing, husking or shelling. ■ Next sink, turn a switch and an **automatic dishwasher** hums at its work. Slide out its racks, top one turns lazy-Susan fashion, so dishes can be loaded by the time the grocery truck unloads. ■ A cold-storage closet in itself is a **big refrigerator double-decked inside,** with a top that manufactures ice in crescents and keeps turning it out so the bin stays full. ■ Everywhere in the **base cabinets of sand-beige metal** are hidden assets, shown, for example, in the small photo at far right. These are **adjustable sliding trays** you can set shallow or deep, high or low. The drawers directly above have **no handles at all** to hit a hip or catch an apron string—with smooth finger grips below, they pull out silently. ■ Farther on in the honey-and-beige scheme, down at the cooking end of the room and under the wall clock, is a **cooking top dropped into the counter.** Of its four burners, one takes over on a chowder or stew or rarebit with automatic control while you move on at your work. You can check the browning of an apple pie in the **eye-level glass-doored oven** on the way to the phone, as you'll see at lower left. This is the side wall that faces the windows. ■ At the phone counter, too, countless monthly chores check off. The **counter of white satiny plastic** here, as in the rest of the room, is soft to the eye and strong on wearability. Use it for gift wrapping, toy mending, party planning, cake decorating, or setting out desserts for service to the dining room. ■ A swivel-wheeled table fits under the counter for wheeling late refreshments to the lamplit terraces outside. ■ The family bulletin board above is **cork that comes precolored,** soft gray-blue for this room, with white shelves carpentered around it. ■ Along same wall is a **tall cleaning cupboard** at right of the oven, and beyond that **a garage for the mixer.** This ingenious little home is a





Directly behind it is laundry end of the room.



One action-packed side wall faces the big row of windows.



STUART-FOWLER

Windowed wall views driveway, with cooking center at left.

panel that swings right out of the wall when mixer is needed, swings it back out of the way and free of dust when its work is over.

■ Even the two far ends of the room, near the garage entry, are put to use. ■ Lined up on one wall is ■ **complete laundry,** a washer and dryer in soft glossy yellow with all dials out of children's reach, and above the appliances ■ **soap shelf with its perforated panels enameled in blue, yellow and red.** The washer can soothe even temperamental synthetics with cool waters and slow spinning time. The dryer is an extra-speed gas model. ■ Across the room is the **breakfast counter.** Under it you see a **wide clay-tile footrest** for absolute comfort, scuff-free too. The same tiles, soft blue-gray, 2″x4″ size, make a basket-weave pattern for a **long-wearing kitchen floor.** Nothing was forgotten. There is even a file under the breakfast counter for the morning newspaper—just one reason why people enjoy themselves in this room.

Open cabinets show slide-out comfort.

Section 1 is breakfast nook; 2, laundry; 3, work desk and oven wall; 4, cooking and sink walls.



The whole top floor can be left unfinished, or turned now into teen rooms, later into guest rooms. There are two of them, airy and spacious, with gallery and bath between.

HAROLD FOWLER

and there are two more whole levels to grow on—

MORE PLEASURES IN THE JOURNAL'S HOUSE WITH ROOM TO GROW



While children are still too young for rooms of their own, whole space can be turned into a family room.

teen apartments above . . .

. . . hobby and play space below

UPSTAIRS

■ **Cork-floored rooms** on the upper story are natural havens where teens or their adult relations can get away from it all. ■ **Good books and soft music** are built into the walls. ■ Plan takes complete advantage of knee walls on this level, which means that there is **under-eave storage space** accessible at either side of the room you see here. ■ **Both upstairs rooms are linked** by a wide gallery hall and bath between, yet **each can close off** for complete privacy. ■ **Tall ceilings** erase all stoop hazards, give imposing height for built-ins up and down the side walls.

■ Over the cork floor, inexpensive **red cotton scatter rugs** are the only carpeting needed, since noise is already baffled, a budget-saving note. ■ **Stanch plaid slip covers** in marine white and blues can take teen buffeting and steady laundering without blanching. **Matching curtains** are brass-poled at the side window. ■ **Hanging lamps are frosted Venetian glass** of tropical blue, make no demands on floor space and are safely out of way of games. ■ For teen rooms, we like **foamy floor cushions** that tuck into plastic envelopes and withstand moccasin heel and toe marks. ■ On **studio beds that fit under bookshelves,** smaller-cousin pillows of foam are covered in cottons and sailcloths. ■ The big **white circle table** at center is plastic with all the durability of marble at a third the cost. ■ At the far end of the room **television and phonograph** are built in under record racks, and consider here the excellent disguise possibilities for old sets the family below has outgrown. ■ White wood **storage wall** gives a gleaming newness, can hide the motley souvenirs of high-school years, schoolbooks and diaries, sewing equipment, photograph albums, address and year books, and eliminate the whole problem of disordered student rooms. ■ The privacy floor itself is an incentive to good order, serving as drawing room and entertaining center for its inhabitants. ● And both upstairs rooms have a steady future, **doubling as guest rooms** for family and friends.

DOWNSTAIRS

The full basement is a perfect under-cover spot for small children's play. And it safely houses the **comfort-giving utility equipment** of the home. ■ A compact **air conditioner** stands in the background (its condenser unit is concealed in shrubbery out in the service court), supplies clean and filtered air, is controlled by thermostats that automatically set warmth in winter and coolness in summer. ■ This installation can be used **even in locations which limit use of water.** ■ And it's good news for home builders faced with budgets that the **heating unit can go in first—cooling section can be added later** with no major changes. (If you plan it this way, be sure to have original ducts sized for the future.) ■ **Automatic gas water heater** is the tall cylinder in front of it, guaranteeing a steady supply for baths, dishwasher and laundry. ■ The tall square unit beside it, a **water softener,** removes minerals that waste soap, clog pipes and make rings in tubs, and is another quiet work saver sending benefits upstairs all year. This tank has an electronic control that regenerates it when needed.

STUART-FOWLER



Basement holds all utility needs of house. Space remaining is big enough to build a boat in—or a dollhouse.

Once or twice a year, depending on how hard the water is originally, a fresh supply of salt will be needed. ■ For a dustfree basement floor, we used cement enamel in grassy green. ■ Walls were coated with white latex paint. ■ **Color coding** makes ducts and pipes easier to identify.

■ The dollhouse, small-scale model of the house itself, was built for a toddler's rainy-day housekeeping play. Its size shows height and proportions of basement. ■ **All the rest of the room can grow with the family** as woodworking area, hobby or game room, home-style gym, table-tennis-tournament center, garage for toys, vast storage for family treasures, or indoor dance and barbecue room. The final picture—yours.

■ If you counted with us, you'll find a hundred and more ways to enjoy life in a house plan like this.

Blueprints are not available from the Journal, but can be secured from designers Williams and Wells, 32 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y., ■ $10 a set.

A recent survey of 700 men from all parts of the country turned up the evidence that 71 per cent of this number cook at one time or another. We discovered that husbands of three Journal *editors do all or most of the cooking. One male* Journal *editor cooks on occasion.*

There's a man



Liane Waite's husband, Ralph, has cooked since his bachelor days. First home, he starts dinner. Who wouldn't want to sit down to Ralph's beef stew with "slumgum" noodles? Generous, tender nuggets of beef in a spicy tomato sauce and homemade noodles to sop up the succulent juices. Carrots and peas ring the platter, and avocado-and-grapefruit salad makes just the right finishing touch.

"We've always enjoyed cooking together. Ralph gets home earlier than I do and starts things rolling." LIANE WAITE

Ralph Waite is an all-out cook. "No short cuts for him," Liane reports. "Most of his specialties are of the long, slow-cooking variety—baked beans, stews, *lasagne*, and so on. One Saturday we devoted the entire day to making *lasagne*. First we shopped in all the Italian stores and brought home enough groceries to feed twenty people. The cooking took the rest of the day."

Like most men shoppers we know, Ralph frequently gets lost at the delicacy counter when he occasionally accompanies Liane. As Liane says, practically, "I buy the staples, the meat, vegetables and other important things, leaving Ralph free to poke around the rest of the market. I've often left the store to do other shopping, come back to find him still reading the sardine labels." As in many households where both husband and wife work, week-night dinners would be much later than they are if Ralph didn't enjoy cooking. He has things well started when Liane gets home at six. A favorite meal revolves around his delectable beef stew with homemade noodles which he calls "slumgums."

Slumgum Beef Stew • Any Green Vegetable
Grapefruit-and-Avocado Salad • Coffee

Dessert is skipped with dinner. After the dishes are done—about ten in the evening—they enjoy a sweet nibble, cookies or cake with a second cup of coffee.

Slumgum Beef Stew. Dredge 3 pounds top round cut into ½" cubes in well-seasoned flour. Brown in a heavy kettle on all sides in a little shortening or salad oil. Remove the meat from the pan and add 2 minced onions and ¼ cup minced green pepper. Cook until tender. Re-add the meat and 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, ½ cup condensed onion soup and ½ can tomato paste. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon each salt, basil, orégano and chili powder. Add a pinch of crushed chili pepper. Cover and simmer for 3 hours or until the meat is tender. Thicken the stew if needed by adding a little flour paste. Makes 6–8 servings. Serve with "slumgums."

Slumgums. Mix together 1 egg, ⅔ cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Turn out onto a pastry cloth and knead until quite springy. Wrap well in aluminum foil and allow to stand ½ hour. Roll quite thin on a pastry cloth and let stand about an hour to dry slightly. Cut into 1" strips about 2½"–3" long. Cut a slit down the center of each and turn one end through the slit. Drop the noodles into a pot of boiling, salted water and cook until tender. Drain.

STUART

When Abbot Mills gets in the kitchen to make his sizzling-hot sauce and Hopped-Up Chicken, Jody moves out so he can be as lavish with seasonings as he pleases. Both blend into a divine dinner with a hot vegetable, salad and fresh fruit.

"Abbot is a soup, sauce and meat man. He is more the executive-type cook. He gives the orders and likes everything done just right—is really very neat and orderly when he cooks." JODY MILLS

Abbot and Jody have come a long way in matters culinary since they were married. Neither one had ever cooked before. "We learned together," Jody reports. "Scrambled eggs were our limit at first. I cook with the least amount of effort. Abbot likes to fuss."

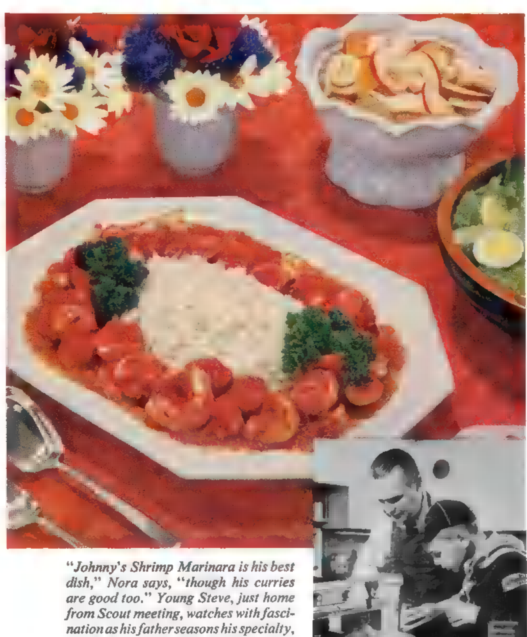
"I prefer to be in the kitchen alone when I cook," Abbot confides. "I enjoy fussing around with herbs and spices—like to experiment with flavors. I go down the line on the spice shelf and keep adding things until it tastes just right. If Jody is in the kitchen, she is apt to stop me because the children don't care for such highly seasoned food. But if we are having company she lets me go to it." Two excellent results of Abbot's "fussing" are his sizzling-hot sauce and what he calls "hopped-up chicken." They fit into their favorite menu nicely.

Sizzling-Hot Sauce for Raw Vegetables • Hopped-Up Chicken
Green Beans—Baked Potatoes • Chocolate Lime Pie • Coffee

Sizzling-Hot Sauce. Mix together ⅔ cup catchup and 1 can anchovy fillets, chopped. Use the oil and all. Season with ⅛ teaspoon cayenne, ¼ teaspoon celery salt and ¼ teaspoon garlic powder. Stir until all is blended. Chill and serve with cooked shrimp, raw-vegetable sticks or hot sausages.

Hopped-Up Chicken. Remove skin from 4 chicken breasts and 4 thighs. (You may use the thawed, frozen kind.) Skinning the chicken permits the seasonings to get to the meat more thoroughly. Mix together 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon each of the following herbs: rosemary, marjoram and orégano. Sprinkle over the pieces of chicken. Sauté the chicken in a little butter until golden brown. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, ⅔ cup canned chicken broth or, if you prefer, white wine. Cover and simmer until tender. Makes 6 servings. Serve hot or cold.

in my Kitchen



"Johnny's Shrimp Marinara is his best dish," Nora says, "though his curries are good too." Young Steve, just home from Scout meeting, watches with fascination as his father seasons his specialty, which he serves with rice and a salad. The fruit dessert is Nora's department.

"Johnny cooks the main dish—I help with sauces and desserts." NORA O'LEARY SMITH

Johnny and Nora Smith cook dinner more or less as a team. Nora gets the dinner for their three children when she gets home from the office. Johnny and Nora cook and dine later, after the three children are bedded down for the night. Johnny loves to try new recipes. Like Mary Lea, Nora comes in on the KP end of the meal. "Johnny uses many, many pots and pans when he cooks, but he likes a clean place to work—that's where I come in! Our best recipes," Nora explains, "have evolved from good things we have tasted in restaurants. Johnny has a way of wangling the know-how from either the chefs or the waiters. Our favorite meal is evidence of this. The cheese-pie appetizer came from a little Swiss restaurant—the shrimp marinara from an Italian one. I like fresh fruit for dessert—and since dessert is my department, that's what we have." Thus the pet Smith menu evolves into:

Cheese Tart as an Appetizer (only if there is to be company)
Shrimp Marinara with Rice ▪ *Green Salad with French Dressing*
Fresh Fruit ▪ *Coffee*

Cheese Tart. If guests are invited, Johnny makes his pie the night before so it may be served cold in slim wedges. Make enough pastry for a one-crust 9" pie. Line piepan with pastry, crimp edges, and so on. Toss ¼ pound Swiss cheese, grated, and ¼ pound Gruyère cheese, grated, with 1 tablespoon flour. Sprinkle over the bottom of the pie shell. Peel and slice 2 medium onions thinly, separating them into rings. Arrange over the cheese. Mix 3 well-beaten eggs with ½ cup light cream, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper. Pour over cheese and onions. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderately low, 325° F., and bake 30 minutes more. Serves 8–12.

Shrimp Marinara. Sauté 2 onions, minced, in 6 tablespoons olive oil. Olive oil is essential for the true Italian flavor. Add 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes. Johnny uses the canned, peeled Italian tomatoes and breaks them up with his fingers before adding to the pan. Add 1 cup tomato sauce. Season with 1¾ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons orégano, ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Add 1½ pounds cooked, cleaned shrimp (3 pounds unshelled), simmer another 10 minutes or so. Serve with rice. Makes 4 servings.



PIETRO

Tim Page is a meat cook par excellence. His roast beef is pink to the edges and gives tender, juicy slices every time. With it he serves a zesty horse-radish sauce and a vegetable casserole of his own design—green beans in a mushroom sauce topped with crisp, French-fried onion rings.

"I'm the carrot scraper and the washer-upper. Tim does all the cooking." MARY LEA PAGE

Tim Page, Mary Lea's husband, has done the cooking ever since they were married Though he was never able to interest Mary Lea in the art, their married daughter is a fine cook, trained by her father.

Tim and Mary Lea's kitchen in their new home is a model of perfection—every detail planned just as they want it. Tim buys all the kitchen equipment. At Christmas he would rather have a kitchen gadget than a necktie. "We have a freezer so we can plan meals way ahead. But if we get up too high, we have to eat down." The Pages call their kind of eating, Mary Lea confides, "plain-elegant." Good-quality meat, fresh vegetables and a salad are the nucleus of their menus. They rarely have potatoes or a dessert, though Mary Lea occasionally makes an apricot or prune soufflé.

Mary Lea says she despairs of ever getting any of Tim's recipes on paper. "He fiddles with lots of little bottles. He cooks everything slowly, uses almost no water in cooking vegetables. People often drop in before dinner and it doesn't upset Tim a bit as things can easily wait.

"When we have guests we prefer to have a sit-down dinner. If we have over six I get in a helper, but she never has much to do before dinner other than make the butter balls. We've planned everything and Tim has everything started in the kitchen. He arranges the platters. At the end of the meal, I take over. We never let our guests in the kitchen."

So let's get on to Tim and Mary Lea's menu for a roast-beef dinner!

Tim's Roast Beef—Horse-Radish Sauce ▪ *Green-Bean Casserole*
Salad Bowl—Croissants ▪ *Apricot Soufflé* ▪ *Coffee*

Tim's Roast Beef. Not all ovens go down as low as 200° F., but Tim likes to roast his at this temperature. Here's the way he does it: He buys a boned and rolled rib roast usually weighing anywhere from 4 to 8 pounds. Preheat oven to moderate, 350° F.; insert meat thermometer (he always uses one) in center of roast. Place roast in an open roasting pan. Season with salt and pepper. Add some chopped onion and ½ cup water to the pan. Turn down oven to 200° F. Put roast in oven. Allow 1 hour per pound. Keep your eye on the thermometer; toward the end of the roasting when the temperature reaches 135°–140° F. the meat is at the rare stage. The oven, at this point, if it is an electric one, as Tim's is, can be turned down to warm and the roast will remain hot for an hour or two. This allows plenty of time for delays.

Pan Gravy. Add a little water, steak sauce, salt and pepper and, if you like, red wine to taste to pan drippings. Bring to boil over direct heat. Skim off fat.

Horse-Radish Sauce. With the beef, Tim serves this sauce: Mix equal parts commercial sour cream and prepared horse-radish. Season with salt, pepper, chopped chives and Worcestershire sauce.

Green-Bean Casserole. For 6, cook 2 packages frozen green beans, French cut, according to package directions. Drain. Gently stir in 2 cans condensed cream-of-mushroom soup and, if you like, 2 tablespoons sherry. Pour into casserole. Sprinkle 1 can French-fried onions over the top. Bake, uncovered, in the oven with the roast about ½ hour. If you take the roast out ahead of time, turn oven up to 300° F. and bake 20 minutes.



The Hamburger, at Home, Abroad

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



Tiny meat balls sauced with sour cream and faintly flavored with herbs—the Swedish way.

The best things often come in little pieces as well as little packages, and beef—preferred stock in all the kitchens of the world—is no exception. As early as the eighth century, beef was being chopped by the fine Italian hand, and the medical men of that country were prescribing it as a sovereign remedy for the common cold. So popular has it been from that day on that it is to be marveled at that no one has recommended it for broken hearts.

Lasagne, or the Three Graces: In this dish, three choicest ingredients—cheese, *pasta* and hamburger—meet in a melting mood. Brown 1 pound crumbled hamburger in a skillet with 2 tablespoons salad oil and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Add an 8-ounce can tomato sauce, a No. 2 can tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon orégano and ¼ teaspoon pepper; cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile, cook ½ pound very broad—1½" wide—special *lasagne* noodles in boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain and rinse. Fill a rectangular casserole, if you have one—an oval one is almost as good—with alternate layers of the noodles, sliced *Mozzarella* cheese (you'll need about ½ pound), *ricotta* cheese (you'll need about ¾ pound), tomato-meat sauce, grated Parmesan (you'll need, in all, about ½ cup), ending with a layer of sauce and Parmesan. (These Italian cheeses are available in chain stores throughout the country, but if you can't get them, two other very mild cheeses, like Swiss Gruyère and cottage, for instance, will turn the trick.) Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 15 to 20 minutes. It might well have been of this the sirens sang.

Italian Risotto with Sausageburger Topping: Although beef and potatoes are almost as inseparable as Jack Benny and his violin, the possibilities of rice and hamburger are not to be ignored. Take 1 pound hamburger, add 1 hot Italian sausage, very finely chopped or ground, 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs soaked in ½ cup milk and squeezed dry, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 small onion, chopped and sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, and make into tiny meat balls. Brown quickly in olive oil, and serve atop your favorite *risotto*. Or, if you prefer, they will also grace the appetizer tray as hot hors d'oeuvres—with red, green and white tooth picks.

Flemish Carbonnade: In Flanders fields the poppies stood—and also, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Spanish. This combination of cultures produced a distinguished stew. Forward! Take 1 pound ground round steak and brown in 3 tablespoons butter. Core and peel 2 tomatoes. Cut them into quarters and add to the meat along with 1 large onion, cut into rings, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ½ cup canned, whole or sliced mushrooms. Brown and cook until the tomatoes are tender. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon saffron, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add 1 cup cooked rice, a 10-ounce can whole-kernel corn, ½ cup finely sliced green pepper and a 10½-ounce can beef consommé. Cover and simmer about 10 minutes. Serve at once.

Spanish Picadillo a la Catalana: Not to be confused with peccadillo, or small fault, for this is a great Mediterranean dish. Take 1 pound ground round steak and brown it in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 onion, chopped, and brown this also. Coarsely chop ½ cup pitted ripe olives and add to the meat along with ½ cup canned or cooked *garbanzos*, or chick peas, ½ cup seedless raisins and 2 cups tomato juice. Season with 1 teaspoon each salt and monosodium glutamate, ¼ teaspoon each thyme and marjoram, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer gently until heated through. If it is not moist enough, add ¼ cup water.

Swedish Meat Balls in Sour Cream Sauce: If the sirens sang of *lasagne*, perhaps the Swedish nightingale had this dish in mind. (Why not? Caruso was inspired by spaghetti.) Soak 2 cups bread cubes in ½ cup milk. Squeeze dry and add to 1½ pounds ground beef. Add 1 onion, finely chopped and sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, 2½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon dried mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 3 beaten eggs. Mix well and form into 48 small balls. Brown in a skillet, using ¼ cup butter. Add ¼ teaspoon crushed garlic and 1 more tablespoon butter if needed. Blend in 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 teaspoon beef concentrate, 2 cups bouillon made from 1 can bouillon with enough water added to measure 2 cups. Stir over low heat until sauce is thickened. Just before serving, stir in 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Blend well, heat and serve with buttered noodles.

English Beef-and-Bacon Loaf: One beefeater at least has described bacon as "the food of kings"; together, washed with mushroom sauce, beef and bacon make a royal dish. Mix together in a large bowl 1½ pounds ground beef, ¼ cup milk, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chili sauce, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 unbeaten egg, 5 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon thyme. Pack into a 9"x5"x3" loaf pan. Lay raw bacon slices over the top. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with mushroom sauce. *Mushroom Sauce:* Season 1 cup thin cream sauce with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ small clove garlic, crushed, and 1 beef-bouillon cube dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. Add ¼ pound chopped mushrooms which have been sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Lavish on the loaf.

Stuffed Mushrooms Italienne: "Mushrooms: capital thing!" says Dickens; and indeed their magical culinary properties are celebrated the world over. The zesty ground-beef filling makes these extra special. Wash and peel—if you must—about 3 dozen large, firm mushrooms, and separate the stems from the caps. Chop the stems and sauté them for 5 minutes in ⅓ cup butter. Add 1½ pounds finely ground raw beef, 7 fillets of anchovy, chopped, 3 cloves garlic, mashed to a pulp, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon Nepaul or red pepper and a little salt (the anchovies are very salty). Pile the mushroom caps high with this mixture, put a few drops of wine vinegar on each, sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Into a shallow baking pan put 2 tablespoons each of water and olive oil and arrange the caps in it. Bake in a fairly hot oven, about 425° F., for 15 minutes, then brown a few minutes under the broiler.

Hungarian Stuffed Cabbage Rolls: "High deeds in Hungary to pass all men's believing": Parboil 8 to 10 large outer leaves of cabbage 5 minutes, just long enough to wilt them. Also cook ⅓ cup washed rice until tender. Drain. Mix ½ pound ground beef and ½ pound ground pork. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme and a dash or two of pepper. Add the rice, 1 large onion, minced, and 1 beaten egg. Mix well. Shape into 8 to 10 small rolls. Wrap each in a cabbage leaf and tie securely with string. String holds them together better than toothpicks. Put in a skillet with 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon meat paste or powder or 3 bouillon cubes. Add 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and a little salt. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Turn rolls occasionally. Taste sauce for seasoning, then thicken sauce slightly with a little flour-and-water paste—about 1½ tablespoons flour blended smooth with cold water. Remove strings. Serve rolls with gravy poured over them. A "famous harmony of leaves."

The final word on hamburger is yet to be written, for ingenious and dedicated cooks will always be tempted to experiment and perfect new combinations of this ubiquitous blessing. Words, in fact, cannot do justice; and we close with Samuel Johnson's preface to his famous dictionary: "I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven." A thought most appropriate to our subject. Onward, fair readers! To market! END

Red, hot 'n rave dishes–Tomato Soup Specials!



RED, that Campbell's Tomato Soup red. It gets its rich color and goodness from specially grown, sun-ripened tomatoes! **HOT,** good 'n hot. That's what these dishes are, that's the way to serve them! **RAVE,** everyone will. Make them and see!

TOMATO BARBECUED CHICKEN. Thaw 2 packages Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts. Dust with ¼ cup seasoned flour; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Place chicken in 2-qt. casserole. To drippings in pan, add ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped onion and ½ clove minced garlic. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 tbsp. each brown sugar, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, and 1 tsp. prepared mustard. Pour over chicken; cover; bake in 350°F. oven for about 1 hour. 4 to 6 servings.





BAKED CREOLE PORK CHOPS. Juicy brown pork chops, tomato-blazed, the way our Louisiana French cousins love them. Brown 6 pork chops ¾ inch thick on both sides in ovenproof pan or skillet. Place an onion slice and green pepper ring on each chop. Pour 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup over chops. Cover; bake in 350° oven about 45 min. 6 servings.

CHILI MEAT BALLS. Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ⅓ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tsp. salt, 1 slightly beaten egg with ¼ cup Campbell's Tomato Soup. Shape into 1-inch balls; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Mix remaining soup, 1 tsp. chili powder, ¼ cup water; pour over meat. Cover; bake in 350°F. oven about 30 minutes. 4 to 5 servings.



Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soup*

SCENT OF CLOVES

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Julia said, "Please, Mynheer," and turned to Marie. They embraced, with [redacted] warmth hitherto unknown in their relationship.

Mynheer Vosmar watched them with impatient tolerance and, as they exchanged some muddled promises about meeting soon, soon, he said, "Doubtless you will—unless this young lady is proceeding to Java."

They both spoke together: "I am—she is . . . Banda Neira."

"Then you will certainly meet—often," he said, but there was in his manner a contemptuous dismissal of Marie which Julia resented.

"There is my baggage, Mynheer," she said.

He dismissed that even more contemptuously. "That will be seen to."

The bone of his arm under her hand was sharp and frail, but his hand, as he helped her onto the ladder, had an astonishing strength and steadiness.

They took their places side by side on yellow silk cushions under the yellow awning; the boat's head swung round and they shot away over the silken water, leaving the curve of the harbor on their right.

"Well," said Mynheer Vosmar, and the single word had a note of accomplishment, of finality. After [redacted] moment's pause he began afresh. "I'm very glad to see you. I hope you'll be happy in Rua. My son—as I told you—was unable to meet you."

"I hope he is not ill," she told him. How perfunctorily polite it sounded in her ears.

"Thank you, no. His health is uniformly excellent. He had an accident a long time ago, and he is recovering, but slowly. He is . . . disabled. That is Rua," he said, pointing to what, at this distance, was no more than a flat dish, filled with feathery green.

"Rua," said Mynheer Vosmar, "is a small island, but a large plantation. My grandfather was producing nutmegs there when Banda was still in a state of chaos. And several times, when catastrophes of various kinds have befallen the Banda groves, they have been replenished by young stock from Rua. My grandfather had his own ships; but now that the Company is so—so active, I have given up the ships. Otherwise we remain a self-contained community. We even have *cows* in Rua."

"Is that very unusual?"

"Most. In fact, it is singular. Cows need pasture, you see. On Banda, Lonthoir and Api even gardens are rare and regarded as an extravagance. Why grow a rose where one could grow [redacted] nutmeg? My gardens are very beautiful."

He chatted on and seemed content with her brief responses. As he talked she had an opportunity to study his face and attempt to guess from it something of his nature. It was not a genial face: his pale lips were thin and closely folded, his nose delicate, sharply hooked, [redacted] arrogant nose; but it was his eyes which drew and held her attention. They were very large and set far forward between fleshy lids; the prominent eyeballs were yellowish and veined with red, the irises [redacted] light, glassy gray. She thought suddenly that with his thin legs, his spare figure and huge eyes he was like an insect.

Perhaps she regarded him a trifle too openly, for presently he broke off his talk and shifted a little in his seat and looked at her searchingly.

"You *look* to be [redacted] sensible girl," he said. "I must confess that I had a moment —— The girl who was on the ship with you, to whom is she married?"

"Hendrik Oltman."

"Oh, yes. A stupid young man, breaking his back with a view to being agent one day. He never will!" In three words he banished the young man to perpetual obscurity. "Look, you can see the house now."

She had seen a white building, enormously long, single-storied, some moments before he drew her attention to it, and thought that it was a row of sheds or warehouses; it was like no house that she had ever seen before.

"That also is singular," said Mynheer with great complacency. "It was my grandfather's most original idea. You will find, when you visit in Banda, that the stupid stubborn Dutchmen build, in this climate, houses exactly like the ones they lived in—or admired from a distance—in Holland. They have bedrooms just under the roof, where it is hottest, and then complain that they cannot sleep! My grandfather had traveled a great deal and, when he built, combined most sensibly the principles of a native hut and a Spanish-Moorish house. Above us, between roof and ceiling we have ten feet of cool space, and nowhere is the house more than one room deep, so what air there is can blow through. I think you will soon become accustomed to the climate."

The island seemed to rush forward, and soon she could see the house in detail. It was thatched and the thatch jutted out far beyond the walls and was supported by pillars covered with creeping, flowering plants. Urns, set between the pillars, brimmed with flowers.

"It's very beautiful," Julia said.

He gave her a glance of approval. "I'm glad you think so. I do," he said.

> [redacted] best case for democracy, and the best reason for having faith in the freedom of learning [redacted] teaching which it fosters, [redacted] that in the long history [redacted] civilization humanity [redacted] proved stronger than hate, and false-[redacted] less enduring than truth.
>
> [redacted] L. [redacted]
> Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life
> Published by Alfred Knopf, Inc.

The boat ran in alongside a little stone jetty jutting out from the shore. And now, in just [redacted] minute ——

"Welcome to Rua," said Mynheer as he helped her from the boat. "You are shivering. I do assure you, you have no cause for nervousness. None at all."

He took her elbow in his firm grasp and led her along the stone path, flanked with smooth greensward, and up the steps of the veranda.

"It faces west," he said, "and it is very pleasant to sit here and watch the sun set over the water."

The entrance to the house was through an archway, and there was [redacted] door in the ordinary sense; two gates of fine wrought-iron work which, when closed, would fill the archway were flung back against the walls. Within was a large, stone-paved hall, unfurnished save for a few silky rugs, some statues on pedestals and several small flowering trees growing in huge pots of gaily painted pottery. Later on she was to appreciate the beauty of it all, but at the moment apprehension filled her.

Mynheer Vosmar guided her across the hall and out into a kind of stone cloister overlooking [redacted] garden brilliant with color. They turned right and passed at least a dozen doors before he halted and opened one.

"These," he said, "will be your own apartments and of course they must be furnished to your taste. I have merely provided what I thought you would need, and [redacted] few things that I hoped would please you. But you must ask for anything you want, anything you fancy."

She looked, without seeing anything, about the two rooms.

Mynheer Vosmar said peevishly, "Where is that —— Oh, *there* you are. This is Juno, whose sole duty will be to look after you."

A handsome woman with [redacted] skin like brown silk had entered. She carried a tray. Mynheer Vosmar inspected it critically and nodded.

"At midday we eat very sparingly and take our main meal in the cool of the day. You will find it advisable to rest afterward—I invariably do myself. I will see you again at four o'clock." He turned away. "Juno understands Dutch," he said, "and she knows her duties, but she is incorrigibly idle. You must keep her up to the mark." He went away.

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"Is hot now, Mevrouw, please," Juno said in a soft, sibilant voice, indicating a teapot that stood on the tray. "Why [redacted] am not here—see you come, go make tea hot."

"I should like some tea." She went toward the table and Juno pulled a chair [redacted] little way out, and poured the tea. The tray was laden; there [redacted] meat, sliced very thin, [redacted] green salad, some strange but delicious-looking fruit, tiny bread rolls, fresh butter. But she could eat nothing; even the tea, delicious and fragrant, went down with difficulty.

It was impossible to sit still. She put down the cup and stood up.

"You do not like?" Juno asked humbly. "Other things. Much other. I fetch?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It's all very nice. I'm not hungry now."

"Mevrouw wish to sleep?"

"I couldn't." Even the sense of being watched irked her and she walked restlessly from the sitting room to the bedroom beyond. The rooms communicated by an arch hung with silk curtains, yellow, with white dragons. Each room looked out upon one side to the veranda, upon the other to the cloister and the garden beyond; the windows had [redacted] glass, only screens of that [redacted] fine ironwork. Even at this, the hottest part of the day, the air flow and the white walls contributed to an impression of coolness.

Suddenly she noticed, standing alone and looking oddly out of place in the luxurious bedroom, her own small trunk. There was [redacted] job for Juno. She called her.

"You could unpack for me, and spread out my other dress to get rid of the creases."

"Mevrouw has many dresses."

"This and one other." And the other was her wedding dress.

"Many. Please, many dresses." Juno opened [redacted] door and showed [redacted] cupboard which might have held a rainbow; five or six dresses in different shades of color hung there.

"Not finished," Juno explained. "I make fit. Wear today."

Just for [redacted] moment her mood lightened. The provision of the dresses showed a kindly forethought—and her welcome, though strange, had been kindly too. She hadn't had a new dress since her twelfth birthday, except for the wedding dress, and that was now seven months old.

"Which one shall I try first?"

Juno put out [redacted] diffident finger and just touched a yellow dress. "Is Vosmar color. Mynheer has fondness that color."

It was [redacted] chance to slip in a question.

"And the young Mynheer, Mynheer Pieter; what color does he like?"

"Mynheer Pieter very sick."

"I know. How sick?"

Juno rolled her fine black eyes, moved her brown hands, alongside but not touching her own head. "Sick, all sick," she said.

"But he might like one color more than another."

Juno found the perfect answer. "Mynheer Pieter like what Mynheer like."

"Then I'll try that one," Julia said.

She always remembered that instance of her father-in-law's passion for detail. He had prepared a wardrobe for an unknown woman; how tall, how plump or slender she was and what her coloring would be, he could not know; so there they were, in many colorings, with the lace ruffles stitched in, the eyelet holes worked for the lacings, the embroidery bright on the skirts, but the hems were not turned up and the side seams not stitched. An hour's work would have made any one of those dresses fit any Company's Daughter.

When the dress was fitted, Juno said, "Mevrouw sleep now?"

But it would be impossible to lie down and be still, and think, and wonder, and surmise.

"Mevrouw like bath?" Answering the questioning look, Juno laid the dress aside and opened another door. It opened onto a small square room lined entirely with marble, with an oblong bath sunk into its floor. Some tall white jars with double handles stood on its edge. "Mevrouw go there. I fetch water and pour," Juno explained.

"When the dress is ready," Julia said. "Now I'm going in the garden."

"Much hot. In shade, please, Mevrouw."

Mynheer's pride in his garden was justified: it had been carefully planned so [redacted] to seem larger than it was; bright, tough-foliaged native flowers, whose names Julia did not know, grew in open beds that looked like strips of embroidery; roses and lilies were cunningly placed so that they were tree-shaded at noon. In one corner a little artificial mound had been made; on its summit was a seat, shaded by [redacted] tree whose branches had been trained over it; when you sat there and looked straight ahead you saw nothing but [redacted] mass of shrubs and great clusters of blossoms in pink and purple, and beyond them the sea, intensely blue.

Julia sat on the seat and pondered the "disabled" of Mynheer, the "very sick" of Juno, and began to visualize [redacted] gentle invalid, confined to [redacted] chair, a man who might, perhaps, make no demand upon his wife except that she be [redacted] companion to him. She thought of Mevrouw Helmers' insistence that every girl who had the slightest capacity for it should learn to play chess and backgammon, and she thought how strange it would be if, after all her fears, she should find that there was nothing to fear at all. She knew, from the intimate talks which the long weeks aboard ship had forced upon them, that Marie—indeed, perhaps most girls—would little relish the idea of an invalid husband. *But it would just suit me*, she thought.

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"Clifford, you've decided to do the steaks!"



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents three times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't merely "glove" your hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace the natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. No wonder it's the world's most popular hand care! Only 15¢ to $1.

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The faint hope reawakened her apprehension and she could no longer sit still. She walked to the bounds of the garden on that side. It ended in a wall which curved round and made a kind of enclosure against the side of the house. Flowering trees lifted their heads above the wall, so there was evidently another garden within, but it was not to be reached from without. She turned back and went into the house.

At four o'clock she was ready, bathed and dressed, her hair smoothly curled by Juno's expert hands. She looked, she knew, her very best; and Mynheer Vosmar, coming for her punctually at the hour, surveyed her with grave approval.

"I am glad you chose that dress," he said. "It is my favorite color. Now, if you are ready ——" He offered her his arm again.

For the last time she braced herself. In a few minutes she would meet the man with whose life hers would be linked until death severed the bond; she would know the worst—or the best—of all she had feared and hoped.

But, once again, the critical moment was to be deferred. Instead of taking her directly to her husband, Mynheer Vosmar embarked upon a leisurely tour of the house, explaining its peculiarities and virtues as they moved from room to room.

The house covered a good deal of ground, being, as he had said, only one room deep anywhere; every room looked out onto the veranda at the front and onto the cloisterlike passage at the rear. Coolness and airiness had been the aim; all the walls were white, the floors of stone or tiles or bare polished wood.

"The folly of some settlers is quite unbelievable," Mynheer said. "You'll see houses made stifling with rugs and curtains and glass windows. And young women still arrive with feather beds and pillows as part of their dower. The resultant heat rash they blame upon the climate, poor fools!" He paused by a cushioned chair and thumped it. "Stuffed with raw cotton," he said complacently.

> **In order to stay young and active, [redacted] find [redacted] interests, we must create within ourselves [redacted] love of life; we [redacted] be willing to try new things, [redacted] must not [redacted] content to watch life go by; [redacted] must be willing to take part in it.**
>
> CLARA MAY ROWLAND
> Daily Word

He threw open another door and said, "This is the salon. A beautiful room, [redacted] think. Too little used, of late; but now we have [redacted] lady in the house again, things will be different."

Julia stared around, momentarily forgetful of everything save what she saw. The salon was beautiful—and it was magnificent too. The walls and the high-arched ceiling were white, the floor black and highly polished, and everything in the room was black and scarlet and gold. Facing each other from opposite sides were two identical pieces of furniture, the like of which she had never seen before, huge scarlet cupboards standing upon golden pillars, and topped by golden domes, and decorated, all over, with entrancing pictures in black and gold, pictures of birds and butterflies and flowers and twisted trees.

"You are admiring the cabinets," Mynheer Vosmar said in a satisfied voice. "They came from China. China is supposed to be the closed land, they boast that nothing goes in and nothing comes out—but my father obtained these, many years ago." He opened one of the doors and showed the arrangement of little drawers, all painted, and the arched recesses. "Do you play chess?" he asked.

"A little. Mevrouw Helmers taught us—just the rudiments. I'm not very good at it."

"You and I must play," he said. "I'm not very good either. I've had no one with whom to play . . . for many years."

Her latest mental image of Pieter quivered and vanished.

They came at last to a door at the end of the cloister. Ahead of them, just beyond the door, a wall ran out at right angles, ten or twelve feet high and thickly covered by masses of climbing flowers, pink and purple, rose-colored and white.

"Joshua's trumpet," said Mynheer, seeing her admiring stare. He opened the door. "This is my library," he said. One side of it was lined with shelves, filled with books. She had never imagined that there were so many books in the world, let alone in one man's possession. Under the window at the veranda end were a big desk and a chair. There were other chairs, more comfortable, and several low tables, upon one of which was a tray bearing a bottle and two tall fluted glasses.

Mynheer Vosmar pulled forward a chair. "At this time of the day I find a glass of wine agreeable," he said. "Well cooled, that is. I hope you like wine."

It was associated with Mynheer Dekker's announcement, and the gloves, and a feeling of nausea.

"I don't think I do, Mynheer."

"Then you must learn to," he said, but quite pleasantly. "I should hardly imagine that your experience of *good* wine is wide enough to justify an opinion. I chose this for you and had it hung down the well, to cool, before I came to meet you."

All at once the thought struck her that he was deliberately postponing the moment when she should meet Pieter. Was he nervous too? Was the truth something that even he hesitated to reveal? Without knowing it she linked her fingers and kneaded them.

"You are nervous," he said. "I assure you, you have no need to be." He handed her one of the glasses and, raising his own, said, "To your happiness in Rua." He took a little formal sip.

She said, "Thank you, Mynheer."

"One thing will be lacking," he said. "How much or how little that will matter to you I do not know." His bulging, glassy gray eyes looked over her speculatively, and to cover her embarrassment she lifted her glass. The wine was light and cool and fragrant, almost flowery. "I told you," he said, "that my son had an accident. It happened eighteen years ago, when he was four years old. He had a careless nurse, and she left him alone. He fell." A change took place in his face as he spoke; his eyes bulged even more and reddened, and she was suddenly conscious of his teeth behind his thin lips. "He bruised his brain, and it has never healed. You must understand that anything resembling normal married life is quite out of the question." He looked at her with a faintly challenging air and waited for her to speak.

For a moment she could not do so; she was so much relieved, and at the same time obscurely ashamed of her relief. Finally she said in [redacted] stiff, prim little voice, "You have my sympathy, Mynheer. And he—I am sorry for him too."

He looked at her sharply, and with some surprise. "You may well, in course of time, become sorry for yourself," he told her. "You may think that I have brought you here under false pretenses. In that case, of course, you have no redress. But if you choose to be helpful and amenable you will find me . . . not ungrateful. That being understood, we may as well go in."

He rose and, to Julia's astonishment, took a bunch of keys from his pocket and went to the door which stood in the center of the book-lined wall. Opening it, he gestured to her to pass ahead of him into the room beyond.

It was a large, well-lighted, sparsely furnished room; and at a long solid table in the center two men were sitting, one with his back to the door, the other in profile. The one who had his back to her was, she judged, young; he had light brown hair, and wore [redacted] bright blue jacket; the other man, who rose as they entered, was older, heavily built, and wore dark clothes. His face was pallid, much lined, and jowly.

Mynheer Vosmar, having closed the door, stepped forward and took Julia by the elbow. He then said "Pieter" in a voice of peculiar clarity, as though addressing someone slightly deaf. Very slowly and clumsily, Pieter Vosmar looked round.

She had seen that face, or rather that kind of face, before: on a little girl who lived in the Hoogenstrasse, a beautifully dressed little girl who never played with other children and never went out alone. ("Fourteen years old, the poor creature, and her mind like a baby's," Anna had said.)

She remembered this as she looked at the red, puffy face, with its blunt nose and small raw-rimmed eyes and loose damp mouth. She tried not to show anything of what she felt.

"Stand up," Mynheer Vosmar said. "I've brought someone to see you."

Clumsily, laboriously Pieter rose, turned himself about and with the air of one who makes a tremendous effort held out his hand.

"Good morning," he said. He spoke indistinctly, in [redacted] thick, flannelly voice. But his face creased into the caricature of [redacted] smile, and taking his hand Julia felt her first revulsion melt into pity. She said:

"Good morning, Pieter. My name is Julia."

"Julie," he said; and again, trying it over, "Julie."

His hand seemed to have no bones, it lay in hers like a stuffed glove; yet it clung, and there was power in it. He pulled her to the table and pointed to [redacted] curious tangle of cane and dried grass with which he had been engaged.

"Nice," he said, "nice basket."

"A very nice basket," she said. "Very nice indeed." A piteous expression of pleasure dawned on his face. He pulled at her hand again.

"He won't hurt you," Mynheer Vosmar said.

"Oh, no, I know that," she said and allowed herself to be led across the room to where a clavichord stood open.

"Music," Pieter said.

"I'm sorry. I can't play."

"Perhaps someday you can learn a simple tune," said Mynheer. "He is very fond of music."

"I'll try," she promised. She looked out the window and noticed that it opened onto neither the veranda nor the cloister, but directly into a small walled garden. She had just time to see that before Pieter tugged her away again; this time toward an archway opposite the door by which they had entered.

Again Mynheer, watchful, reassuring, said, "I think he wants to show you his garden."

"It's all right. I'm not afraid," she said.

Beyond the archway was a bedroom of monastic austerity; from it an open doorway led into the little garden. Once there, Pieter dropped her hand and, moving very purposefully, went to a bush which bore large clusters of pink flowers.

"Pretty," he said.

She said, "Very pretty." And her throat ached with sadness because he, so grotesque and ugly, yet recognized beauty when he saw it.

He began to tear at the bush, grunting, and breathing hard as he bent and broke the tough, leathery stems from which the pink flowers sprang. She was aware that Mynheer Vosmar and the man—keeper, tutor, what did he call himself?—had followed and were standing in the doorway.

At last Pieter succeeded in ripping away a bunch of the flowers and, turning, held it out to her.

"Pretty," he said. "Pretty for"—he breathed hard—"Julie."

"Thank you, Pieter. Thank you very much."

It was the first time in all her life that anyone had given her a flower. She tucked it into the lacing of her bodice. Pieter gave a kind of caper and then lumbered over to the bush again and tore off another cluster.

Again she accepted it, saying, "Thank you," but holding it in her hand.

"Pretty," he insisted, "pretty for Julie," and looked at her anxiously. She realized that he wanted her to wear this offering too. She tried to push the second cluster into place beside the first, and Pieter gave his dreadful, pathetic smile and capered and lurched off again toward the flowering bush. . . . How many more?

Mynheer came to her rescue. "I think that will do for today," he said. "Daan, if you were to play that would distract him and we could slip away."

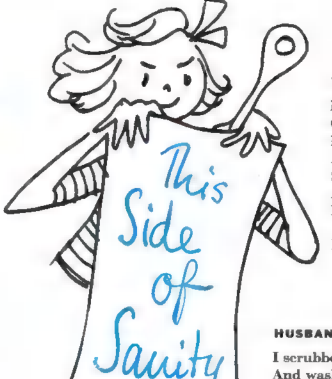
The man disappeared and within a few seconds the music rang out, masterfully and beautifully played. Pieter ceased his mangling of the bush, turned, and without a glance at his father or his wife blundered toward the clavichord.

"Come," said Mynheer.

As soon as they were back in the library Mynheer turned from her and walked to the window. She saw him put his hand over his mouth and grip his lower jaw. All at once the pity which, half an hour earlier, had been merely a matter of words sprang up in her, overruling all the other mingled emotions of the moment. She said nothing, but walking over to the bookshelves, studied the titles attentively.

After a moment he said, in a far more warm and friendly tone than any he had so far used, "You will excuse me, my dear. God knows I have had time to accustom myself. It was the occasion which made it seem less than usually tolerable. My only son . . . meeting his wife . . . for the first time. It should have been very different."

She did not know, at that moment, the reach and vastness of his pride in his family, in his name. She saw a rather frail-seeming elderly man grieving over his son's affliction.



By JANET HENRY

THANKS, ANYWAY

Bubble gum under the pillow,
Cracker crumbs under the sheets,
Down near the foot is a rifle
And melted assortment of sweets.
Soldiers parading the blanket
Atop every book from the shelf . . .
Next time your dad's out of town, son,
I'd rather sleep by myself!

HUSBAND'S HOME-COMING

I scrubbed the kitchen floor today,
And washed the woodwork too.
I refereed the children's play
Until I'm black and blue.

I washed the clothes and baked a cake,
And cleaned the linen chest,
And now I'll just lie down and take
A little, teeny rest. . . .

That's just when you walk in and say,
"So this is what you do all day!"

MAMMA PSYCHOLOGY

To spank or not to spank becomes the question;
Perhaps it's more than any child deserves,
But when things pass the power of suggestion
A good hard swat is easy on the nerves!

"I'm very sorry," she said, "more for you than for Pieter. He seems quite happy."

Mynheer said, a trifle harshly, "He has no reason to be otherwise. You did very well. It must have been a considerable shock for you. But you need never again enter that room. He is not, I realize, a pleasant sight."

"Sad, but not unpleasant," she said, with a degree of firmness. "Unless my presence upsets him in any way, I should like to help to amuse him. He is gentle, and means well. I found him rather . . . touching."

Mynheer looked at her with an expression which she did not recognize as distaste. This product of an Amsterdam orphanage, this virtually nameless nobody had looked upon the heir to Rua and found him "touching." Now, surely, he had drained the last dreg of his degradation.

He said, "I'm sure that if you care to devote a little time to the poor boy Doctor Hootman will be very grateful. But don't look upon it as a duty. You were not brought here for Doctor Hootman's benefit."

That enabled her to ask the question which, from the moment when Pieter turned his head, had been nagging at her.

"Why was I brought here? I mean, Mynheer, you must have known—all along—that Pieter did not need a wife."

He did not immediately answer. He had turned from the window, and she from the bookshelves, and now they were facing each other across the room.

"That is a thing that you must understand," he said. "I have managed to conceal from the world, even from other branches of my own family, the extent and the nature of the damage sustained by Pieter when he had his accident. It has not always been easy. I have let it be known that he was disabled and disfigured and has become, of his own choice, a recluse. Obviously my only son, whatever his appearance, would be expected to marry one day. You are a pretty girl, and, which matters more, a presentable one. I shall be very proud to say, 'This is my daughter-in-law.' That will confound the gossiping fools. And if you prop up my story and play your part well, you will find me very grateful."

"I understand, Mynheer." She was on the point of adding that she already had cause to be grateful to him. But something checked her tongue. Partly it was the selfish caution inculcated by the years in the Klopstock Home. Partly it was a flash of unselfish insight. After all, it was only by the merest accident of chance that she, who did not wish to be married at all, had come here to be part of a marriage that was no marriage. Suppose it had been Marie, or any one of dozens of girls who really wanted a husband and a normal married life. . . . Mynheer had, quite obviously, given no thought to how the girl would feel. Let him be grateful! She said, "I shall always do my best to try to please you."

"Yes. I think you will. I think we shall get on very well together."

She remembered suddenly, and with great clarity, her interview with Mevrouw Helmers, and the kind, easy voice saying that God never made mistakes. Could it be, dare one for a moment believe it to be, true?

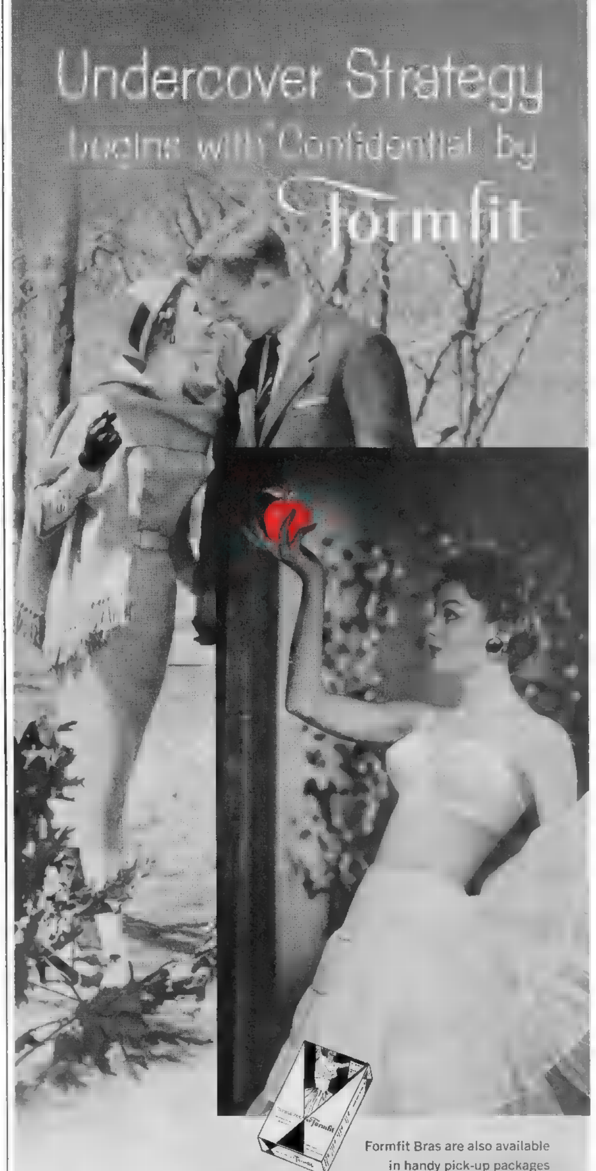
Doctor Hootman dined with Julia and Mynheer, and by the end of the meal she had formed the opinion that he was a sulky and unfriendly person.

Mynheer sat at the head of the table in a high-backed chair which did not match the others; Julia sat on his right hand, Doctor Hootman on his left, so they were face to face across the table. He did not speak a word to her, nor did he once smile, and when addressed by Mynheer answered in a brusque way which dismissed her first impression that he was in great awe of his employer.

Mynheer seemed unaware of any discordant note. He talked easily and well, and encouraged her to talk. He was—she was to learn—always at his best at table.

He told her the name of the main dish—*ritzplatzen*.

"We have it very often, but it has so many variations that I never tire of it. If, after a time, you do, my dear, you must say so."



THE GROWNUP'S HOUR

Between the winter and summer
When the mercury's starting to climb
Comes a stir in the year's occupation
That is known as "House-cleaning time."

I roll up my sleeves with a fervor,
And round up the brushes and brooms,
And out of the clouds of confusion
Emerge the immaculate rooms.

Oh, let me survey for a moment
The fruits of my labors, and then
I'll give the house back to the family
To mess up all over again.

GRATITUDE

Who comforts them each time
they cry?
Mamma!
Who keeps them healthy,
clean, and dry?
Mamma!
She soothes the knees they
skin at play,
And feeds them many times
a day,
So what is the first word
they say?
Dada!

HOLIDAY DILEMMA

A fortnight far from all the daily grind!
The second honeymoon we'd dreamed about!
We left responsibilities behind
And started out . . .

Then all at once I saw a little boy,
And all my lovely plans went on the skids.
For two long weeks that should have been pure joy
I missed the kids!

I hadn't been home half a day before
I wished that I could go away once more.



She thought she would never tire of it; not only was it delicious, it was so nice to look at. It was served in a great number of very delicate china bowls of varying sizes. The largest bowl was full of rice; the smaller ones held eggs, meat, fish, vegetables and spicy preserves in a bewildering number. You helped yourself, Mynheer explained, to a mound of rice and then added whatever you fancied.

"Some of the side dishes will taste strange to you, but you will become accustomed to them in time. At least I hope so."

They were waited upon by a brown man, who looked, to Julia's unaccustomed eye, exactly like Juno, but male. His name was Pluto.

"My grandfather," Mynheer explained, "instituted the custom of naming all his house slaves after characters in mythology, and I adhered to it."

"With some strange results," said Doctor Hootman. "Cupid, for example."

Mynheer gave him a sharp look, but said agreeably, "That is so, but they are named as babies and who can tell what their looks will be later on?"

Pluto removed the last plates and then the glistening white tablecloth. Mevrouw Helmers, discoursing upon behavior, had spoken of gentlemen sitting over their wine, and of ladies retiring with promptitude. But Mynheer was speaking and he went on composedly. Pluto set the table again, with plates and with huge bowls piled with fruit, and with small bowls with water in them. Flower petals floated on the water.

Mynheer finished speaking, and Julia, following Mevrouw Helmers' instructions, said, "Mynheer, I will leave you."

"Oh, no," he said. "No formality when we are alone. I want to introduce you to some of our Rua fruits." He leaned forward and studied the bowls. "Pears, of course, you know. These are mangoes—I think myself the most delicious of all fruit: the peach, the nectarine and the apricot, all in one, with something in addition. And these, in Malabar, are called *pala*, but the African name is banana—they, I contend, are an acquired taste; I have never, myself, acquired it. This curious-looking thing is a pine-apple. May I prepare you a piece? At least an inch of its outside must be cut away."

She tried everything, and everything was delicious. Copying Mynheer, she dipped her fingers now and then into the flower-strewn water, which was delicately scented. Her sense of having come to a beautiful, comfortable, wonderful place grew and grew. She thought of her own room, the wide, silk-covered bed where she would sleep, alone, untroubled—for the first time in many months—by the thought of another bed, to be shared by "your husband." Oh, how soundly she would sleep tonight! Suddenly and, she felt, with an appalling lack of manners, she yawned.

"How inconsiderate I am," Mynheer said instantly. "You must be very tired after such a day. Allow me to take you to your room."

"I can find it myself, Mynheer."

"Very well. Juno will be there. Good night—Julia."

"Good night, Mynheer." She hesitated, looking toward Doctor Hootman, but he was rather ostentatiously giving his attention to the peeling of his fourth banana. And Mynheer was waiting, holding the door for her.

As she passed him she smiled and he said, almost fondly, "Good night, my dear. Sleep well."

He closed the door and, turning back into the room, looked at Doctor Hootman's back with a scowl. It was gone, however, by the time he had reached the table, and his tone was genial as he refilled his glass and said:

"You're in a peculiar mood this evening, Daan. What's the matter?"

Doctor Hootman raised his heavy eyes and, speaking deliberately, said, "In the comparatively humble station in which I was reared it was thought desirable that a man should be introduced to a woman before he engaged her in conversation."

"Did I omit to do that?" Mynheer said. "I apologize. I must confess I was very much preoccupied. I fully expected a scene, you know."

"All the same, I think that the owner of the menagerie, bringing a visitor into the cage, would have said, 'This is Doctor Hootman, who has charge of the wild beast.'"

"I find that a very offensive comparison."

"I found your behavior this afternoon very offensive."

"Daan, don't be silly. It was remiss of me, I admit; but think of the situation. I should never have thought you were so touchy."

Doctor Hootman hunched a heavy shoulder. "No. Dealing as you do, exclusively with slaves and sycophants, you are bound to become insensitive to other people's feelings. I am not your slave or your sycophant; merely a hireling. Hired to attend, control and as far as possible train your idiot son."

Mynheer Vosmar was not a man given to impulsive words or gestures, but he brought his hand down on the table with a smack which slopped the wine from the glasses.

"I will not have him called that! Idiots are born, not made. Pieter was like anybody else until that pig of a woman let him fall."

Doctor Hootman swallowed the last piece of banana, dipped his fingers and wiped them. "It pleases you to think so. But it isn't true. He was a born idiot; but since in the first few years of a child's life no great demand is made upon the intelligence, that fact escaped your notice. When you could no longer ignore it you seized upon the nearest excuse—a timely, trivial bump on the head. But that isn't true and nothing you can say or do can make it so."

It was one of those speeches, stating a truth too unpalatable to be accepted, which, aimed at a wider target, have often taken the speaker a long step toward martyrdom. Had Mynheer Vosmar been at that moment a mob, with many mouths, every one of them would have been open, yelling, "To the stake." His eyes did bulge and redden, but although he was angry his anger was not pure; it had an alloy of curiosity.

"What makes you say this now? Is it just a retaliation for my lapse of manners this afternoon, or something more?"

Before answering, Doctor Hootman lifted his glass and sipped, swallowed, and sipped again.

"I was," he said, "annoyed this afternoon. Still"—he shrugged again—"let that go. I had another reason for frank speaking. I agree with you that providing Pieter with a wife was [redacted] very pleasing little touch to the façade. And you were fortunate—she seems sensible. But it is my duty at this point to warn you."

"To warn me? What do you mean?"

"Shove them into bed together," Doctor Hootman said brutally, "and you'll have an idiot grandchild on your hands."

"You've been with me for eight years," Mynheer said solemnly. "It doesn't seem possible that you can so entirely misjudge me. I never dreamed—I should no more think of shoving them into bed together, as you term it, than I should think of—of . . . well, taking Juno into my own bed. You will never make me believe that Pieter was a born idiot, but he is [redacted] idiot now. The very idea is obscene. No, what I have in mind is something quite different. Shall I tell you?"

Doctor Hootman's expression, which had relaxed into relief, tightened again. He looked down at his plate, and then up again, with a carefully blank face which matched his careless, "If you like."

"You've been in my confidence from the first," Mynheer said, "and you've done marvels for Pieter. Perhaps you should know what I propose; it may make you feel a little less like a piece of furniture." His eyes twinkled. "Listen," he said.

Around her, day by day, the new life fell into pattern. It was a life of unimaginable ease and luxury.

The day began early. At dawn the great brass *tong-tong* in the compound sounded the

> **Nothing [redacted] enough for the man to whom enough is [redacted] little.**
>
> EPICURUS

call to begin work. Mynheer always rose then and went to the plantation. Julia, who often slipped out of bed and looked out the window to enjoy the sight of the dew-drenched garden, striped with sunshine and long shadows, would [redacted] the spare, trim figure stepping across the lawn.

Almost immediately Juno would come with a beaker of cool sweet fruit juice and a pot of tea. In her soft velvet voice she would wish Julia good morning and inquire if she had slept well, and what she would like for breakfast. Then she would vanish, to return with freshly laundered linen, a smoothly ironed dress, clean shoes.

On most mornings, by the time she was dressed and had had breakfast, Mynheer was back. During his first week on Rua he devoted what remained of the cool morning hours to showing her over the island.

The nutmeg trees grew in orderly groves all over the island, and paths ran this way and that through the green gloom.

"It's hardly likely that you would ever lose yourself," said Mynheer, "but if you should, don't keep taking side turnings; keep straight on. Eventually all the main paths run out at the shore."

He enjoyed showing her things and explaining how the "nuts" were gathered, and dried in racks over slow fires, turned at regular intervals until the outer shells could be broken and stripped away; how every nutmeg must be plunged into [redacted] lime bath to be made sterile: the whole wealth and importance of the islands depended upon the monopoly, so no fertile nut must ever be shipped out. Julia watched and listened, hoping in time to know enough to be an acceptable companion to him.

Everywhere they went the slaves were working and there was never any flurry when Mynheer appeared. Rua was a well-run plantation. The slaves were of all colors, from dark blackish brown to pale coffee color. There were, Mynheer explained, no Bandanese among them. The natives of this island group, having put up a fierce and bloody resistance to the white men, had then taken flight; what remained of them now lived on two small islands, keeping to their old tongue, plying their old crafts. "They were very fine people, the aristocrats of the islands," said Mynheer; "they would not have made good slaves."

In one of the drying sheds Julia was surprised to see a white man armed with the overseers' cane. He was out of earshot, so she mentioned him and her surprise to Mynheer.

"If you were nearer to him you would see that he is not quite white, my dear. Very nearly, yes. His mother, I should say, had some white blood, and his father, I know, was a Dutchman. These things happen, you know." He gave her a little sideways glance. "Most regrettable, I agree. Such a thing has never happened in Rua."

"Why is he a slave, if his father was Dutch?"

"The child of a slave is a slave, my dear, whatever his color. This one—his name is Mercury—was one of a batch I bought some years ago. I tried him as [redacted] house slave—that is why he has [redacted] house slave's name—but it didn't do at all. His manners were bad, and he actually used to try on my clothes. I caught him at it, preening in front of my looking glass."

"What did you do?"

"Burned the clothes, of course, and degraded him to plantation work. When he'd learned his lesson I made him overseer, and he is excellent. He hates everybody—which is a splendid thing for one in his position."

Despite the heat in the drying shed she was conscious of [redacted] little chill. In a few words, neither callous nor sentimental, Mynheer had told a tragic story. She cast another discreet glance at the subject of it. He had [redacted] fine profile, with a nose as arrogant as Mynheer's.

"What a sad story," she said.

"Yes. The least his father could have done—in my opinion—was to free him and have him taught a trade. But he shuffled off his

responsibility and we can't alter that, can we? Come along, it is very warm here."

On another morning Mynheer said, "Now I will show you the compound. That is one place which I should wish you to avoid. Oh, not that there's any danger; but they are primitive and one has to allow them a certain freedom there. You might see some unedifying sights."

The compound lay, as nearly as she could judge, in the very center of the island. It consisted of a circle of small, low huts ringing a space of bare stamped earth in the middle of which was a well. A few immensely old or pregnant women were cooking on little fires outside the doors of the huts; a number of children, too small yet for work, were playing rather listlessly in the dust. Here, unlike other places which they had visited, their arrival did cause some disturbance. The women left their fires and stood up, the children ceased playing and huddled together.

"I don't often come here," Mynheer explained. "Fifteen years ago I had every hut burned, the whole compound dug over, tons of sand from the beach spread, two feet thick and stamped down, and these huts erected. But look at it now. Smell it!"

It reeked of too many people, too closely pressed together; wood smoke, the stink of the pan of rice that had boiled dry, the fat that had flamed, the dough that had gone sour, the sick baby, the burned rag—it was all there, intermingled with the overwhelming, main odor of human excreta. It was the smell of defeat too.

She looked at the children. All but one of them looked healthy enough, and some were quite beautiful. The one was a little boy, three, four years old, with sore eyes.

She said, "Mynheer, that little boy—Mevrouw Helmers, at the Company's Daughters' Home, told us how to make an ointment which she said would cure all sores. I have the recipe for it written in my book. May I try it on him?"

"Just a minute, my dear," he said. "Now that I am here, I must look in on Toeg. He was once one of my boatmen, and when we capsized in a sudden storm he saved my life. If he knew that I had been in the compound and not visited him I think his heart would break." He moved purposefully toward a hut and she went with him. "I think perhaps you had better stay outside," he said. "I don't know how far you are capable —— Toeg suffers, you see, from a very rare and—if you are capable of detachment—a very interesting disease; but it isn't pretty."

"What is the disease?"

"Nobody knows. It is called, for obvious reasons, elephantiasis," he told her. "Of course, if you could face it, a visit from you would be . . . I can hardly explain what it would mean to Toeg."

"Then I can face it," she said.

Ducking his head at the low doorway, Mynheer entered the hut and she followed him. Inside, seated on a wooden bench, was a tiny, shriveled brown man with gray-speckled hair. Laid out on a kind of low table in front of him was one enormous leg, larger, thicker, bigger round than the whole of his body.

As though from a great way off she heard Mynheer say, "Toeg, I've brought the young Mevrouw, Mynheer Pieter's Mevrouw, to see you."

A voice, so small, so thready as to be almost inaudible, said, "Greetings, Mevrouw. God is kind to let me see this day."

A small brown hand came out, and she put her own to it—just touching her finger tips, Toeg lifted it to his brow.

"They're looking after you properly?" Mynheer asked.

"In every way, Mynheer, your orders are obeyed."

"You get your meat?"

"Three times in every week."

"Splendid," said Mynheer briskly. "Keep that daughter-in-law of yours up to the mark, Toeg; and if you want anything, let me know." He smiled at the old man affectionately and they took their leave.

Outside, Mynheer said, "Now what were you saying? Oh, I remember. Sore eyes and ointment. The suggestion does you credit, my dear, but I'm afraid there's nothing you can do. Your ointment would do more harm than good."

"Mevrouw Helmers had great faith in it."

"Mevrouw Helmers probably knew more about ointment than about slaves. All these people are very mixed, races, religions, nonsensical observances." His voice hardened and his glassy eyes reddened. "I'll give you an example: that child may be Hindu, we have a few here; you put something greasy on his eyes—fat from a cow, sacred animal; his eyes may get better, they probably would, but his grandmother would fall and break both legs; his mother would miscarry and his father go blind; and who would be to blame? You and your ointment. Or he may be a Moslem; then your ointment would be suspected of being made from lard, untouchable pig. Again, his eyes might get better, but he would be unclean for the rest of his life, his aunts would all go crazy and his children be born dumb!" He paused. "You think I exaggerate? I do not, I assure you. The amount of superstition in this one compound is unbelievable. They're best left entirely alone."

"With their sore eyes?"

"Now you're not to fret about that," he said in a kinder voice. "When the moon is right and all the other auguries auspicious, they'll daub on some cure of their own—and it'll work. They'll have faith in it, which they wouldn't in your ointment, you see. And faith will move mountains."

"Even superstitious faith?"

"Any sort of faith. Even—no, not even—*most* of all faith in oneself."

After the morning walks, and again after her rest in the afternoon, she would go along to Pieter's room and help to amuse him. He always greeted her with every sign of affection and pleasure. Very soon she was hardly aware of his appearance, conscious only of his gentleness, his pathetic anxiety to please. She had known so little affection since Johannes' death that even that of an idiot boy was not to be despised. She developed a corresponding fondness for him, as for an ugly but good-natured dog. Now, as he completed each piece of fumbled handiwork he would present it to her: "Pretty for Julie." He knitted her a scarf of bright purple wool, wide at one end, narrow at the other; and little as a scarf was needed in Rua at that season, she wore it often when she visited him.

Sometimes they went into his little garden, and there she would play ball with him. His movements were too clumsy and unpredictable to allow him to catch a thrown ball, but he loved to retrieve it when it was thrown and bring it back to her to throw again. When she tired he would scrawl on the ground with a stick, or gather flowers—"Pretty for Julie"—until her lap was full.

These visits brought her into frequent contact with Doctor Hootman. His original surly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

manner, which she now attributed to shyness, had changed into one of formal civility. He seemed neither to encourage nor to resent her visits. As soon as she arrived he would turn away and busy himself, tidying cupboards and drawers, or simply reading his book. Sometimes he would say, "Don't let him tire you, Mevrouw"; and occasionally, "I think that will do; it does him no good to get excited." His manner toward his charge was unvarying: kindly, authoritative, oddly impersonal. He had two words of rebuke: "dirty" and "naughty"; he used them sparingly, but when he did Pieter would hang his head and seem to wilt like a scolded dog.

The late afternoons usually found her with Mynheer on the veranda to watch the swift, dramatic going down of the sun over the sea; and often, while the sky flowered and faded, from the compound there would come the sound of music, played on the gamelang; strange, rather mournful, muted by distance, it would come to them and weave a kind of spell, so that to speak, or move, demanded a definite effort.

Sometimes Mynheer would touch her hand, or her shoulder: "It's pleasant here, is it not? I hope you are happy?"

"Very happy, Mynheer."

"Not lonely? Not sorry you came?"

She could truthfully say no to such questions.

"All the same," he would say, "I must not be selfish. We must entertain; go visiting; you must make [redacted] call on your little friend."

She grew fond of him, too; there was nothing intimidating about him when you came to know him. He was an easy, undemanding companion, and if, now and then, his conversation had [redacted] cynical flavor, she reminded herself that he was old, ripe in experience, and that she was young.

And so the golden sun-drenched, scented days went by.

The weather grew warmer or, if not warmer, more oppressive. The days were not invariably fine; it rained, she thought, quite often, sudden showers falling from what was virtually a clear sky. The rain would cease as abruptly [redacted] it had begun, and all the wet leaves and flowers would sparkle for a moment, and the ground would steam. But Mynheer and Doctor Hootman and Juno were beginning to talk of the rainy season which was coming. The real rain, upon which the crop and everything else depended; the rain which would soak in and cool the earth.

Mynheer produced, from some hidden treasure chest, [redacted] shawl of fine lace, silky, not quite white, white which had lost its purity from being laid away, for [redacted] long time, in darkness. "When the rains come, my dear, you may be glad of this in the evenings. Tell Juno to hang it out in the sun."

There came an afternoon when, rising from her rest, she was aware of a change, something missing. The light had altered. It was just as hot—even hotter—but there was [redacted] sunshine, and the slight movement of the air, too slight to be called a breeze, had ceased. Pushing her damp hair from her forehead, she went to the window and looked out at the garden. Every leaf, every flower looked limp, their vitality drained away. Something threatened and they cowered under the threat.

Inside the room it was gloomy and stifling. She went, moving listlessly, to her favorite place in the garden, the seat on the little mound by the bank of flowers—azaleas, as she now knew. The mention of impending rain suggested clouds, but there were none, just [redacted] sullen, dark purple-gray pall drawn over the sun and the blueness; under it the sea lay flat, leaden-colored, and the pink-and-rose color and scarlet of the bank of flowers had not so much faded as been drowned in the general gloom.

It was very depressing, and after a few minutes she began, for the first time, to feel homesick and lonely. She jumped up and decided to go for a walk. In the groves, between the tall

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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES [redacted] PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 82 [redacted]

Vogue Design No. 9072.	"Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 50c.
Vogue Design No. 9227.	Blouse; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9317.	"Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 42 (32 to 44). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9318.	"Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. S-4832.	Suit; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). $1.50





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

trees, it was always shady, and there, she imagined, the change in the light would be less noticeable. She would not, she decided, go far, in case the rain began.

The main path, the one Mynheer took each morning on his way through the compound, began at the edge of the garden, behind a pergola of carefully trained roses. It ran straight, but branching off from it were many paths, well used by the slaves who gathered the nutmegs. Julia knew them all by this time, and knew that by taking any left-hand turn she came through the groves and out at the shore. Ordinarily, she pursued the main path until she was almost at the forbidden compound and then turned off. Today, on account of the threatening rain, she took the first turning.

She had been wrong, she realized, to imagine that in the groves the change in the weather would be less noticeable; the purplish gloom, with the strange sense of foreboding which it conveyed, was thick in the narrow path, and the heat was stifling. It was stupid to have come for a walk; the house would have been much cooler. She came to a standstill and stood hesitant. The gloom seemed to deepen as she stood there. And then she heard the sound, a low, miserable moaning, the sound of someone in pain. She imagined that the sound came from ahead of her along the path, but not directly, slightly to the left, she thought. She moved forward and the noise seemed to come more clearly, but she could see nothing that would account for it. Then she saw, on her left, the opening of a path much more narrow than any of the others which intersected the groves. This was a mere track and not, by the look of it, much used.

In the purple, ominous gloom it had an uninviting, almost a sinister look and she hesitated before entering it. But she was certain now that the moaning came from somewhere along it. A few steps brought her to a length of fencing, made of roughly hewn tree trunks placed close together. The fence ran parallel with the path, was about ten feet high, and had no opening; but it was a mere façade, one had only to step into the grove to get behind it. The agonized sound came from its other side.

Again she stood hesitant. She had a very clear feeling that behind the fence might be something that she would not wish to see, perhaps should not see. But someone, or something—for the moaning noise sounded sometimes human and sometimes not—was behind that fence and in trouble. Also, she herself was curious. She stepped into the grove and rounded the fence.

At the back of it some trees had been hacked down, and in the space stood a square cage. The bars were five or six inches apart and behind them she could see something which moved and moaned and rattled a chain. A stout post stood in the center of the cage and attached to it by a length of chain linked about its waist was . . . what? For a moment Julia thought it was some kind of monkey; it was bent over, very brown, shriveled, and had its back to her as it strained against the chain and toward the bars on the farther side of the cage. And all the time it moaned and whimpered.

As she watched it turned, ran back and then lunged forward again, rattling the chain. With a slow, draining sense of horror Julia realized that it was a woman, skeleton-thin and stark naked.

Moving almost unwillingly, she went around the cage to the side where the woman was scrabbling at the bars. Then she understood. Just outside, just out of reach, stood a bucket with some water in and two little wooden bowls, one empty and one containing a handful of rice. She looked from them to the face of the woman behind the bars and was so shocked that she turned dizzy and found herself suddenly addressing God: *Don't let me faint, keep me up so I can do something.*

She kept up, and she did something. She took the empty bowl, dipped it in the bucket and pushed it between the bars. The woman seized it, drained it, thrust it out again. There was just enough water in the bucket to fill the little bowl three times; the last time Julia set the bowl down and tipped the bucket to pour out the very last drop. When the bowl was returned she said, "I'm sorry, there isn't any more," and her voice sounded as though she had been crying for a long time.

She handed in the rice bowl. The woman took the bowl and held it under her chin with one hand while with the other she scooped and shoveled the rice into her mouth. She did not chew, she swallowed, just as a dog, watched by another, would swallow food. Four dips, four gulps and the bowl was empty. She handed it back and retreated toward the post in the center of the cage, squatted down on the heap of filth which lay there, put her elbows on her knees and her head between her hands and from under the curtain of matted black hair regarded Julia with a dull, incurious, animal stare.

People did go mad, of course; there were people so mad they tore off their clothes, so mad that for their own safety and the safety of others they had to be very strictly confined. It was possible that this was a madwoman, and that today whoever had the duty of looking after her had forgotten. One mustn't go jumping to hasty conclusions, imagining the worst. There might be some perfectly reasonable explanation for the woman's condition.

She gathered her skirt, a handful on each side, and began to run, but running meant drawing quick breaths and today there seemed to be nothing to breathe.

Breathless and quite distraught, she came to the rose pergola. It was with the utmost relief that she saw, coming toward her, wiping his neck with his handkerchief, Mynheer.

"My dear Julia," he said, "I have been worried about you. I should have warned you not to go far today. The rains are about to begin." A low, long-drawn-out rumble of thunder shook the dark pall that hid the sky. "You might have been caught and drenched. Or frightened by the early darkness."

She could not speak. She took his arm gratefully and he hurried her across the lawn toward the house. Another clap of thunder shook the very air and a few large drops of water showered down.

"I should have prepared you. I do blame myself," Mynheer said, as they reached the steps of the cloister. "It came very suddenly. My dear, it is only thunder, there is no reason to be alarmed. You are trembling. Come and sit down." He led her to the salon.

She sat down, mastered her breath, and said, "It isn't the thunder. I've just seen something *horrible!*"

"In the compound?" he asked sharply.

"No. In a cage. A woman . . . on a chain . . . in a cage . . . starving."

"Oh." The single word rang out as it might have done had she hit him in the face. "She isn't starving. She is keeping Ramadan—a Moslem fast."

Horror receded. If the torment were self-inflicted, part of some strange creed, then it was different. She steadied herself, brushed back her damp hair and wiped her hands on her handkerchief.

"She looked so awful. I thought she might be mad."

"She may be, now. She was sane enough once," said Mynheer, and his voice was cold, cruel. Julia, looking at him, startled, curious, saw the exact expression which had been on his face when, on her first day, he had mentioned Pieter's fall.

"Is she —— Oh, no!" she said, putting her hand to her mouth.

"She is Psyche. She was Pieter's nurse. She was a Moslem, so she must keep the fast of Ramadan; that means that for a full lunar month nothing, no food or water, may pass the lips between the moment in the morning when a white thread can be distinguished from a black one and the same moment in the evening. One evening, at the end of a parching day, she left him, to fetch herself a cup of water, and he fell. So, since Ramadan meant

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THE YEAR OF THE GREAT FREEZE

By MARGARET D. COLLIER

Ruined fruit was hanging gold
on the bough
Among the dense dark leaves;
the tired men
Were gone, the fires were all put
out, and now
Nothing could save the harvest.
It was when
Snow began to fall that the
workers' eyes
Lost all their stubborn hope.
But every child
Who saw the snow in the
orange groves went wild
With happiness, upheld in his
surmise
That wonders would be worked
for him, though how
He had not known till then!



Going places with the
Light refreshment
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Pepsi-Cola
Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

so much to her, more than her duty or my child's well-being, I decreed that she should keep it for the rest of her life." The disturbance in his face had not invaded his voice: he spoke calmly and with great simplicity.

"How cruel!" she said.

"That I can hardly deny. What I can deny is that her suffering has matched mine, or could, if she stayed there a thousand years."

There was something frightening about his absolute calm, his imperviousness. It denied the friendly, almost fond relationship which had built up between them. Sensing the futility, even the unwisdom of saying anything more, she yet felt compelled to attack.

"You can't even be sure that she *was* to blame. I knew [redacted] girl who looked exactly like Pieter, in Amsterdam. She hadn't had a fall!"

"How can you be sure of that? In any case, that is quite irrelevant. Pieter fell and is as he is, and Psyche is where she is. And think"—his voice lightened, became sardonic—"of the merit she is acquiring. In the next life she will doubtless be Mahomet's plumpest houri—or better still, his favorite camel."

She thought of the cage, of the woman squatting on the heaped filth, and her soul sickened.

"You see, you must be careful never to provoke me," Mynheer said. "I had no idea that you would penetrate [redacted] far, or I should have warned you. I'm warning you now, my dear. Don't walk that way again."

The silence that followed his words was broken by the sudden roar and hiss of the rain.

The finding of Psyche had ruined Julia's [redacted] of being perfectly happy in a perfectly beautiful place. The emotional disturbance, coinciding as it did with the season of heavy, almost persistent rain, when exercise outdoors was impossible, resulted in wakeful nights, haunted by the thought of the woman in the cage, and also by worrying thoughts about herself and Mynheer. He had dismissed the matter entirely, and although for some days her manner to him had been stilted, his to her remained exactly the same—indulgent, paternal.

Lying awake, listening to the drip and patter of the rain, she tried to think, coolly, reasonably, and finally came to the conclusion that merely feeling sickened, sorry, disgusted was not enough. She must *do* something. She decided that as soon as the rain stopped she would visit the cage every day and take some food and some water. She could do it in the afternoon when Mynheer invariably slept.

Once that was decided, she felt better about Psyche. She turned her thoughts to Mynheer. He believed—sincerely, she thought—that the woman had ruined the whole life of his son and heir; he was angry, and he was, in Rua, completely powerful. In his place mightn't she, mightn't anyone act with similar ferocity? She remembered how willingly she would have killed Juffrouw Hoorne that night in the Klopstock Home.

So, carefully, deliberately, [redacted] one might mend a precious, broken piece of china, she endeavored to repair her mental image of Mynheer. The mended thing seemed much the same, but it had lost something.

There came [redacted] day when the rain fell less heavily and less persistently and another when the fair periods outnumbered the showers; and then it was sunny again, the world washed clean and everything springing into lush new life.

"Now," said Mynheer, "we must set about some entertaining. We've led a quiet life far too long. Not, I must warn you, that the company will be very lively. The [redacted] have one subject of conversation—the nutmeg; and the women discourse, I think exclusively, upon the peccadilloes of their house slaves. However, it will divert you to see the dresses and coiffures, and the gentlemen will pay you compliments. And as you listen to the stories you may reflect—as I do—how much better we do in Rua."

Their first guests were to be the governor, his wife and a visiting niece, and Captain Kraemer, who was in command of the soldiers at the fort.

"That," said Mynheer, "will make six, with us, which I think the perfect number for dinner. It will also come to the notice of the agent, and he will feel rebuffed. Nowadays the commercial element has become so overrated that many people rank the agent with the governor. I do not."

He asked her which dress she proposed to wear, and when she said she had not yet decided, he asked:

"Is there not one, [redacted] rather dull, slaty blue?"

"Yes. I've never yet worn it. I thought it the least attractive of them all."

"I consider it suitable for this occasion. Will you allow me to be judge, or do you resent my interference?"

"I'll wear it," she said.

That evening, when the dress was on, and fastened, she regretted having been so weak-willed; the dress, of beautiful, heavy silk, had no decoration at all. It made her look old, and staring at her reflection she wondered whether that might be the reason why Mynheer had suggested it.

"I don't like it," she said, turning her head to Juno. "Do you think we could pin in a lace collar or—or something to brighten it up a little?"

As she spoke a gentle tapping sounded on the sitting-room door—the entry from the cloister. Juno padded away and in a second or two Julia heard Mynheer's voice. She rose, and with a rustling of silk skirts went into the sitting room.

Homemaking is no longer belittled. [redacted] commands respect as a [redacted] requiring high intelligence plus devotion [redacted] especial sensitivity [redacted] the social [redacted] emotional needs of others.

RHODA [redacted]
All in the Family
Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

Mynheer had not chosen himself a dull and unbecoming outfit; of a paler gray than usual, his jacket and breeches had the smoothness and gloss of polished silver and the lace at his breast and wrists was particularly fine. He carried a flat square box, covered in leather.

He looked her over with critical attention.

"It is ugly, isn't it?" she asked. "Shall I change?"

"Not immediately. Try this first." He opened the box and held it out toward her. Lying on a bed of faded blue velvet was [redacted] necklace, diamonds and sapphires set in very pale gold. The chain was formed by the stones, set alternately, every one as large as [redacted] pea, and hanging from it were seven pendants, each made of one large sapphire surrounded by a ring of diamonds.

As she stared at it, he tilted the box slightly so that the light of [redacted] nearby candle shone in the perfect, unfathomable blue and struck sparks of scarlet, green, purple and yellow from the whiteness.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" She knew that his choice of the slight, the faintly derogatory word was deliberate.

"It's beautiful."

He put the box on the table and lifted the necklace from it, shimmering and glittering.

"Permit me," he said, and laid it around her neck and fastened it under her hair. The stones fell into place, icily, against her skin.

Stepping back, he regarded her gravely.

"Yes," he said. "Yes—but see what you think, my dear."

She ran to the glass. The dress, she herself, utterly transformed; the blue and the sparkle seemed to have invaded her eyes.

"I am sometimes right," said Mynheer modestly. "When I ordered that dress I bore in mind that my daughter-in-law might be someone whom I could bear to see wearing that necklace. It suits you very well."

"I don't know what to say, Mynheer."

"There is no need to say anything. What there is need of ——" He lowered his voice [redacted] little. "Julia, this evening I'm afraid you must be prepared for a mild form of inquisition. The ladies will hardly miss such an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. So imagine that Mevrouw van de Lijn has you in a corner and asks you about Pieter's disfigurement. What will you say?"

She thought for a moment, and then looking straight at him said, "Mynheer, I shall tell her that Pieter's disfigurement is grossly exaggerated by everybody, including himself."

Behind the bulging, clear, glassy gray eyes something popped up and looked out for a moment; something surprised, uneasy, vaguely respectful. It gave her the look which an expert might give a novice who had proved astonishingly adept at some game. It was not altogether pleased.

Then he smiled. "A beautifully ambiguous answer, my dear. I couldn't have thought of a better myself. Stick to that and you will do well."

She experienced, that evening, something she had never known before: a feeling of pride; pride in the place which she now called home, pride in the family of which she was now a member. It was so plain that these people—the most important members of Banda's society—regarded Mynheer with a respect that was little short of awe; even the governor deferred to him, saying, "With your long experience ——" saying, "Now on this



I should value your opinion ——" And Mynheer was at his very best. Here at this table, bright with flowers and the best service of silver gilt, watching the skill with which he directed the conversation, everyone included, everyone provoked to animation, feeling about her throat the cold clasp of the necklace, being praised, displayed, smiled upon—was it narrow-minded, she wondered, to withhold something, to resist the appeal of his personality, to remember Psyche in her prison?

Halfway through the meal something happened for which Julia was not prepared.

Every evening, just before the candles were lighted, screens of the finest gauze, stretched tight over wooden battens, were placed inside the iron grillwork of the windows to keep out the night-flying things which might be attracted by the light. The veranda outside was ordinarily left in darkness, but this evening—she had imagined for the convenience of the guests arriving and departing—lanterns had been placed at intervals between the flower-brimming urns.

Suddenly Mynheer broke off in mid-sentence and looked fixedly at one window, thus drawing everyone's attention to it. Blocked darkly against the lanternlight, filling the window, was the whole of one human figure and half another, a jutting hatbrim, one shoulder. The one seen fully Julia recognized as Doctor Hootman; the other? Pieter? Even she could not be *quite* certain. Doctor Hootman turned his head and seemed to address his companion, and lifted his hand and laid it on the other's shoulder, and they moved away in such a direction that the man who was half glimpsed was never fully seen.

"Pieter and his friend have resumed their walks now that the rain is ended. That is something to be thankful for," said Mynheer.

There was a moment of slightly embarrassed silence; then the governor said, "Such a pity—to take it so hard." He turned to Julia and said, "I suppose, Mevrouw, you hardly notice anything amiss now. I am sure that, given the same opportunity, we should all become equally accustomed."

"Only today ——" she said, and tried out the neat little speech.

Even the inquisition for which Mynheer had prepared Julia did not take place. Mevrouw van de Lijn was engrossed with anxiety about her own child, a daughter, living in Holland, and due about now to have a baby.

"And whether things go well with her or not, whether I have a grandson or a granddaughter, I can't possibly know for another seven months. That is what I find so hard. I don't mind the climate, but I do mind, very much, these separations and the feeling of being at the world's end, so entirely cut off."

At the evening's end, however, attention was drawn to Pieter again. As the guests were leaving, about to make their way from the house to the little jetty where the governor's proa with a lighted lantern at its prow bobbed and looked like a dancing firefly, the sound of the clavichord, played in a masterly manner, came from the end of the house where Pieter's apartments lay. It was far from being the pleasant, tinkling tune produced by the average performer. In the wild, stormy music there seemed to sound the cry of a soul unsatisfied, lonely and searching. Exactly so might the legendary Pieter have played.

"Ah," said Captain Kraemer in a voice of awed appreciation.

"Poor boy! So gifted too," said the governor.

His wife gave a little shiver. The music spoke to her of the miles of tossing, perpetually discontented sea which lay between her and Holland, where her heart was this night.

Turning back into the house, Mynheer laid his hand on Julia's arm. "My dear, you did splendidly. I was very proud of you."

After that there were other dinner parties, and several times Mynheer and Julia went to dine in one or another of the big houses in Banda. There was never time on these occasions to visit Marie, he said, and Julia was glad; she had no wish to appear before Marie finely gowned and bejeweled.

One day Mynheer returned from a visit to Banda and said that he had made an appointment there for the morning, two days ahead; his business would take about two hours and he thought it would be a convenient time for Julia to make her visit.

"I took the liberty of sending word so that she may expect you. You must take her some flowers; they have no garden, I believe."

Marie lived in a narrow house squeezed between two taller, larger buildings. It was faded pink in color and except that it had shutters might have been any house in any humble street in Holland.

She opened the door herself and Julia had difficulty in suppressing an exclamation of surprise. Marie had greatly changed, grown so fat that she almost filled the doorway. Behind her, in the narrow passage, stood another woman with two children peering from behind her skirts.

The population of Banda Neira had grown rapidly and there was a shortage of houses. Marie and Hendrik shared a house with his brother, his wife and two children and an unmarried clerk from the agent's office.

"—— and now he wants to get married too," said Marie, explaining the situation, "and we haven't the heart to say he can't; so where we shall be then, I don't know."

She had lost none of her cheerfulness. Chattering gaily, she led the way into a hot, cluttered sitting room, called her sister-in-law and introduced her and asked her to put the flowers in water, and shooed away the children.

"Now," she said, "let me look at you! And tell me quickly, while we're alone, which we shan't be for long, are you all right, Julia?"

"I'm very well. Are you?" But surely it was wrong to have grown so very stout, so pale and puffy of face, in so short . . . how long? Good heavens, six whole months.

"I'm as you see," said Marie, looking down at her bulging figure with pride. "Hendrik is so pleased. He wants a girl to look like me; and I want a boy to look like him. And it *could* be twins, couldn't it, the size I am."

So that was it! "I'm so glad for you."

"I'm glad too. Mind, I shall be more glad when it or they have arrived. I look so awful. The odd thing is, Hendrik doesn't think so. He says that I'm prettier now than ever. Do you think something comes over men who are going to be fathers, a sort of blindness?"

Deep in Julia's mind something stirred. Men and women were made and put together by the good God . . . no mistake . . . even such a veiling of a man's sight. That, she thought, must be real love.

"I wanted to come and see you," Marie ran on. "But the Vosmars are so rich and important, it didn't seem quite right for me to come to you first. And then this happened. And you didn't come and didn't come. I have been worried about you."

"Why?"

Marie looked away and a little color crept into her cheeks. "Well—such tales go round. Is it true that your husband had a terrible accident and is dreadful to look at?"

Once again the neat little sentence served.

"And then there's that frightening old man. Oh, when I saw you go off with him, Julia—I did pity you."

"But he's very kind to me. I'm not frightened of him." *But that is a lie; every afternoon when I steal out of the house to visit Psyche I can hardly breathe for fear.*

"If he's kind, his looks belie him. But I'm glad he is. And what about your husband, apart from his looks?"

"Pieter and I get on very well. He's very fond of me. He'd do anything he could to please me." That at least was true.

"Well, that just shows. They say he's surly, never sees anybody, never speaks. They even say he's a bit ——" She tapped her head with her finger and laughed; then, leaning forward, took Julia by the hand. "They're vastly rich, aren't they? I expected you to walk in all silks and satins and covered with diamonds."

"But I had to come in a proa. I have a silk dress ——" She could see that Marie was so happy, so contented with her lot that she was safe from envy, so she described one or two of her dresses.

"Have you one of those native things? You know, a sarong and little jacket? Hendrik and I were asked to the agent's once—I don't like *her*, nose-in-the-air, but that's by the way—and she was wearing one, pink and purple. I meant to make myself one—you only have to do straight hemming on the sarong—but then this happened and it didn't seem worth it for a while. But I shall after—if I ever get back to my right size, that is."

In such girlish chatter the time passed swiftly. The sister-in-law came in, carrying Mynheer's offering of lilies and roses and orchids which she had crammed into an ugly brass bowl; she went out again and returned bringing strong black coffee and some rather stale little cakes. The children stole into the room, soon forgot their shyness and began squabbling and had to be sent out; the lack of garden was deplored. Soon it was time to go.

At the moment of parting, Marie had a resurgence of anxiety.

"You really are all right, Julia? Happy?"

"Of course. You must come and see for yourself."

"I can't take a boat trip just now. I will afterward—if you invite me."

"I am inviting you," Julia said. How would Mynheer take that?

The proa swung out of the harbor and headed for Rua.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your visit?" Mynheer asked.

"Very much, thank you. We had such a lot to talk about."

"Your little friend is enjoying her new life?"

"Oh, very much. She was delighted with the flowers and sent you messages of gratitude." That was not true. Marie had handed the flowers to Rita and hardly looked at them. Save for a flash or two in Julia's direction, Marie's eyes were turned inward, self-absorbed.

"I expect she told you all the gossip of the town."

"No. I don't think we gossiped at all," she told him. "We talked mainly about ourselves, I'm afraid."

She could feel, without turning her head, that he was looking at her closely. He was waiting, waiting for her to tell him something more. What? Oh, of course ——

"She did ask me a few questions about Pieter. My answers satisfied her, and I think would have satisfied you."

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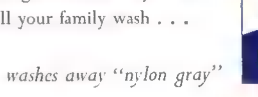
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La France is detergent, nylon-brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

Another fine product of General Foods

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

"I'm sure of that. I rely upon your discretion absolutely."

He seemed to wait again. Then he said:

"Well, perhaps it is true—as some ladies aver—that men are the real gossips. It seems that my business talk has provided me with a titbit that you missed. Unless you saw fit not to mention it to me."

"You mean about Marie—that she is going to have a baby?"

"Yes. Is it true? Then was it modesty that kept you silent on the subject? Or envy?"

She had [redacted] sudden, strange, utterly unwarranted suspicion that he had known all along; that he had deliberately postponed taking her to visit Marie until he had, somehow, on his previous trip, heard that she was pregnant. But that was stupid; why should he? And why this sudden probing?

"Neither. I just felt that, in the circumstances, it was a matter better not mentioned between us. That was all."

"Now why?" he asked. "Between us there should be complete understanding. We two are alone as few people are. My dear, you do, despite the poor little house, the lack of prospects and everything, envy her, do you not?"

What did he want her to say?

"I suppose every woman, if she could, would like to have a child of her own, but ——"

"Exactly," he broke in. "And every woman *should.* It is her *right!*"

In the circumstances an astonishing, a challenging thing to say. *But I can't,* she thought, *go into it with him now; once I might have. But I must answer.* She said, "Many women remain unmarried, Mynheer. What about them?"

"This is an imperfect world, my dear. The rules are made, hit or miss; often by knaves. I never pay heed to the rules, I never have. I still say that any woman, married or single, should have a child if she wanted one."

It all seemed to be leading somewhere, but where?

"That is a very original idea," she said.

He laughed. "I'm sure somebody said just those words to the man who first thought of harnessing [redacted] horse, or setting the wind to work a mill or sail a ship. Where would the world be if no one had ever had an original idea? I feel very strongly ——"

She waited, feeling that the next words would reveal his purpose, make everything plain.

"I talk too much," he said. "And for that you are partly to blame. You're very easy to talk to. I often forget that you are so young, and a female. Never mind. One day ——"

He left that sentence unfinished, too, and reached out and patted her hand.

The next week Mynheer made another visit to Banda Neira, this time alone.

"I will not ask you to come with me today, my dear, because my business will take longer. Also, I may bring two guests back for dinner and I want you, if you will be so kind, to do a job for me." He took out his keys and removed one from the chain and handed it to her. "That is the key of the plate cupboard. Pluto knows what to get out, but I would like you to be there. He will overload [redacted] tray and then things fall and are dented. Make him bring out one piece at a time." He smiled at her. "It is very pleasant for me to have someone to whom I can entrust these domestic details. And of course you must begin to take charge. One day you will rule this house; rule all Rua, in fact."

She said, with sincerity, "I hope that day will be long in coming, Mynheer."

"Thank you, my dear. But it will come. That is [redacted] fact to be faced. However, I have made every possible provision."

The vision of the future, thus conjured up, cast a slight gloom over the bright morning. Day-to-day living in Rua was—apart from the ever-nagging memory of the woman in the cage—very pleasant and carefree, but to look ahead was to see a time and a situation curiously shapeless, empty of the landmarks which ordinary people saw along the years.

She tried to throw off her bewildering and foreboding thoughts by being busy, but Pluto suggested that the removal of the silver should take place in the afternoon. When afternoon came he was so exaggeratedly careful in the handling of the many pieces of the silver-gilt dinner service which was to be used that evening that the afternoon was well advanced before Julia could relock the cupboard and go away.

On any ordinary afternoon this would have worried her, but today, with Mynheer safe in Banda, it did not matter. She went calmly to her room, picked up a rather large bag of pale pink brocade with a piece of embroidery sticking out of it, and set off to pay her daily visit to Psyche. Concealed under the embroidery were some food saved from her own midday meal and an old wine bottle full of water.

Psyche now knew her, and watched for her coming; every afternoon she was at the bars of the cage on the side from which Julia appeared. Apart from this, their relationship had remained static and Julia was not even sure whether the woman was fully sane or not. On the first few occasions when she had brought the extra food and water, she had tried to talk to her, calling her by name. There was no response; eighteen years of slow torture and solitary confinement had reduced Psyche to something less than human, and eventually Julia could see that this was merciful. Sometimes on her way back she cried a little; and sometimes she felt a renewed upsurge of dislike for Mynheer.

This afternoon Psyche was waiting as usual at the corner nearest the point where Julia entered the little clearing. An extra meal every day for some weeks had done nothing to change her dreadful appearance; under the filthy scaly skin every bone, every ligament showed plainly. Her eyes, under the shadow of the mat of hair, flickered with recognition and avidity, and Julia was glad to think that today there was meat in the bag.

Ordinarily, as soon as Julia arrived, Psyche, after that single, human-seeming glance, would run, with a clanking of the chain, to the other side of the cage where the water and rice were displayed in their Tantalus inaccessibility. Today, however, she stayed where she was, pushing her clawlike hands through the bars and whimpering. She was more thirsty than usual, Julia thought, because of the delay.

She walked around to the side where the bowls and the bucket stood. Psyche ran across with a clanking of the chain. Julia put the bag on the ground, removed the piece of embroidery and the packet of food and revealed the bottle, standing upright with the pink folds of the brocade bag collapsed around its base. She reached out for the bowl into which she always poured the water. As she did so Psyche's hand shot through the bars and snatched at the bottle, drawing it into the cage. *Poor thing, she is thirsty,* Julia thought; *and, despite all evidence to the contrary, she can still reason. It is quicker to drink from the bottle than to have a bowl filled.*

Psyche, bottle in hand, was retreating toward the center of the cage with exactly the look of [redacted] cat that has made off with a piece of fish.

"It's all right," Julia said. "Drink out of the bottle if you like. But you must give it back to me." She heard a certain shrillness in her voice, and thought, *I mustn't frighten her, I must keep calm.*

Psyche made no attempt to take out the cork. Perhaps she had forgotten. She wasn't even handling the bottle as though she intended to drink out of it. She held it by its neck.

She is mad, after all, Julia thought.

Holding the bottle by the neck and swinging it as though it were [redacted] club, Psyche hit it against the post. It broke, the water splashed out and pieces of glass fell down onto the heap of filth. The neck of the bottle, with the cork still in it, remained in her hand until she dropped it among the other fragments. Then she bent down, looked at the pieces of glass and quite deliberately chose one. With it in her hand she stood up, and then, with that same deliberation, drew the edge of it across her stringy throat.

It made, to begin with, a cut, like a little mouth with red lips; then, in a flash, the wound, Psyche's hand, the piece of glass which it held were all lost in a gush of blood.

It all happened so suddenly that there wasn't time even to close one's eyes, or look away.

Psyche did not fall down immediately; the arching fountain of blood had slackened before she fell to her knees and then forward from the waist until her face touched the ground. In this prayerful attitude her body gave one or two convulsive twitches which jerked it slightly sideways; then it was still.

It had all happened so suddenly, and been so unexpected, that it was difficult to believe that it had happened at all. But it had happened. There lay Psyche, dead, with the bits of broken glass around her, and there was Julia, sick and dizzy, clinging to the bars of the cage for support.

Psyche was dead; she was glad of that: her troubles were over. Mynheer would come, at feeding time, see the corpse and the bits of glass. He would instantly suspect Julia, because she had once shown interest in the dead woman. He would be furiously angry. Balked of the rest of his vengeance, what would his vengeance be? There was only one answer to that. He would put her in the cage. She would spend the rest of her life there, naked, chained to a post by a heap of filth.

She began to tremble, so violently that her hands could no longer clasp the bars, so violently that her head jerked and shook like that of an old person with palsy. *I must get away,* she thought, *away from this place of horror.* The idea of drowning herself slipped into her mind. Yes, death in the cool, crystal-clear blue water would be better than facing Mynheer in his rage.

She staggered out of the clearing and onto the path, turning away from the house and toward the shore. She had taken only a few steps when she stopped to listen, thinking that she heard other steps coming toward her. It was so. Mynheer, back from Banda earlier than he had expected and coming from that direction toward the cage.

She would have turned and run the other way, or darted off and hidden in the nutmeg grove, but she now could not move at all except to shudder and tremble. She could only stand in the middle of the narrow path and wait.

It was not Mynheer. It was nobody she had ever [redacted] before. A man, giving, at that slight distance, an impression of youth unconfirmed,

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LATCH FAST, CARGO DOWN

By HENRY RAGO

Is the latch fast? The cargo down?
Small daughter, smaller daughter
Bedded down?
Plates and pantry, fire and faucet
Fixed and sound?

Never [redacted] sound.
Door upon door and house entire
Open and close
On chairs and tables poised [redacted] chosen.
The night light tightens

To sure, to safe, and sounding
The dark least deep, the heavy rooms
Heave and hold
The household stretched from latch to hold
As the ship moves.


People will say we're in love with
Rose Cascade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

she was to learn, by a closer view. She even noticed that he looked surprised, ■ little startled at the sight of her.

He came close enough to touch her, looking at the path behind her and into the grove on either side.

"Have you had a fright? What's the matter?" he asked.

She tried to speak, but she had no more control of her jaw and tongue than of her legs; her teeth chattered and that was the only sound.

"I didn't frighten you, did I?" he went on. "I'm harmless."

He saw the splashes of fresh blood on the front of her dress, the state of her hands where she had clutched the blood-splashed bars. He tried again.

"Have you had an accident?"

Almost unwillingly then he touched her, put his hand under her arm and turned her slightly.

"Sit down," he said, and helped her down and propped her back against the trunk of ■ tree.

The man carried ■ brown jacket over his left arm. He searched for and found the pocket and brought out ■ small, dented silver flask. He removed its top and held it toward her.

"Take ■ sip of that," he told her. "It'll pull you together."

She tried to lift a shaking hand, then tried to shake her jerking head to indicate inability.

"Poor girl," he said, "you are in a state."

He threw down the jacket, knelt beside her, put an arm round her shoulders and with his other hand held the flask to her lips, exactly as though she were a baby.

Whatever it was he had given her ran warmly down from her throat to the pit of her stomach and after ■ minute or two from there it began to spread out. Presently she tried to move her hand again, and this time it came up at her bidding; she took her lower jaw between her finger and thumb, held it for a few seconds and then managed to say, "Thank you."

"Now," he said, with an air of getting down to business, "are you hurt?" She shook her head. "Then where does all this blood come from?"

"Psyche . . . she killed herself." The radiating warmth had now reached the very core of her mind; she burst into tears. "It was awful," she gulped out between two sobs. "I was glad for her, but it was . . . an awful way to die." She found her handkerchief and used it, and gasped out, "Unless I drown myself I think he'll put me in the cage instead. Oh, I know it all sounds crazy, but this is ■ crazy place. You don't know!"

Now the extreme, painful clarity of mind which had enabled her to observe everything so minutely—even to the fact that his shirt had once been fine, and that now its frill was in tatters—had given way to emotional confusion. She hardly noticed that he had slipped his arm around her again and was holding her close to his shoulder and urging her to have her cry out because then she would be able to tell him what was the matter and he would ■ if there was anything he could do.

With her mind she was hardly aware of all this; but her body remembered that in just this way Uncle Johannes had held her and comforted her when something had gone wrong with her childish world. Since his death nobody had held her with intent to comfort or sustain. Despite everything, she was comforted.

At last she was able to say, "Are you a friend of Mynheer Vosmar's?"

"Let's say an acquaintance. I'll tell you this: if it's trouble between you and him, I'm on your side."

"Why?" she asked, lifting her head from his shoulder and mopping her eyes.

"Because I'm always on the side of ladies in distress. No, seriously, you're safe with me. If there's anything I can do to help, tell me."

"I don't see that anyone could help me. Mynheer kept a poor woman in a cage and slowly starved her—kept her short of water, too, so every day I took her some and just now she snatched the bottle and cut her throat. He'll know it was me. She's been there for eighteen years and nobody else ever bothered. He'll put me in the cage instead—unless I drown myself."

"Or I said I gave her the bottle."

She moved her head a little so that she could look into his face. "Could you do that? Would you?" she asked in an awed voice.

"I don't see why not. He can't do anything to me."

His eyes, she noticed with some part of her mind which had disengaged itself from the main problem, were blue; and they were narrow, wrinkled at the outer corners as though he were always screwing them against the glare of the sun.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "He'll be *very* angry, and he's a ruthless man."

"The most ruthless man I know, and I have known a few. But his anger wouldn't hurt *me.* Don't you fret about that. Let's work it out. I'm coming along this path, carrying a bottle of wine, nothing extraordinary about that. What draws my attention? I've walked this path before and never noticed anything. Where is this cage? How did you find it?"

"Behind that fence," she said, looking in that direction and then quickly away again. "I heard her moaning."

"All right. *I* heard her moaning. I gave her the bottle of wine. That is, I might say, and will seem so to Mynheer, quite out of keeping with my character, but then the circumstances are somewhat unusual. Will that do?"

She said slowly, "I don't know what to say. I should be so deeply, so everlastingly gr——"

She began to cry again.

"Ah, don't!" he said. "It's over now. You'll just puff up your face and that will look suspicious. And you've got a lot of cleaning up to do. So that shall be our story, eh?"

"If you're *sure* you don't mind the risk."

"All I risk is that he should burst with fury, and I don't think he will. Tell me," he said in ■ different voice, "what hold has he on you that you should be frightened of him?"

"He's my father-in-law."

"Your *what?*"

"My father-in-law."

"Great God in heaven! You don't tell me you're married to that idiot boy!"

For the first time she felt something shameful about her situation. Her face grew hot and she looked down as she said:

"I didn't know; it was a glove marriage. And of course it is in name only."

He said nothing for a moment.

"Are they kind to you?"

"Oh, yes, very kind. Today, of course, was different. I did disobey him." That was a reminder. "Mynheer, if you do take the blame for what I did, when can you tell him? I think he comes to feed . . . her at sunset every day. If he came before he heard your story he would think of me, and if he spoke of it, or questioned or accused me, I'm afraid I should give myself away."

"He shall know that I am waiting to see him, on most urgent business, the moment he sets foot on the jetty. Make your mind easy. All you have to do is to clean up, and forget all about it. Especially forget that you ever saw me."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. I shall remember you and what you've done for me every day of my life."

"No, just forget it." His voice changed again. "Do you see much of Daan Hootman?"

"Every day, several times."

"He's a good chap. If ever you need a friend, he'd stand by."

"I'll remember that. But I shall be all right. I've learned my lesson. I shall never interfere with anything again."

"That's right," he said. He rose lightly to his feet and reached down a hand to help her to hers. "How do you feel?"

"A little shaky, but all right, thank you."

"Just forget all about it and be careful in future. I hope everything will work out all right for you."

She realized that now she must go one way and he another; that she would never see him again, and must even try to forget that she had ever seen him.

"I haven't thanked you properly—but then I never could. And now we have to say good-by." Tears rushed to her eyes again. She held out her hand and he took it. Suddenly, on impulse, he gave it a little pull, drawing her nearer, and, bending his head, kissed her on the forehead, just where the hair grew in a little peak.

"That's for luck," he said lightly. "You're the sweetest thing I've seen for many a long day."

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on the mouth, for luck, for gratitude, for good-by, with a kind of innocent passion. He stood rigid and unresponsive for a second; then, under hers, his lips moved, once. Instantly he reached up his hands and caught hers.

"You really must go, it's getting late," he said stiffly.

She knew that if she tried to speak again she would cry, her throat ached and her eyes were swimming. She began to walk quickly away; but at the path's end she turned and looked back. He was standing where she had left him, his shabby old jacket slung over his arm. He raised a hand and she waved back, taking a last look at him with her heart in her eyes.

As she hurried along the rose pergola she saw Doctor Hootman on the other side of the garden, but he entered the grove from that side by a less frequented path, and she was able to reach the house unobserved.

Beneath his stolid appearance, Doctor Hootman concealed a lively and sensitive perception and an imagination more than averagely facile. The instant the man he had come to meet was within sight, before a word or glance had been exchanged, he sensed that something had happened and that this meeting was in some way different from their former ones.

Philosophically he reminded himself that those who play with fire must expect sooner or later to burn their fingers; he congratulated himself that his connection with the dangerous element had been more or less a vicarious one.

They met, shook hands; and in the doing of it Doctor Hootman asked, "What's the matter, Charles? You look perturbed."

"Do I?" Charles rubbed his hand over his face as though to right his expression "And well I may," he said, a faint grin coming and going and leaving his look unchanged.

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh, with the job? No. All safe in Madagascar by now, or should be, and the money lodged. I wasn't thinking about that. It's what has been happening *here*, that's what I want to know, my boy."

"Here? Everything here is as usual."

"You're an old oyster. You've got an addition to the family, I understand."

"Oh, that," said Doctor Hootman with an air of relief, dismissing Julia as of no importance. "The jungle drums don't miss much, do they? Yes, in addition to all the other trappings of normality, Pieter has now been provided with a wife."

"I've just seen her."

"Did she see you?"

"We had a long conversation."

"Most unwise," Doctor Hootman said. "Suppose she mentions you."

"She won't. She can keep a secret." Charles flung himself down on the crisp, aromatic leaves that had drifted beside the path. "She's had one of her own which I bet even *you* never ferreted out."

Lowering himself more awkwardly, Doctor Hootman also sat down.

"I must confess it had never occurred to me to look into her activities."



My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me.

DISRAELI



"Well, listen to this." Doctor Hootman did listen, intently while Charles told him, briefly, the story of Julia's visits to Psyche and how the last one had ended.

"Next thing I know I shall have a case of apoplexy on my hands," Doctor Hootman said, speaking as though he relished the prospect. "He'll be so mad with anger, and the conflict between his fury and the paternal attitude he must preserve will be enough to make him burst a blood vessel." He hugged his knees and looked pleased.

"He won't be angry with *her*. Me. I'm the scapegoat. We worked it all out. I was walking along, found the poor wretch and gave her the bottle of wine which I was bringing up as a present for himself. That'll burst all his blood vessels, eh?"

Charles laughed outright, and Doctor Hootman's pleased look warmed for a moment into a smile. They were men of entirely dissimilar character, breeding and experience, with nothing in common except the furtive bit of business they carried on behind Mynheer's back, but that was in itself a strong link.

Doctor Hootman's smile soon vanished. "I don't call that a good move at all. You're not supposed to be here today."

"I've got a story to explain that too. Don't you worry."

"I don't think he'll believe you."

"What else can he believe? I've even checked on the bottle. Lovely bottle of Rhenish it was!" His face hardened. "I shan't give him time for doubts, Daan. I shan't walk in and say, 'So sorry, Mynheer, I had the slight misfortune to finish off your victim.' I shall tell him straight out that he's a filthy swine and that I don't think I can do business with him any more."

"Yes," said Doctor Hootman thoughtfully, "that does lend a ring of conviction. And it will set him thinking. That's the line to take."

"It's not a line. It's how I feel. I shall have a hard job to keep my hands off him."

Doctor Hootman looked with mild interest at the harsh-lined face, now scored with angry disgust.

"I shouldn't have thought that Psyche's plight ——" he began.

"I'm not thinking of Psyche—though that was bad enough. It's the girl. Of all the vile things to do, to fetch out that poor innocent child and marry her off to —— I'm tough-bellied, but when she said 'father-in-law' I did feel bloody sick."

One of Doctor Hootman's eyebrows moved a little. "You needn't concern yourself about *that*, Charles. They live quite separately. And theirs is really rather a touching relationship. She plays with him as though he were about four years old and just a little backward."

As he spoke, something deeply buried, most intricately coiled at the very roots of his mind, moved, cold and sluggish, a snake stirring from its winter sleep.

"She seems to have made quite an impression on you, Charles. Was she equally taken with you?"

"She probably wouldn't recognize me again if she saw me. Poor girl, she was half out of her mind with terror. She'd got an idea that he might put *her* in his cage. What's her name?"

"Julia."

"Julia." He tried it over; he liked it; it suited her. He turned his attention to more immediate matters.

"Get hold of Mynheer, Daan, [redacted] soon as he lands, and tell him [redacted] man—you can say a rough-looking character, if you like—came to see him and you shut him in the library. Then from your lair you can listen to the explosion."

"I'd like to know what excuse you'll give for being here today—unbidden by him."

"Stern business—and it happens to be true. London seems to have tapped another source and the price dropped by two shillings a pound. So he probably will burst, and I'll have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. For once I don't care. There's always the nutmeg. Your gleanings are in the same place, I take it. Good. I think this time we really must make an effort to get some to America. It's amazing, isn't it, how they don't grow. You and I alone have shipped out enough to start a forest, and we're not the only ones. And the demand goes on."

"We should be grateful for that. Now, as regards the patrols."

"I'd clean forgotten."

"You [redacted] not yourself this afternoon. The seventeenth; the twenty-third; the first of next month. But the Lonthoir run, on the fifteenth, is full moon. So have a care then."

"Thank you, Daan," Charles said warmly. "It's due to you we've eluded them so long, I do verily believe. He's a mean swine about that too. He has all the information, but never another word or hint that a poor struggling chap could take advantage of. I'd be interested to know who supplies his information."

"I don't think anybody does," said Doctor Hootman, rising and brushing, with scrupulous care, every bit of clinging leaf from his dark clothes. "A patrol officer, in his cups, one evening dropped a hint about general principles of routine, varied by tide and the moon; and after that, clever fellow, he could work it out for himself. On the first of the lunar month, as regularly as it comes round, he sits down and makes his little chart; at which I look next time I pass. Well, I'll go ahead; wait ten minutes and then follow. I'll be on the lookout. I hope your luck holds."

"Thanks. And Daan ——"

"Yes?"

"Keep an eye on . . . Julia."

"I can promise to do that. I also admire courage. I have my human side, you know."

He walked, unhurried and ponderous, through the grove where the twilight was thickening. As he walked he snapped his fingers coaxingly at the snake which had just moved in his mind. *Come out, little snake, let me inspect you and see whether you are what I wish, what I hope you might be. Are you just a harmless little grass snake, or a deadly viper?*

He could remember every word, every inflection of voice used on the evening of Julia's arrival when Mynheer had said, "Listen ——" and then unfolded his audacious, incredible scheme. Every word had been [redacted] blow to his own plans and hopes. But now, after what had happened this afternoon, it was just possible that Julia might be a weapon snatched from Mynheer's hand and fitted to his own.

Doctor Hootman was neither religiously nor mystically inclined. Ignoring Providence and Destiny, he was therefore forced to bend a superstitious knee in the worship of another controller of human lives, the great goddess Coincidence. Coincidence was responsible for the fact that the ship on which he had sailed as doctor-surgeon and spy for the owners should sink in the Banda straits and that he should be without a job, awaiting a passage, at the very moment when Mynheer Vosmar was searching for new medical attention for Pieter. Again it was Coincidence which had ordained his meeting with Charles Youngman; they had founded a partnership which had been very profitable. So far, so good. Had Coincidence now stretched out her long arm and simply by throwing a man and a girl together offered him the ghost of a chance of defeating Mynheer's scheme and prospering his own?

Pondering these things, Doctor Hootman plodded back to his place of imprisonment, while Charles lay in the dusk on the scented leaves and thought of Julia and how she had kissed him.

He kept coming back to that. He thought of the patrol boats making their futile, regular prowls on the lookout for smugglers. He thought of his fellow outlaws, the disillusioned, dispossessed, risking their lives for ten guilders, living in squalor and daily danger, but gallantly and cheerfully. He thought of Mynheer. He thought of Psyche. And he thought of a long avenue of elms, noisy with rooks, that led to what had been a gracious house, tawny-pink in the English sunshine, now a heap of blackened rubble. But always his thoughts came back to Julia, to the memory of that sweetly innocent and yet passionate kiss and the way it had stirred him.

Ten minutes. So many of his jobs called for perfect timing that he could gauge [redacted] given period to a few seconds without the aid of [redacted] timepiece. He rose, brushed himself down.

He might never see her again. There was no room in his life for sentiment.

(To be Continued)

WHY I LIKE BEING A WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

College and wartime director of the WAVES, says, "Being a woman has given me tremendous opportunities, thanks to men! It was only when men thought 'There ought to be a woman' that I was able to join many organizations which provided stimulating experiences. In my vast and pleasurable association with women, I have met a great many I admire and I am glad to be able to associate with them as a fellow woman can. Of course my *first* reason for being glad I am a woman is that I like being my husband's wife!"

ROSALIND RUSSELL tells us, "Someone once said 'Man goes direct to God—woman goes through saints.' We may often be roundabout in the way we get things done, but we *get* them done, and usually come up smiling! Through our seemingly frivolous pursuits—country auctions, county fairs, afternoon teas and Christmas bazaars—we manage to raise the money to build a new school wing or balance the church budget; and what's more, everybody has fun while we do it. I enjoy our womanly occupations—and I'm glad to be a member of the club."

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS attributes the beauty of her paintings to "the many things in life I have loved and experienced as a woman." She says, "Being able to give birth to two children, having a vital role in their education and development, having a woman's pleasure in creating my different homes, planning the family meals and enjoying pretty clothes are the things I have most enjoyed through the years—and the things that have most influenced my work as an artist."

DOROTHY THOMPSON and ***IVY BAKER PRIEST*** agree that the special satisfactions in life that come to women are bound by, as well as distinguished from, man's place in the world. In their personal lives, both of these wives and mothers are admired for their generous hearts and warmly feminine qualities.

Says Dorothy Thompson: "Men and women share a common humanity and are more alike than they are different. In the very greatest men there is a sensibility usually associated with the feminine, and in the greatest women a power that we associate with the masculine. The highest satisfactions are happily open to persons of both sexes, provided they have the instinct, will and a yearning greater than mere 'ambition' to seek and find them. These are the satisfactions of mind and soul that reward the search for truth and understanding and concentrated engagement in creative work. The realization of an *ambition* is usually tied to public recognition and applause. Satisfaction in achieving understanding is in the achievement itself. But I cannot draw a line here, between the sexes."

Mrs. Priest adds, "Liking to be alive is what is important. I feel we should all be happy we are on this earth and enjoy to the fullest the compensations and rewards of a good life."

ISAK DINESEN's philosophy gives us all something pleasant to think about now—and for the future. This author says, "As a little girl I often wished to be a boy, and I think that most little girls will have wished the same, but from the age of about fifteen I have, I believe, enjoyed being a female as thoroughly as any of my sex. At my present time of life I feel the preference even more strongly. I am convinced it is easier and more pleasant to be an old woman than to be an old man. Why? I feel that woman is *freer* than man. Not freer in regard to the laws of the community, but freer in regard to the laws of life. I believe that the idea of *law* itself, deeply rooted in the nature of man, with woman is replaced by the idea of *way*. I have often in the company of my male friends felt in my bones that their being was hampered by a great many laws or rules which, with me and my whole sex, had been happily and inexplicably converted into *ways* and had thereby become more alive and easier to deal with. I feel that men very often, for this very reason, seek the company of women—as of somebody who is capable of liberating them from the annoying constraint of laws." END

THE THINGS WE NEVER HAD, REMAIN

By DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

Many times, oh many times since the day of my cruelty
When I sent you away,
I have wished that I might see you before I die
To enchant you again with the luster of my eye,
Which was only the gleam of your own fire lit in me.

But too many years have crawled past;
I have missed that meeting
Too many times. Though, yes,
My eye might brighten, what is around it is old.
You are the only person for whom gold
Still means my hair, the only one for whom my face
Is still a magic pool in a moonlit place
Hiding the secret which was never told.

GIRLS:

If you think that even your husband (bless the boy) could make corn bread this easy new way, send us his name!

He may win a trip for two to the Rose Bowl Game ...and even an Edsel car!

Mix perfect Corn Bread in seconds—no bowl or pan to wash! Mixing bag and baking pan in every box. Add only egg and milk and squeeze the bag to blend.



Pour Corn Bread batter right from bag into special pan. Pan needs no greasing and never sticks. This mix is mess-free! No cleaning up, no dishwashing.



You'll bake perfect Corn Bread—the moist, non-crumbly kind. Smooth golden crust, top *and* bottom! Get amazing new Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix today!

There are eleven Rose Bowl Tours for two! Nothing to buy—nothing to write except your husband's name and address! And how surprised he'll be to win a trip for two to the Rose Bowl! You'll see the Tournament of Roses Parade . . . the famous Rose Bowl Game . . . visit fabulous Disneyland . . . Hollywood Movie Lots . . . Santa Anita . . . spend New Year's Eve at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. And *more good news*—Rose Bowl Trip winners qualify for the Men's Corn Bread Derby that can win your husband the grand prize—*Ford's great new Edsel car!*

What fun it will be watching your husband and the other winners compete in this baking derby. Each will be given a package of Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix, a half cup of milk, an egg, and a handicap. Then the race is on to see which husband can mix perfect Corn Bread the fastest . . . and win the Edsel. Enter your husband's name today.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—mail your husband's name and address to: "Corn Bread Sweepstakes, Box 5339, Chicago 77, Illinois," on [redacted] before November 11, 1957. ***You [redacted] a post-card.***

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Names will be drawn and the first eleven will be notified by November 29. Each will be entitled to receive roundtrip transportation for two between his home town and Los Angeles plus hotel accommodations and meals for a week (Dec. 28 thru Jan. 3), in Southern California. All arrangements made by American Express Company Travel Service. If any of the eleven fails to accept the trip by December 6 he is disqualified and another name will be drawn.

2. Eleven final winners will qualify for the Men's Corn Bread Derby in Los Angeles on January 2, 1958. Contestants will compete in a handicap race to make corn bread with Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix. The one producing perfect results—perfect in the opinion of the judges—in the shortest time—will win an Edsel car. The decision of the Derby Judges will be final.

3. This contest void in Connecticut, Nebraska, New Jersey and Wisconsin, or in any state or locality where prohibited, taxed, or restricted by law. Otherwise, any husband in the United States or his wife, may enter his name, except employees of the Quaker Oats Company, its advertising agencies or their families.



Mixing Bag and Baking Pan in every box!

Aunt Jemima CORN BREAD EASY-MIX



DI PIETRO

"We usually cling to the old custom of men and women guests' separating after dinner for coffee," says slim, blue-eyed Mrs. Pusey.

"When I entertain"

Mrs. Nathan Pusey tells her philosophy of entertaining to Nancy Crawford Wood.

"For parties, I like to depend on dishes that I've used before, and that I know are going to be good, rather than trying at the last minute to be more imaginative but less successful," says Mrs. Nathan Pusey, wife of the president of Harvard. "This is the most basic point about our entertaining."

The Puseys live in a beautiful ivy-covered brick house built over forty years ago by President Lowell of Harvard; its sunny, high-ceilinged rooms, decorated by Mrs. Pusey in blues and yellows—her favorite colors—are perfect for all kinds of entertaining, from a large tea for fifty or sixty people to a small luncheon or dinner for six or eight. A recent party in honor of Field Marshal Montgomery, for instance, began with a delicious scallop chowder, subtly flavored with bacon crumbles; then came a hearty mixed grill—small steaks with grilled tomatoes, sausages and mushroom caps—and string beans in a wonderful sour-cream sauce. Dessert was a big apricot tart.

"We give several men's dinners a month," says Mrs. Pusey—"*all* men, that is—and I guess I am getting to be something of a specialist in foods men like. When everything is ready—the flowers arranged, and the food well under way—the children and I go across the street to the Faculty Club for dinner and watch through the window as people ring our doorbell and go in!"

A dinner menu which has proved to be a great favorite with men might start with small cups of fresh grapefruit sections, lightly sugared, and flavored with fresh lime juice; then



STUART

Menu for a big buffet party at the Puseys': creamy curried eggs and mushrooms; a highly seasoned lamb dish, served with hot buttered rice; Mrs. Pusey's favorite salad—chilled endive, lettuce and water cress, with a simple French dressing.

Lobster thermidor is often served at small, seated dinners at the Puseys' with asparagus or Lima beans. "My favorite first course goes well with the lobster meal," says Mrs. Pusey. "It's cold fresh grapefruit sections, spiked with fresh lime juice and a sprinkling of sugar."



[redacted] delicious lobster thermidor, served with buttered asparagus or Lima beans. Dessert might be either a chocolate roll (a fluffy cake and whipped-cream mixture); or a feather-light chocolate mousse; or meringues filled with pistachio ice cream, served with chocolate sauce.

"For a big buffet party," says Mrs. Pusey, "I like to serve two hot main dishes; one of our favorites is curried eggs and mushrooms. With this, a spicy lamb casserole and hot buttered rice. My favorite salad of all is endive and water cress with [redacted] plain French dressing—oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. For dessert, lemon sherbet with fresh fruit—whatever is in season."

Hors d'oeuvres at the Puseys' are usually simple but delicious. "We like a mixture of red caviar and sour cream on dark pumpernickel bread," says Mrs. Pusey. "Chopped cooked shrimp, mixed with mayonnaise, onion and seasonings, and spread on toast, is another favorite. We *love* olives, green and ripe, and often serve a mixture of chopped eggs, olives, cream cheese and mayonnaise, seasoned with Worcestershire sauce."

Here are recipes from three of Mrs. Pusey's favorite party menus:

SCALLOP CHOWDER

Cook 1 pint scallops in small amount of water. Put through food chopper. Make a cream sauce by blending 3 tablespoons flour with 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add 3 cups light cream, scallops and water in which the scallops were cooked, plus 1 tablespoon minced onion sautéed in a little butter. Season lightly with salt and pepper; and if you like, add 3 or 4 tablespoons sherry. Garnish on top with crumbled crisp bacon. Makes 6 servings.

GREEN BEANS IN SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Cook 1½ pounds fresh green beans, cut in French style, in salted water until tender; or use 6 cups cooked frozen or canned green beans. Drain, reserving the liquid. Cover the beans and keep warm while you quickly prepare your sauce. In a small pan, sauté 1 large onion, finely chopped, and 3 tablespoons chopped parsley in 3 tablespoons butter. Stir in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add ¾ cup liquid from beans and cook until thick. Add ¾ cup sour cream, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅜ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 1½ teaspoons vinegar. Pour over beans. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

APRICOT TART

Mix 2½ cups cooked dried apricots with 1 cup of their juice (you will need about 2 cups dried apricots to start with), 1½ cups granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter and 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca. Boil 5 minutes. Line an 8" piepan with pastry, pour in hot filling, cover with crust, and bake in [redacted] hot oven, 425°F., for 30–40 minutes. Makes 6 pieces.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

Split two 1½-pound boiled lobsters lengthwise. Remove lobster meat and cut into good bite-sized pieces. Clean the shells and wash well. Simmer 2 cups cooked lobster meat and ½ cup sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter. Add ¼ teaspoon paprika and 5 tablespoons chicken stock plus 3 tablespoons lemon juice or, if you prefer, ½ cup sherry. Cook 2 minutes. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour. Mix lightly. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 cups light cream, and stir into the lobster mixture. Cook gently until smooth and thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Put mixture into the half shells, packing well. Sprinkle with grated Cheddar cheese. Brown under broiler. Makes 4 servings.

CHOCOLATE ROLL

Beat 4 eggs well. Gradually add ¾ cup sugar. Beat until thick and light. Then fold in ½ cup flour and ½ teaspoon baking powder. Fold in 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cold water, ¼ teaspoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Butter a deep cooky sheet, about 16" x 10". Then line with buttered wax paper. Spread mixture evenly in pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25–30 minutes. Remove from pan. Dust with confectioners' sugar and turn out on towel sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Roll up immediately in towel and leave until cool. Unroll and spread with whipped cream to which [redacted] level tablespoon sugar and [redacted] few drops of almond flavoring have been added. Roll immediately, before cake dries and edges break. Makes 6–8 servings.

HAVE BABY, WILL TRAVEL

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Have diapers (disposable),
Feeding chair (hoseable),
Thermometer,
Bottle brush,
Milk;
Have plasticized sheeting,
Have gadget for heating,
And panties of waterproof silk.

Have vitamins, zwieback,
A harness to tie back
My son in inadequate crib;
Have aspirin, sleepers,
Applesauce, creepers,
Can opener,
Orange juice,
Bib.

Have blanket, have Teddy,
Have boiled water ready,
Have tissue,
Have talcum,
Have Spock. . . .
My thoughts I'll unravel:
Have baby, will travel ——
But never again past our block!

CHOCOLATE [redacted]

Scald 1 cup milk with 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin. When chocolate and gelatin are dissolved, beat until smooth and well blended. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Strain into refrigerator tray or bowl. Chill until mixture thickens, beat until light, then fold in 2 cups heavy cream which has been beaten until stiff, and to which ½ cup sugar has been added. Freeze in refrigerator tray. Makes 1 quart.

CURRIED EGGS [redacted] MUSHROOMS WITH CHEESE

Peel and cut 15 hard-cooked eggs into quarters. Sauté 1½ pounds sliced mushrooms in 2–3 tablespoons butter. Prepare 6 cups light cream sauce. Season with ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 4½ teaspoons curry powder, 6 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 6 tablespoons chili sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Bring the sauce to [redacted] boil and add the mushrooms, eggs and 6 tablespoons sliced canned water chestnuts. Pour mixture into baking dish and top with bread crumbs. Dot with butter and place under broiler until the crumbs brown. Makes 12 servings.

SPICY BARBECUED LAMB

Sauté 1 cup sliced onions and 2 cups finely diced celery in 6 tablespoons butter. Add 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 6 tablespoons brown sugar, 5 teaspoons salt and 2 teaspoons chili powder. Stir in 4 cups tomato juice, 1 small can tomato paste, 1½ cups water and ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon vinegar. Simmer for about 20 minutes. Add 6 cups lean lamb cut into good-sized chunks, and 18 peeled pearl onions. Simmer for 40 minutes or until the sauce has thickened and the lamb is tender. Makes 12 servings.

END

Green Beans Amandine is an easy triumph with Del Monte, the best of the Blue Lake beans

Did you ever think you'd see the day that company-best green beans would be this easy?

Well, that day is here—just try DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans and see. Because these green beans are so tender they're a delight—yet crisply firm, never limp or slippery. Their garden flavor is so delicately rich, too—you'll guess that they are a very special sort of bean, perfectly cooked.

And you'll be right. For DEL MONTE Green Beans are as wonderfully different from old-time kinds as day from night. That's why DEL MONTE Green Beans live up to your very best recipes. Have some!

GREEN BEANS AMANDINE with PORK CHOP ROAST

- [redacted] pork chops, each [redacted] bone
- [redacted] cups [redacted] dry [redacted] stuffing mix
- 2 [redacted] slightly beaten
- ½ cup thinly sliced almonds
- ¼ cup melted butter [redacted] margarine
- 2 cans (1 lb. size) DEL [redacted] Brand Blue Lake French Style Green [redacted]

Salt and pepper chops. Combine stuffing mix with eggs. Divide into equal portions between chops and fasten together with string or skewers. Stand "roast" on flat bony side of chops in shallow pan. Roast in moderate oven (350°) 2 to 2½ hours or till done. At serving time, sauté almond slices in melted butter for 5 min. Pour over hot, drained Del Monte Green Beans. Spiced crabapples make a nice garnish, [redacted] desired. Serves 6.

Del Monte Green Beans

Whole—Cut—French Style



CHOSEN TO BE QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

As one of the world's most eligible girls, her name already has been linked romantically with that of the young Prince Harald of Norway and England's party-loving Duke of Kent. Undoubtedly there will be others, for Margrethe—vividly blond in contrast to her mother's pale gold—gives promise of real beauty; she is only now emerging from youthful coltishness into slim grace. Last year she wore her hair almost like a boy's, because it was easier to manage that way. This year she has let it grow. She admits now (since suddenly she cares) that soft curls are more feminine, and much prettier with hats. Tall (5'10") and supple from skiing, swimming and horseback riding, she selects her clothes with new care to minimize height and emphasize [redacted] small waist and slender legs.

Margrethe's growing interest in her appearance is natural; she is immensely interested in and curious about practically everything—but especially about all of nature. She has [redacted] special rapport with animals. Horses respond to her lightest touch; sea gulls, as abundant in her sea-girt country as pigeons in inland cities, fly to her feet. When she [redacted] nine she smuggled a chicken into her room, kept it and fed it for a week before it was discovered. On her thirteenth Christmas she told her parents, "Most of all I would like a membership card for the Society of Ornithology." It was under the tree on Christmas Eve. She has been an active watching and reporting member ever since.

Though Margrethe always liked school, she could never become immersed in purely scholastic work—an attitude her father, once one of Europe's noted playboys, does not condone but understands quite well. Early in her years at Zahle's he asked her how school was going. "Oh, wonderful!" she told him. Encouraged at this sign of scholarship, Frederik probed further. Was it mathematics she liked best? Geography? None of these. Margrethe, whose contacts with other people had been pleasant but hardly intimate, explained enthusiastically, "The best thing of all is milling around and pushing and shoving in the corridors."

But if scholarship for its own sake fails to set her afire, knowledge applied to life excites her. When her grandfather, Sweden's King Gustav VI, told her about his interest in archaeology and in the mysterious civilization of the ancient Etruscans, Margrethe went home and devoured hitherto uninteresting books on history and geology. Then she went back to the old king. "I've thought about it," she told him, "and I'd like to go with you." She joined him for [redacted] week at his villa at San Giovannale di Berra near Rome, and every day the two of them went out in sneakers and pants and short-sleeved shirts and grubbed in the earth around the Roman Cassia Way—eventually uncovering an Etruscan tomb filled with burial equipment, terra-cotta vases, and cooking utensils.

When the proposal was first made to change the rules of succession, King Frederik and Ingrid worried about their daughter's reaction to the idea of being queen. Margrethe was [redacted] normally happy girl—but of the three daughters she tended most to be serious and introspective, and had been quite shy as a child, partly because of an early eye ailment later corrected by surgery. Her responses were more often emotional than reasonable or practical. A dead bird in the garden might prompt her sisters to brief dismay—and enthusiastic plans for its funeral; Margrethe, in tears, would hold the stiff little body in her hand, and wonder about its soul.

The girls had grown up with a minimum of "royal" atmosphere about them; Margrethe had been in school several years before any of them knew they *were* princesses. Even then the discovery made little difference in their lives.

Margrethe first read about the proposed constitutional change in [redacted] newspaper. She asked about it—but her father answered vaguely. A few months later she and her mother and sisters were visiting a British playground, and while the younger girls rode the merry-go-round the queen had a quiet talk with her eldest daughter. She explained to Margrethe that she might someday be queen, told her of the responsibilities of sovereignty, and of its deep satisfactions.

Apparently she explained it well. Through accepting new responsibilities Margrethe has grown in poise and assurance; she truly seems to enjoy her new role. In May she filled her first important official royal function when she joined her parents in greeting Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip as they stepped ashore in Copenhagen harbor from the royal yacht Britannia. She rode with her mother and Philip in an open car behind her father and Elizabeth, and later in the colorful cortege of royal state coaches to the state reception and banquet. At the ballet, Margrethe sat in the "cavaliers' box" adjoining the royal box while the crowd cheered her mother and father and Elizabeth and Philip. Then they shouted, "Margrethe! Margrethe!" until her father brought her into the royal box to stand beside them, proudly acknowledging her own cheers.

Most of the time, though, Margrethe's life is calmer. She is studying Latin, history, geography, mathematics, natural science, and the mythology that so pervades Danish literature and art. Since the royal family, like most of Denmark, is Lutheran, she is also taught the basic principles of the Christian religion. Margrethe is quick at languages, reading and speaking fluently five besides her own—Swedish, Norwegian, English, French and German. She rides horseback several times a week, and receives swimming instruction at the State Institute for Gymnastics, where many of Denmark's leading athletes train.

Next year she will get her certificate corresponding to the American high-school diploma. Then she may take work at Copen-

hagen University—both her father and grandfather took university degrees—or stay home to be tutored further in international law, constitutional law and national economy.

In liking to do things herself—as well as get off occasionally *by* herself—Margrethe is like her mother, a pale slender blonde who *looks* helpless and fragile. It is the queen to whom Margrethe probably confides her most personal worries and hopes, whose counsel she follows in such matters as cosmetics, clothes and manners, and who guides her basic thinking in the gradual growth from girl to woman.

The women of the House of Glücksburg occasionally go off together, leaving Frederik to fend for himself. For the past several winters they have gone to Norway for a week or two of skiing, at which the queen excels. While still a Swedish princess, Ingrid learned to cook and won an award for her skill; she has taught this art to her daughters. She also knits and sews, and during the occupation made many of her daughters' clothes. She is thrifty: not long ago she overestimated the amount of yarn she needed for a sweater—and returned the extra to the Copenhagen department store for credit!

Actually, both the king and queen are independently wealthy through inheritance and investments, of which a large amount is in housing and real estate in Copenhagen. But they prefer to leave most of this untouched and live on the king's income.

Much of the queen's time is spent at meetings of various women's organizations, visiting, speaking or advising on projects, and in

> **The spontaneous wish [redacted] learn, which every normal child possesses, [redacted] shown in his efforts to walk and talk, should be the driving force in education. The substitution of [redacted] force for the rod is one of the great advances of [redacted] time.**
>
> EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE
> Bertrand Russell
> Copyright [redacted] 1953 Bertrand Russell
> Published by Liveright Publishing Corp., New York

philanthropic work. She especially enjoys working among children. Every Christmas she travels to North Slesvig—an area returned to Denmark by Germany after World War I—with clothing and gifts collected from the rest of the country, and the king joins her there for [redacted] few days before the holidays. Last year Margrethe went, too, to help sort gifts and fit the coats and dresses on the children.

At first glance, the queen's physical likeness to former ambassador Clare Boothe Luce is striking—the clear, cameo complexion, the pale hair springing softly from a center part around perfectly even features. Ingrid has excellent taste in clothes, and a special flair for dressing for royal appearances: to avoid looking like a mushroom beside her 6′ 4″ husband and her statuesque daughter, she chooses slim coats and skirts for daytime; only in the evening, with the added height of a tiara, can she afford the great sweeping skirts she loves, in creamy brocaded satins.

Ingrid, gentle and exquisitely mannered, has had a gentling effect on her husband. In his youth Frederik was regarded throughout Europe as [redacted] gay blade—perhaps rather too gay. Copenhagen was known then as now as the "Paris of the North," and Frederik took full advantage of its twenty-four-hour night life. He enlisted in the navy in 1917, attended the Danish naval academy, went on to serve as commander of fishery-protection vessels, torpedo boats and warships.

He took little interest in royal responsibilities; on shore leave he liked to have fun and [redacted] people, especially attractive young women. His subjects and his father, Christian X, despaired of his ever settling down. His one quiet interest was music—and it was music which led him to marriage. For in 1934 when his friend Georg Hoeberg, late conductor of the Copenhagen Royal Opera, went to fill a guest spot in Stockholm, Frederik went too—and stayed to be charmed by Princess Ingrid. Their engagement was announced a month later. Next year Frederik left the navy, and—except for a brief return during World War II—has since devoted his energy to being prince and, since 1947, king.

Frederik still loves music. He keeps grand pianos in all the royal residences and on the royal yacht; and should a guest be so careless as to leave [redacted] damp glass on one of these, Frederik is likely to rush over, remove the glass, and if necessary dry off the surface. He plays competently, composes, and has frequently conducted such noted orchestras as the Royal Guards, the National Symphony and the National Radio Symphony Orchestra.

At least once [redacted] week Frederik and Ingrid see a play, opera or ballet at Copenhagen's Royal Theater or at some other theater. Often Margrethe and her sisters go too. Actually the family seems to prefer the smaller houses where they can slip in unobserved; at the cream-and-gold Royal, with its royal box, no one can miss their arrival—at which signal the entire audience stands to cheer, gives cries of "Long live the king," and nine rousing shouts of "Hurrah!" Often the Danish national anthem is played and sung for good measure, before the audience, with much bowing and smiling and waving of hands, settles down again and the play can go on. It is understandable that a nonroyal theater might occasionally seem [redacted] royal relief.

Copenhageners commonly say that their king is a man one likes without even *knowing*. However, every Copenhagener *can* know his king: according to a time-honored tradition that a Danish citizen shall always have free access to the monarch, Frederik makes no appointments on the first and third Mondays of every month—and often visitors are lined up outside the palace from all over the kingdom. Some of these merely want to thank the king personally for [redacted] job appointment or decoration. Others want to invite him to local

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

"New! Beefaroni — with a real Italian air!"



MODERN ITALY still loves fine food—in a restaurant or on a picnic. And you'll love Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Beefaroni—a meal-in-one that's ready in minutes!

You'll enjoy discovering this latest, tempting Italian-style treat—Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® Beefaroni! It's new—and quick—as the latest sports car.

What is Beefaroni? It's tender Italian macaroni with tasty beef . . . simmered in a rich tomato sauce . . . seasoned with true Italian spices and topped with tangy Italian-style cheese.

Beefaroni was created by a master Italian chef—Chef Boy-Ar-Dee—to provide you with an Italian taste sensation the modern way. It's ready for you in minutes . . . just heat and serve and enjoy!

What's more, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beefaroni is a real meal-in-one. It's so appetizing . . . so hearty and satisfying that you can serve it any time, on any occasion. Make it for lunch, make it for dinner . . . serve it at parties or to top off an evening with friends. Your family and guests will applaud your ingenuity—and Beefaroni's flavor! You'll applaud its price, too—*just about 13¢ a serving!*



real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Beefaroni

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

festivities and jubilees. He is asked for advice on local community problems; he listens patiently to someone's new suggestion on solving the world crisis. Occasionally a visitor badly needs money, and if he seems deserving Frederik probably helps him out of his own pocket. As often as possible, Margrethe slips over from Amalienborg to sit in on these visits—they constitute [redacted] fascinating lesson in the tact and diplomacy required of a sovereign.

The king is all action, decision; his face reflects his every reaction; his unusually warm smile seems intimate even when directed toward [redacted] crowd of 40,000. Utterly unself-conscious, he is particularly appealing when he shows affection for his family in public—scooping up a daughter to kiss her, gently guiding Ingrid through a crowded room, smiling at something she tells him.

If Ingrid has softened him, he has helped her relax and enjoy royal living. She smiles more readily and no longer worries over a last-minute lapse in protocol. And [redacted] good thing, too—because Frederik cannot always contain his restless energy, his impatience at events that move too slowly. When he and Ingrid inspect a public institution, he likes to look it over and get on with other business. At a sanitarium recently Frederik made a quick round of the wards and then went out to talk with hospital officials and committee members. Ingrid lingered with patients in the wards. The king waited. And he waited. *And* he waited. Finally, in full-dress admiral's uniform, he flung himself down [redacted] the grass and demanded, "Where *is* she?"

It was the king who nicknamed Margrethe "Daisy" when she was [redacted] baby. Now, as she learns how to be queen, it is he who will be her chief mentor. For some, the idea of quick, impatient Frederik as *teacher* might seem appalling; for Margrethe, he should prove ideal. The two enjoy each other's company immensely, whether jesting lightly or discussing a serious topic, plotting the course of the royal yacht or trying to hold onto a squealing piglet at the Bellahoej National Fair. They react identically, and their expressive faces change constantly; watching them on the [redacted] platform is like watching two people with the same central nervous system—both solemn one moment, then without a glance both breaking into smiles that warm and illuminate those about them. Frederik's advisers think he will find teaching Margrethe his job the most fun he's had as king.

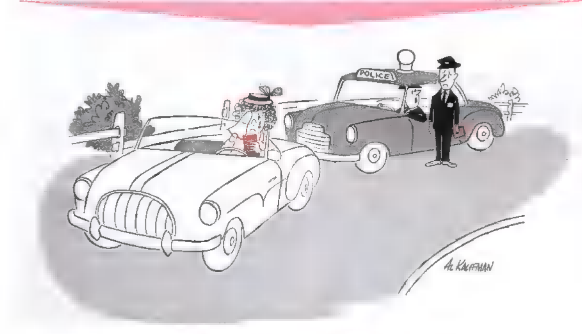
One trait Frederik shares with *no* member of his family is early rising. He is up, full of energy, as soon as it is rightfully day and long before the family breakfasts at eight; Margrethe and her mother would skip breakfast with pleasure for a little extra sleep. Last spring, during preparations for the visit of England's royal couple, Frederik decided they should run through the harbor welcoming ceremony just once more, so he got everyone out to the docks early Sunday morning. The Royal Guards flawlessly (if sleepily) executed God Save the King, but the king found fault with the line-up of dignitaries. They switched about, and all went through their paces again while the king strode about briskly taking snapshots—and Ingrid and Margrethe stifled yawns.

Amalienborg Castle—where Margrethe studies from breakfast until shortly before five, when Benedikte and Anne-Marie return from school and the family gathers for tea in the Knights' Hall—is the center of the royal family's activities. It is the palace they think of as home, although during the year they may live in a number of other places. The Copenhagen palace, [redacted] huge baroque building considered one of Europe's finest examples of rococo architecture, contrasts sharply with the pretty pastel houses of Denmark, and its more typical castles—usually unreal as fairy tales or as mysterious and gloomy as Hamlet's Elsinore. Through the years, Ingrid has brightened up the interior of Amalienborg with clean modern touches; but the outside remains unchanged—heavily ornate, grandly formal.

From her window at Amalienborg, Margrethe can see the ocean and the ships moving into and out of the harbor; can almost see the touching statue of Hans Christian Andersen's Little Mermaid gazing wistfully out to sea from [redacted] rock near shore. The Little Mermaid was her favorite childhood story, and a sketch she drew to illustrate the tale once won her [redacted] prize in [redacted] school competition.

Margrethe began her education at Amalienborg when she was five, in a kindergarten her mother formed at the palace, with twelve other boys and girls attending. At seven she entered Zahle's, the school her sisters attend now—they are treated with informality but always addressed formally as *Princess* Benedikte and *Princess* Anne-Marie. After eight years at Zahle's Margrethe spent a year in an English boarding school, North Foreland Lodge, near Basingstoke. The king and queen wanted her to meet middle-to-upper-class girls her own age, and live a community life away from her family for a while; they made it crystal-clear to school authorities that they wanted no royal welcome or royal treatment for their daughter. For the first time last fall Margrethe's education was entirely in the hands of private tutors (in contrast to the British queen and her sister, who were taught exclusively by tutors); but her curriculum is still planned and supervised by her old mentor at Zahle's, Miss August Margrethe Friis.

All the little blond princesses have taken dancing lessons at Miss Inge Dam's Dancing Institute in [redacted] suburb of Copenhagen. Every year Margrethe gives [redacted] dinner dance for three or four dozen young people, including old friends from Zahle's and sons and daughters of her parents' friends from all over the country. For dinner, which lasts about two hours, Margrethe plans several courses—perhaps orange salad and roast pork, veal in cream sauce served with dry red wine, and an ice. Afterward there is dancing in the Knights' Hall, and except for the grandeur of the gray-and-gold mirror-paneled room, the party might be for teen-agers anywhere. The boys, whose average height is just beginning to top the girls', wear dinner jackets; the girls, in swirling off-shoulder ball gowns colored like flowers and stiffened by layers of fluffy petti-



"You'll just have [redacted] get used to making [redacted] cry."

coats, are reflected dazzlingly in mirrors on all four sides of the room. While the young people dance and sip a light punch, the king and queen entertain friends in an adjoining salon.

Margrethe has been attending dances for about four years. One of the earliest and most exciting (at a boys' school, Herlufsholm) was also memorable for its lesson in royal humility. Margrethe and her mother had planned her dress for weeks—it was perfect. Her hair curled beautifully. Her date was the eighteen-year-old Count Ulrik Ahlefeldt-Laurvig. Margrethe felt so poised, so pleased with her appearance that she was neither surprised nor impressed when the handsomest boy in the room asked her to dance—and she accepted, although they had not been introduced. As they danced, she attributed his nervousness to awe, and kindly tried to help him relax. She succeeded—too well. Within minutes he had confessed his real reason in asking her to dance—to win a week's allowance from his roommate!

That incident happened long ago. Now Margrethe is concerned with more serious matters. For next April she begins her official apprenticeship. She will act as regent in her father's absence, a duty now assigned to her uncle, Prince Knud.

When she becomes crown princess, Margrethe will be assigned her own income, or appanage, and her own lady in waiting, who will act as her secretary and go shopping with her to pay for all her purchases and arrange for their delivery—since such details are not supposed to concern royalty. The amount of her appanage, however, will not be determined until next spring.

After Margrethe is queen, her signature will be required to put into effect any council decisions or measures passed by parliament, with ministers countersigning. She will have the power to break a parliamentary tie, and to call up troops without waiting for parliamentary approval in case of aggression against the homeland—although any extension beyond the initial call would have to be authorized by parliament. As sovereign she will be Grand Master of the Royal Orders of the Elephant and the Dannebrog, which means "flag of the Danes" and is also the name of the royal yacht. (President Eisenhower, awarded the Order of the Elephant after the Allied victory in World War II, is one of the few nonroyal persons ever so honored.)

Margrethe's appanage as queen will be determined by parliament, as it is each time a new ruler is crowned, according to the country's cost-of-living index. Frederik receives 2,500,000 kroner a year (about $325,000), which seems a sizable amount, but from which must be subtracted incomes for other members of the royal house, salaries of lesser court officials, and salaries of the staffs in their various residences. Members of the royal family also make large philanthropic contributions, and are expected to live in a manner suitable to their station, both at home and abroad.

Eventually Margrethe will move into her own palace across the square from Amalienborg—which actually is not one but four castles built about the square. One of the others is the ruling monarch's guesthouse, where England's Elizabeth and Philip stayed last spring; the other is now at the disposal of Prince Knud.

Of all their castles, Fredensborg looks most the way a royal castle in Denmark *should* look—classic, shining white, with brilliant dark blue tile roofs. Its 422 rooms are said to have 20,000 windowpanes, one of which bears the signature "Winston Churchill"—scratched by the Prime Minister with his diamond ring during a visit in 1950. Fredensborg is surrounded by spacious lawns and tall elms and beeches that turn gold during the royal family's autumn visits. Here Frederik's great-grandfather Christian IX—known as the father-in-law of Europe because he supplied so many daughters for her scattered thrones—entertained the Czar of Russia and the Empress Dagmar, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, and other royal relatives of European courts.

The palace at Marselisborg on Aarhus Bay was the favorite summer residence of Frederik's parents. Frederik and Ingrid, however, prefer the cooler, prettier one at Graasten, in southern Jutland. With its bell tower and light plaster finish outside, it looks like an old New England church; and inside, Ingrid's skillful redecoration has resulted in a light, uncluttered atmosphere.

But the favorite home-away-from-home is Trend, the gift of 80,000 Danish citizens to Ingrid and Frederik shortly after their marriage. Trend is a one-story brown wooden house on a small lake fringed with rushes and surrounded by 1200 acres of pine forest and moor, well stocked with game. Here they spend Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide; here they can be utterly alone. The household staff is one maid—on her day off, the boy delivering groceries to the back door is likely to be told, "Come right in!" by a queen elbow deep in soapsuds and three princesses standing by with dish towels.

Their other lodges are Eremitagen, at the famous deer park at Klampenborg seven miles north of Copenhagen, where the king often holds large state luncheons; and another on the Fredensborg estate.

Yachting on the Dannebrog—a superb 244-foot, 1200-ton vessel with a dining room that can seat 40 guests—the king and queen and their daughters have become personally acquainted with as many of their subjects as any royal family in history. They spend about six weeks a year on the Dannebrog, liking best to cruise at random, anchor, and turn up unexpectedly in a community to meet the people. In the past seven years they have been in almost every fiord and on every island in the Danish archipelago, and the princesses have met children in every part of the country, in places where residents have never before seen royalty and are so isolated that they still wear the old provincial folk costumes—long gathered skirts in hand-woven designs, hats decorated with colorful ribbons.

It was during Elizabeth and Philip's visit that talk started of a possible match between Margrethe and the Duke of Kent, whose reputation for wild driving, unconventional companions and abandoned party behavior—pitching friends in full evening dress off a yacht into the Thames, sprinkling passers-by with pink champagne from a Mayfair rooftop—caused Philip to take him aside for a lecture on royal behavior. The duke's antics might conceivably find a core of sympathetic understanding in King Frederik—but it is doubtful that such pranks would appeal to Queen Ingrid. As for the Danes in general, most chose not to believe the rumors. "It can't be true," people said. "She's so young." And so far there is no strong evidence that it *is* true. Sources "close to the palace" are said to describe the reports as "premature."

When Margrethe becomes Queen of Denmark, of the Wends and the Goths, Duchess of Slesvig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditmarken, Lauenborn and Oldenborg—the fiftieth ruler in 1000 years' unbroken rule of Gorm the Old's descendants, and sovereign of the oldest continuous kingdom in the world—she will be the Danes' second queen—and their second Queen Margrethe.

The first Margrethe was daughter of King Valdemar Atterdag. She was not born to be ruling queen either—but she had inherited the fierce drive and courage of such vivid nobles as Sven Forkbeard and Harald Bluetooth, who Christianized the Danes in ways that were not always Christian and who used the church to strengthen the authority of the monarchy.

In 1363, when Margrethe I was ten, she was given in marriage to Prince Haakon Magnussoen, who became ruler of Norway. Haakon was unremarkable as king, but Margrethe was a strong woman undeterred by the inferior position women held in those days; together they reigned successfully over the Norwegians. When Margrethe's father died, she had her son Oluf put on the throne of Denmark—and dominated him as she dominated her husband. Then Haakon died. Too clever to seek the crown for herself, Margrethe bided her time while Oluf added his father's Norwegian throne to his own Danish one, and contented herself with behind-the-scene manipulation of both kingdoms. She made her influence felt so profitably by the nobles through her shrewd reorganization of crown lands and revenues that when Oluf died suddenly she had little trouble establishing herself as rightful queen.

Then she turned her eyes to Sweden. For years Sweden had been wearing herself out in her efforts to resist the political, military and economic offenses of the Germans. Margrethe sympathized, offered to help, and began helping before her offer was even accepted. The grateful Swedes felt that they should repay her in some way. Margrethe thought of the way. In 1397 nobles of Denmark, Norway and Sweden signed the Kalmar Union uniting the three countries under one crown—hers.

She went on to gain control of Jutland, and was encroaching on other castles when she died in 1412. No other ruler was able to match her reckless courage or inspire her loyalties; after a few hundred years of less dynamic leadership, the countries fell apart again. The medieval Chronicle of Lubeck records: "When men saw the wisdom and strength that were in this royal lady—wonder and fear filled their hearts."

The modern Margrethe knows this story, as does every Danish school child. She thinks it fascinating—but more like the legends and mythology of her country than a true story of a real woman. For, despite the fact that she herself has caused an age-old tradition to be abandoned, the second Margrethe is still hardly more than a child, with a sense of unreality about her future. The crown is a long, long distance away. She sees little similarity between herself and her fiery progenitor. END

CALLING HEAVEN, LINE 2, RING 4

By ANN GIBBONS

Gran'ma used to say,
"You'll rue the day. . . .
Why won't you learn to sew?
And speak when spoken to
But not talk back; instead of reading books
Why can't you learn to cook?"

"You'll be sorry, miss,"
She said. "You'll wish
That you'd been kinder to the Jones boy.
That one's a comer, and bound to get ahead.
It's just as easy to love a man with money,"
Speaking as one who hadn't, this gran'ma said.

"There's sorrow meant for you,"
She warned. "And pain. You'll rue
This walking in the rain, when you've rheumatics!
Why can't you stay when people come to call
And talk awhile? There's lonely days
Ahead for you, unless you mend your ways."

And gran'ma, if you're listening . . .
It all came true.
I never learned to cook, nor love the Jones boy;
My bones have ached with walking in the rain
And I've been lonely. But I'm a stubborn girl.
I cannot rue!

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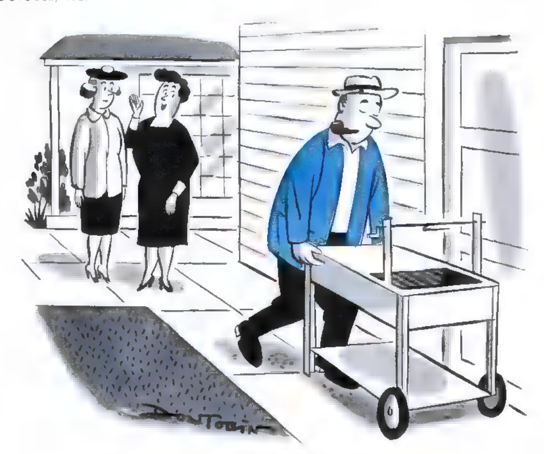
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For beauty the modern way . . .

Dorothy Gray



"Thank goodness, we can put it away for another year. I don't think I could stand another burned hamburger."

What you eat tells what's "eating" you

Perhaps you are venting hidden anxieties and hatreds in your food choices, say the psychologists.

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Recently psychologists have discovered that your eating habits provide a fascinating key to the kind of person you are—and reveal more about your character and personality than you'd ever dream. And where emotional troubles are concerned, they can tell "what's eating you" from what you eat. And they can even tell you how happy your marriage is, just by observing the victuals that adorn the family dinner table! Let's take a look at their findings.

Q. How can the way you eat possibly reveal your personality secrets?

A. Psychiatrist Sol Wiener Ginsburg, of Columbia University, has made an exhaustive study of this matter. His findings show that "people project many of their most basic problems and anxieties into their eating habits—and we find phobias, obsessions, complexes and all sorts of defenses represented in attitudes toward food and in habits of eating."

For example, check yourself on this: Do you save the most delectable titbit on your plate to be enjoyed last, or do you eat it up the first thing? If you save your favorite morsel for the last, Doctor Ginsburg opines, this indicates a stronger sense of security. You don't have any subconscious fear that something will happen to it, or that it will be whisked away. On the other hand, if you feel impelled to gobble it up right away, this strongly suggests that you are an anxious person and feel insecure. You are afraid that the good things of life may be snatched away.

To test your friends on this, we suggest that you serve ice-cream sundaes with a *big, luscious maraschino cherry on top.*

Q. Do persons with specific personality traits have certain eating habits in common?

A. Yes. The Columbia University study cites some typical examples:

1. *The Anxious Eater.* This person is fearful about eating this, doubtful about touching that; has a long list of foods which he is certain would "upset" him if he tried them. His qualms about food reflect his attitude toward life in general. He lacks self-confidence, is basically apprehensive and fearful.

2. *The Ritualistic Eater.* This is the individual who must always eat "on time," whether it inconveniences himself or others. If his meals depart from the prescribed schedule, it spoils his day. He has little or no appreciation for fine food, but is insistent that his diet include specific amounts of roughage, minerals, vitamins, and so on. This person thinks in terms of clichés: he must eat at least one hot meal a day; lobsters are dangerous; drinks must never be mixed, and so on. He eats by rule and by rote, and food affords him little actual pleasure or satisfaction. These attitudes extend to his social activities, and tend to restrict and inhibit them in much the same manner. It goes without saying that the *ritualistic* eater isn't much fun—for himself or anyone else.

3. *The Substitutive Eater.* These people use food to take the place of love, affection and personal satisfaction. They nibble between meals, chronically overeat. This is the type that will gorge on a couple of pounds of cookies, or a whole box of chocolates, [redacted] couple of hours after he's put away a king-sized lunch. You can see these individuals trying to compensate for their frustrations any afternoon in the shops that specialize in voluptuous French pastries and double-rich malteds. As psychiatrist Ginsburg points out, they are possessed of a hunger no food can satisfy—but they keep on trying.

4. *The Indifferent Eater.* These people regard eating as an unpleasant necessity, a chore to be got over as quickly as possible. They eat what is set before them without "making any fuss about it" one way or another. A plate of warmed-over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



Wouldn't it be heaven to have hair like this?
PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AVEDON
it's bliss!*
NEW CREME HOME PERMANENT IN AN APPLICATOR TUBE
Unwinds into soft, natural-looking curls!
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bliss!
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$2.00 PLUS TAX
Just wind and rinse . . . when dry, brush out . . . it's bliss!
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*TRADEMARK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

stew, or a dish prepared by [redacted] world-famous chef—it's all the same to them. These individuals tend to be lacking in aesthetic appreciation. And their passive, unimaginative attitude toward food is apt to be reflected in their world outlook.

Q. Does the food a housewife serves her husband indicate how much she loves him?

A. Yes. More often than not a wife's affection for her spouse is reflected in the type of food she serves and the way it is prepared. The noted specialist Dr. William Kaufman, in reporting the findings of [redacted] wide-scale study to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, states, "A woman who resents her husband is likely to serve him none of the foods he enjoys. If her resentment reaches intense hatred, meat is scorched, bread is stale, vegetables are cold and soggy."

These findings are borne out by a similar study conducted by Dr. Harriet Bruce Moore, Director of Psychological Service and Social Research, in Chicago. Though women are not always consciously aware of the fact, Doctor Moore finds that the food a housewife serves is also her [redacted] of expressing her affection—or the lack of it. For instance, if the wife serves succulent, appetizing, carefully prepared dishes, she exhibits love and warm affection for her family. But if her menus consist largely of cheerless fare, drab vegetables, indifferent entrees and flat-tasting desserts, she is expressing displeasure—and the marital relationship is less than a happy one. Indeed, scientific evidence all up and down the line indicates that the [redacted] contented a wife is with her marriage, the more loving care she lavishes on preparing the family menu.

Q. Does the sudden craving for [redacted] certain food frequently indicate a person's mood or state of mind?

A. Yes. And the *kind* of food [redacted] person suddenly craves often gives [redacted] clue to what's troubling him emotionally. In Dr. William Kaufman's study, the food compulsions of 1200 people from various walks of life were carefully classified and evaluated.

It was found that when people are feeling sorry for themselves there is [redacted] tendency to crave the following foods: candy (particularly chocolate), hot dogs or nuts.

Under conditions of stress, or when the sense of security was threatened, cravings shifted to milk, or various dairy foods.

Special craving for "grownup" foods, such as coffee, tea, alcoholic beverages, and so on, was noted among persons who sought to reassure themselves as to their adult status. ("People can't seem to get it through their heads that I'm [redacted] grown woman now"; or "I'm past thirty now, but there [redacted] times when I still feel like a little girl.")

People who felt need of reassurance as to their social status tended to develop cravings for "prestige foods," such as caviar, *pâté de foie gras* and similar elite and expensive viands with a snobbish connotation.

And though of course not all cravings for special foods [redacted] prompted by our emotions, the evidence seems to indicate that [redacted] substantial percentage of them definitely are.

Q. Does choosing your food because it's "good for you," rather than because you like it, indicate neurotic tendencies?

A. Yes. As the noted authority Dr. Harriet Bruce Moore points out:

"The psychologist knows he is dealing with a sick personality when he finds a person who is *intensely concerned* with the wholesomeness, digestibility, roughage and purity of food." (Unless, of course, he happens to be [redacted] physician or professional dietitian.)

This does not mean that the well-balanced person has *no* interest in these considerations, but a *clinical* attitude toward what one eats seldom goes hand in hand with a well-adjusted personality.

Q. Do people frequently deny themselves favorite foods as [redacted] form of self-punishment?

A. Yes. Psychological studies show that feelings of guilt may often cause [redacted] to forgo the foods he most enjoys. Usually this form of self-punishment is rationalized—candy is not good for him, steak is too costly, lobster may give him bad dreams.

A really guilt-ridden person may actually lose his appetite temporarily, out of the belief that he must atone for some real or fancied transgression. One psychologist, for example, reports the case of a husband who, whenever he stepped out on his wife, ate nothing at all the following day. When questioned about this he said he felt it "did him good" to skip a couple of meals now and then.

Not infrequently excessive dieting is motivated, either wholly or in part, by this same factor.

Q. Can you tell how your family or friends feel about you by the way they react to the food you serve them?

A. You can tell a great deal. If your family tends to be hypercritical of your cooking, the odds are better than even that the real target for their criticism is you. Resentment or indifference may be expressed by members of the family picking at their food, or by "not noticing" the special dishes you have prepared for them.

The wife who suspects her husband of growing indifferent toward her because he no longer comments when she prepares his favorite dessert is more likely to be right than wrong. Indeed, psychological studies indicate that the more appreciative the family is of the wife's cooking, the more congenial family relationships are likely to be.

Dr. William Kaufman's research into food and the emotions leads him to conclude that a dinner guest may frequently give away his feelings about you without meaning to. For example, says Doctor Kaufman, if your guest says protestingly, "I can't possibly eat all that," he may mean simply that, but he may also mean, "I don't enjoy your company—you've taken my appetite away."

Q. How much truth is there in the axiom that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach"?

A. Surveys indicate that there is a great deal! A nationwide poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion shows that the majority of men prefer a girl who is a good cook to one who is beautiful or rich. And another coast-to-coast survey showed that most men regard good home-cooked meals with such high esteem that they rate a wife's culinary prowess even higher than such qualities as loyalty, good disposition and understanding. These findings appear to more than justify the saying that [redacted] man will put up with almost anything if his wife is a good cook. END

BIRTH INJURIES CAN BE AVOIDED

Avoidable injury during childbirth is responsible for a staggering proportion of the physically handicapped and mentally retarded [redacted] in this country today, says Dr. J. Lawrence Cochran, of Carroll, Iowa, in The Medical Times. Doctor Cochran, polling twenty-eight specialists across the country, found that the most frequently cited cause of injury to the newborn infant was the use of forceps to aid delivery.

Seventy per cent of cerebral palsy may be attributed to brain injuries incurred during childbirth, was the opinion of the doctors questioned. "If we doctors are in [redacted] large measure responsible for seventy per cent of these, we must consider that it is we who have founded 'Cripple City,' whose population is equal to that of San Antonio, Texas," he points out.

Another neurological expert has estimated that 10 per cent of all mental retardation is due wholly or in part to injuries that occurred during the birth process. It has been shown that birth injuries are also responsible for many eye disorders. Injuries to the eyeball are two and [redacted] half times greater in forceps deliveries than in spontaneous deliveries, and such injuries [redacted] exceedingly rare in births by Caesarean section. "Less traumatic procedures" employed at the time of birth might have averted or at least mitigated the damage which occurred in these people, according to Doctor Cochran.

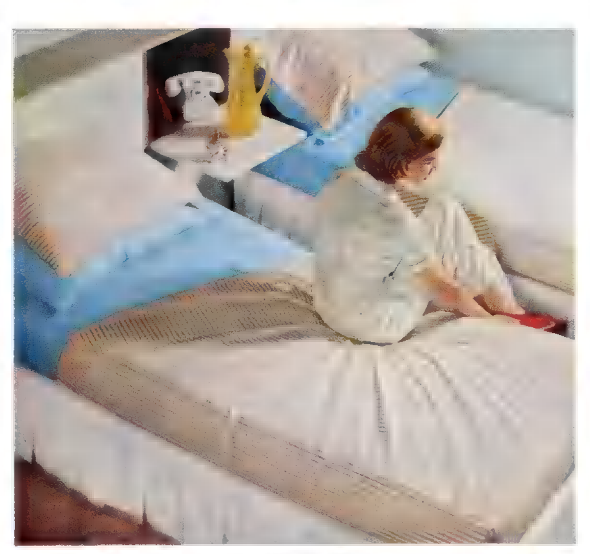
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Studies are being made of the mental and emotional states of women going through childbirth. Doctors are recognizing that a woman is human, even while bearing a baby.


JERRY COOKE

What causes Third-Day Blues?

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

Many women experience an attack of apparently causeless depression soon after childbirth. No one is sure why, but one doctor speculates that it is caused by the clash between the new mother's need for intimate care and the impersonal handling provided by modern hospitals.

You may hear young mothers refer to the third-day blues casually and matter-of-factly, as a part of childbirth lore.

"They hit me as a sudden, terrible fear for my baby's safety," says one. "I just knew something dreadful was happening to him in the hospital nursery. Yet nothing could have been more ridiculous. The hospital was top-ranking, the nursery was beautifully conducted. I realized that, underneath. Just the same, I badgered the head nurse until finally she had my baby brought to me to prove that he was all right."

"It was my husband who got the scare from my third-day blues," laughs another. "The minute he stepped inside my hospital room that day I began to cry, though I hadn't the least idea why. Poor Bill thought he had done something awful. What a relief when the doctor happened to come by and say, 'It's only the third-day blues!'"

These young women seem to take it for granted that a period of depression or of groundless anxiety is to be expected after a baby's birth, even though the birth has been normal and the baby perfect. A large number of doctors and nurses do too. In many preparation-for-labor classes, expectant mothers are told about this phenomenon, so that they—and their husbands—will not be alarmed if it makes its appearance.

But what is it? What causes it? What proportion of new mothers experience it? There are bewilderingly contradictory answers.

Some authorities attribute the third-day, or baby, blues to exhaustion after labor, others to hormonal changes in the mother's body. Either theory would make them almost universal. But a prominent obstetrician says, "The third-day blues? We don't see them in our hospital any more, now that the mothers are up and about soon after delivery and going home on the fourth or fifth day." An obstetrical nurse counters his statement with, "The obstetricians often aren't aware of the mothers' depression, for the blues come and go. You would have to be around all the time to know." While a pediatrician comments, "Many of *my* mothers get them on the fifth or sixth day, after they are home from the hospital. They call me up in utter despair." Dr. Grantly Dick Read confirms that the depression may strike on the fifth or sixth day after childbirth instead of the classic third.

On one point all experts agree. The third- or fifth- or sixth-day blues, as the case may be, must be distinguished sharply from the psychoses which attack some women after delivery. The most normal woman may experience the third-day blues, though the more neurotic and those with real troubles are likely to feel them most. The deep, unreasoning depression vanishes after a siege of weeping or of unfounded fears. But is it natural and unavoidable?

One of the very few authorities to study women undergoing the third-day blues is Dr. James Clarke Moloney, famous Detroit psychiatrist. He denies that the baby blues are due to physical causes. In many instances the new mother has been calm and cheerful up to this point, as would hardly be the case if her trouble were physiological.

"If you question the mother carefully," states Doctor Moloney in an article in the Child-Parent Digest, "you will find that she is moody, despondent, gloomy. She feels hopeless, helpless and inadequate, unloved and unlovable. She may have a feeling of thickness in the head, she may be unable to think and concentrate, her reactions may be sluggish. The foregoing are symptoms of mental depression, whether they appear after childbirth or under any other set of circumstances. And at the center of every case of mental depression is a core of anger, bitterness or frustration."

Why should a new mother, who has been delivered successfully, who is rapturous over her baby, suffer from anger, bitterness, frustration? When a woman is normal, with normal maternal instincts, says Doctor Moloney, it is due in large measure to things that have been done to her in the course of the usual hospital delivery.

At the top of his list of these things, Doctor Moloney puts the fact that the hospitalized mother bears her baby in a place associated in many minds with the death of a loved one, or pain experienced in a severe illness or operation. The very smell of ether as the expectant mother enters may revive long-buried memories and fears. There follows a succession of events, any one of which may stir the woman up emotionally or add to her apprehension about the ordeal.

After being "processed," in many hospitals she is put in a drab labor room. Her own doctor may not show up until it is time to go to the delivery room, occasionally not then. While undergoing labor pains, she may have an unfortunate interchange with a nurse or nurses, maybe an intern or two, or perhaps be ignored entirely.

The usual practice of barring the husband from the CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

On baby: "Sundowns" Sleeper. Safety-Step feet. Nevabind sleeve. Azure, mint, pink plaid. 6 mos.-4 yrs. $3.00.

How to be a fancy stepper

"Stepping out tonight?" asked Teddy when he saw my new plaid Carter's sleeper. "My, you have lots of evening clothes!" "That's because," I said, "everyone knows Carter's soft cotton knit sleepers make smart gifts for me—timesaving, no-iron gifts for Mother, too." Teddy twirled in front of the mirror, "I'd love to go to Dreamland, too, but I haven't a *thing* to wear! How do you get there?" "On my Safety-Step feet, of course! They'll get me there in a snap." Teddy counted the snaps on my Gro-Feature waist and laughed. "I think you'll get there in *four* snaps!" Isn't he a clever bear?



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All are Carter-Set so won't shrink out of fit.

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Acrilan "Jama-Blanket." Blanket-weight fabric. Safety-Step feet. Blue, pink, azure, yellow. S-M-L, $8.95. XL, $9.95.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

delivery room at the very time when a wife needs him most can be a strong frustration. And according to Doctor Moloney, it is very frustrating for the normally constituted woman to have her baby taken away from her when she is unconscious from sedatives or anesthetics. On these points, Doctor Moloney is backed up by considerable psychiatric and psychoanalytical opinion.

When she wakens, the new mother is in a high hospital bed, designed for the comfort of doctors and nurses rather than for that of the patient. She fears she may slip if she tries to get out of bed, that the baby may fall from the bed and be hurt.

Hospital schedules, also, are devised for the convenience of the staff, rather than the patient. Often these do violence to the natural rhythms of mother and baby for eating, sleeping and other processes.

All the foregoing are routine in perhaps the majority of hospitals today. In addition, the mother may feel frustration because of the attitudes of certain nurses, or the hospital authorities, or maybe her own doctor. This is particularly true where a mother wants to breast-feed her baby, for in many places she feels there is almost [redacted] concerted effort to keep her from doing so.

She may be talked into bottle feedings until her milk comes in, spoiling the baby for suckling at the breast, denying the mother's breasts the stimulation of the baby's suckling. Declares Doctor Moloney, "There are many instances—and I assure you they are not rare—in which the babies, unknown to the mothers, have been fed in the nursery before they are taken to the mother's room, by nurses who were hostile to breast feeding." The mother is told her milk is insufficient, or no good. She thinks she has failed her baby, is inadequate as [redacted] woman and a mother. According to Doctor Moloney, subtle sabotage of breast feeding by personnel who don't believe in it may take place even in rooming-in units and in hospitals which profess to encourage breast feeding.

The foregoing are some of the ways in which a usual hospital delivery may provoke feelings of anger, resentment or frustration in normal women. Yet many are not aware, on the conscious level, that they are angry or bitter or frustrated. Modern women have been taught that a hospital is the place to have a baby. They must accept whatever is done. They have no right to complain. The well-bred woman swallows her anger, thrusts resentments or frustration reactions way down deep. The result, says this psychiatrist, is the third-day blues. Doctors and hospitals, he adds, may fail quite honestly to see a connection between their procedures and the third-day blues. For they don't realize that what to them is all part of the day's work may be acutely distressing to a woman who is going through labor or childbirth.

Many women, as it happens, have testified to this effect. Here is a mother who had only recently moved to the city where her first baby was born, knew no one, was dependent for information on her doctor, who gave it grudgingly:

"My husband was allowed in the labor room part of the time, but was chased out whenever the intern or nurse came in, which was just when I wanted him most. He wasn't allowed in the delivery room at all, though I begged for him constantly.

"I told my doctor I didn't want gas, that I wanted to be conscious when my baby was born. He had said that would be all right, provided everything went well. But my doctor hadn't shown up by the time they took me to the delivery room. As soon as I was put [redacted] the table, they strapped my arms and legs down. When the anesthetist started to put the mask over my face, I broke loose and knocked him flat on the floor. It took two interns and [redacted] nurse to strap me back on the table again. The intern said, 'I'm going to put you under if it's the last thing [redacted] do.' Down went the mask over my face. I heard someone say, 'I can see two blue eyes!' just before I slipped into unconsciousness, fighting to the last to keep awake so [redacted] could see my baby."

Here is the way one woman felt when her baby was not brought to her at feeding time the second night, though she had impressed on both her obstetrician and pediatrician that she wanted to breast-feed her baby: "The nurse admitted it was strange, but that she was powerless to do anything about it, as her instructions were to keep my baby in the nursery. No reason given. She promised to phone my pediatrician, but I am sure she didn't. I had no way to reach my husband, my family, my doctor, anyone. I felt a prisoner; abandoned, trapped, helpless against the hospital system."

To the hospital staffs, no doubt, merely two troublesome patients. If these mothers became profoundly depressed, weepy, inexplicably anxious on the third or fifth or sixth day after childbirth, did someone remark cheerily, "It's only the baby blues"?

Conversely, many mothers, delivered under circumstances radically different from the foregoing, have testified to the beneficial effect on their spirits. "I can never express what it meant to me to have my husband with me throughout my labor and delivery." . . . "The nurses were sweet and considerate. They seemed to know what I was feeling, and would say something encouraging or do something to give me ease." . . . "My doctor came into the labor room and sat down and chatted with Dick and me for an hour or more, though there was nothing right then for him to do. It made me feel he wouldn't let anything happen to me. I went off to the delivery room as gaily as to a party." . . . "I will never forget the emotion I felt when they put my baby in my arms as soon as he was born."

Do mothers who have happy hospital experiences escape the third-day blues? Do mothers escape them when their babies are born at home? No one can say. So far as is known, nobody has bothered to find out.

But two Baltimore hospitals did try the experiment of decorating their labor rooms like boudoirs, with "escape" reading material on the bedside table, soothing music that the mother could turn on or off at will, and frequent friendly visits from staff members. It was found that women undergoing labor in these pleasant surroundings needed less anesthesia in the delivery room than the ones in the standard, prisonlike labor rooms. And that the most helpful thing of all was the friendly attentions from the staff.

Now, in several of our great medical schools, studies are being made of the mental and emotional states of women going through pregnancy and childbirth. Doctors and hospitals here and there are recognizing that antisepsis and improved medical techniques, highly laudable as they are, may not be the whole story in [redacted] successful delivery; that a woman is a human being, even while bearing a baby, and appreciates being treated like one.

Maybe someday doctors will get around to investigating the third-day blues. END

The great advantage which [redacted] have in the world is that most women understand [redacted] a vast deal better than any [redacted] understands [redacted]. Since knowledge is power, woman has a control [redacted] man which man never has over her. To man she is always in the last resort untamable and unintelligible, whereas to her man is a simple, [redacted] massive, creature whose subtleties, when occasionally he is subtle, [redacted] much more intelligi[redacted] to her than [redacted] other [redacted]. There is [redacted] complexity of the male character which the [redacted] does not understand, and there [redacted] scarcely any complications of the feminine character which the man can really unravel. This [redacted] for the good humor with which the vast majority of [redacted] accept the crude mechanical power which man exercises by his laws and political tendencies.

J. A. [redacted]
Comments of Bagshot

THE SUBLET

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going to be here myself tomorrow, so you can come right up."

"That will be even better," she said pleasantly. "Thank you so much, Mr. Garrick."

She hung up, and Sam sat by the phone, wondering what he would tell them at the office, and why he'd been so foolish as to say he'd be in. A girl he'd never met was being married next week, and he'd put himself in the awkward position of having to miss that conference with Peterson. It didn't make sense, but he decided finally that he'd say he had a bad sore throat and [redacted] slight fever.

To [redacted] his conscience, he worked hard the next day on some specifications for a power plant. But occasionally his mind wandered. For instance, on the small pine bureau in the bedroom she'd left a blue china shoe, and [redacted] bottle with a stopper shaped like a rose. Often, when he stood in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie, he'd notice these feminine and useless objects, and think vaguely about his friends who were married, and the girls he knew, and the rather mysterious and challenging difference marriage must make in a man's life. But of course the china shoe and the crystal rose would have meant nothing to him, if he hadn't read that letter, trespassing on forbidden territory, unearthing thoughts and feelings certainly not meant for him.

At three the doorbell rang. He pressed the buzzer, then stood by the entrance, reminding himself sharply that a Mrs. Shipley from Greenwich was coming to get something out of a box in the hall closet. That was all it amounted to, and the whole matter was of no importance.

A moment later he heard footsteps and opened the door to a short, rather stout lady, whose air of authority came not from the tweed suit and plain hat she was wearing, but from some attribute less definable but far more impressive. The girl with her was of [redacted] different mold, slender, with a thin, sensitive face, and long dark hair, arranged in a sort of coil, low on her neck.

He hadn't thought of what to say, but it didn't matter, for Mrs. Shipley, though she was panting slightly from the climb, took over at once. "Mr. Garrick, this is very kind of you!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe you know my daughter, Constance? We are sorry to have to intrude, but we promise it won't take long." Her bright gray eyes scanned the room, noticing, he was uneasily convinced, every new stain and spot of dust. But she was too polite to plunge at once into the closet. Instead she sat erect in the straightest of the armchairs, and devoted ten minutes to friendly conversation.

Constance glanced around the apartment, too, but not [redacted] though she were looking for flaws. Rather, there seemed to be [redacted] wistful, home-coming air about her, as if she were remembering and really loved this place. She spoke very little, for it turned out that her mother was a talker, the kind who asks questions, and answers them herself. "Are you comfortable here, Mr. Garrick?" she asked. "I'm sure you must be! I told my daughter to be sure and leave all the necessary equipment. She furnished it herself, you know, from places on Third Avenue and goodness knows where. Naturally they're not the sort of things she'll want in her new home, are they, darling?"

Constance had no chance to reply, for her mother supplied the answer. "Such a perfect little house they're going to have, Mr. Garrick. Just what she's always dreamed of! We've discovered a really fine decorator too." With wry amusement she glanced at the pots of ivy, the bright cushions, the vaguely shabby sofa. "Well, I suppose you know how girls are! Constance did feel she wanted to have her fling before she married, a few months on her own. She studied archaeology at Columbia. Courses, that is; extensions, I believe you call them."

She paused for breath and Sam said uncertainly, "You mean digging up old ruins and things like that?"

"Yes." The daughter spoke for the first time. Her voice was low, almost muted. "It's really fascinating; you've no idea ——"

Mrs. Shipley laughed. "Imagine that, Mr. Garrick! Wanting to devote your life to unearthing statues and tombs and things."

"It isn't only that, mother ——" But then the low voice trailed off, the brief moment of animation died away. Sam didn't realize that he'd been watching her. But now he knew suddenly that she wasn't happy. She was too pale, and she looked tired, yet somehow resigned too.

"Well, Constance, my dear, we'd better get busy and find your things," Mrs. Shipley said happily. "She's being married next week, Mr. Garrick. Such a fine young man! Peter Westbrook. He's with Westbrook and Ames, his father's law firm, you know. They're almost our oldest friends, and the two children have been sweethearts [redacted] far back as I can remember." She smiled warmly, almost mistily, seeming less formidable now, more like a mother, [redacted] truly loving and devoted mother.

They both went to work in the closet, then, unearthing various things, and packing them away in a suitcase. Finally they said good-by. But before they left, Constance stood by the door, looking at the apartment, while something seemed to die away. It was [redacted] curious kind of sadness, almost an emptiness, and it was quite plainly there in her face when she looked for the last time at the nice, square, vaguely shabby room.

When they'd gone Sam tried to get back to work on the power-plant specifications. But [redacted] moment later he shoved those aside, and went into the bedroom, and got out the letter, which he'd been keeping in [redacted] bureau drawer, under his socks and handkerchiefs. He read it straight through, and he was sure she had never sent either this or anything like it. Yet she had written the words, she had felt them. . . . But perhaps she was the kind of girl who didn't trust her own feelings.

He felt angry, and rather miserable; too upset, in fact, to work. Finally he put the letter in his pocket and walked around the corner to a movie. Halfway through the picture he got up and left, and walked uptown a few blocks. There were one or two phrases that kept repeating themselves in his mind. "*Perhaps I'm too sensitive about hurting other people.*" That, of course, could refer to her parents as well [redacted] this guy she was marrying. "*Our families are so close that I'm not even sure I'll have the courage to send this.*" Well, it would take a lot of courage for [redacted] girl like that to break an engagement that had lasted for years. "*I can imagine just how they will feel.*" She had written that, believing that all the others were as sensitive as she herself, as easily hurt. "*A new understanding of what love can mean.*"

> **No present is worth having unless the giver would rather have kept [redacted] for himself.**
> E. V. [redacted]

He turned abruptly, right in the middle of crossing 23rd Street. There was a blare of horns, and a taxi driver yelled, "Hey, buddy, what you think you're doin'?"

He ignored that, and walked back to the apartment, briskly this time. He went to the desk and got out [redacted] plain envelope and consulted the telephone directory. Then he printed the name and address on the outside of the envelope: Mr. Peter Westbrook, Jr., Westbrook and Ames, 40 Wall Street, New York. In the lower left-hand corner he marked it "Confidential." He slipped the letter inside, sealed and stamped it, then hurried around the corner and put it in a mailbox. As soon [redacted] he'd done that he felt slightly ill, and lightheaded, and decidedly guilty and ashamed, and faintly belligerent. He had a friend, Steve Dixon, who was giving [redacted] party that night. So he went to the party and met [redacted] pretty girl with curly blond hair, and thought about [redacted] girl who was too pale and too quiet, and had long brown hair, done in [redacted] coil at her neck, and long, interesting eyes—what color, gray, greenish? He couldn't remember.

The next day, and every day thereafter, he read—column by column—the society sections of the Times and the Tribune. Monday he found it, in a square box near the top of the page: "Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Shipley, of Greenwich, Connecticut, announce the indefinite postponement of the marriage of their daughter Constance to Mr. Peter Westbrook of Greenwich and New York. The engagement has been terminated by mutual consent."

So now I've done it! he thought, with an elation that was quickly dampened by shame. Just what had he done? Freed her? And had she wanted to be free? It was an unheard-of trick to play, an invasion of privacy quite foreign to his nature. He had never been [redacted] meddler, but somehow that letter had got under his skin. He tried to imagine Peter Westbrook reading it. What had he thought, how had he felt? And what kind of scene had they had afterward?

He told himself glumly that he'd had no right to play God in the lives of total strangers. But the feeling of elation persisted. She wasn't married, and this apartment was her home. Someday she'd come back, to get something, or cancel the lease, or renew it. Before

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long they would really have [redacted] chance to become acquainted.

He wasn't quite sure when that would be, but after a few weeks he began to consider plans. He might get in touch with her about a new light in the kitchen. He could offer to pay for it, but say he wanted to check with her first. On the other hand, it might be better to think of some excuse that would really require her presence here. Redecoration, for instance; bookshelves, in that corner by the easy chair. Of course he realized, with a little prickle of apprehension, that she might easily guess that he was the one who had mailed the letter. She had good cause to be angry and resentful; but on the other hand, she might be glad. In any case, he must work out some way of getting together.

He kept mulling it over with increasing impatience. And then one day he returned from the office to find Mrs. Shipley just leaving the apartment, with a package of some sort under her arm. "Oh, Mr. Garrick!" she exclaimed. "I do hope you won't mind. The superintendent let me in with his key. My daughter needs some of her old notes and drawings, from that course she was taking, you know. She left them on the closet shelf."

"Of course," Sam said quickly. "Do come in, Mrs. Shipley. If your daughter—that is, she might like to come down herself and sort things over. Any time, just let me know."

"She can't very well do that, I'm afraid. At the moment she's in Italy."

"Italy!"

"She's married, Mr. Garrick. To a penniless young archaeologist, [redacted] nobody. They're traveling around Europe in one of those silly little foreign cars, digging up ruins." Mrs. Shipley sounded grim, but at the same time rather resigned, and more than a little incredulous. "In her letters—I can't understand it!—she seems like an entirely different girl! 'Life is heaven'—that's the kind of thing she writes. I can't imagine what they're living on—air, most likely. You just never know."

"That's right," Sam agreed quietly. "You never know."

After Mrs. Shipley had left, he wandered about the apartment, picking up the crystal bottle, putting it down again, standing in front of the big window with its pots of ivy. He tried to imagine her over in Italy with that young archaeologist, digging up ruins and living on air. What was it she had written her mother? "Life is heaven." And she had written something else: "A new awareness of what love can mean." Thinking about it, he felt empty and queer, yet vaguely expectant too. For now he knew what to look for, and someday soon he would find it.

AMID MY ALIEN CORN

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attempt to explain the Moroccan adventure, why I wanted to farm again.

I had decided upon Spanish Morocco because, having lived in Tangier, I had some actual knowledge of the Moroccan farmlands. I knew there were rich areas watered by rivers (the Lukus where I was to farm was one of these) and that it was a good area for corn. There were times in Madrid when I found myself longing beyond all reason for a section of that rich Moroccan farmland where, so I dreamed, I would plant hundreds of acres of the finest American hybrid corn.

I chose hybrid corn because it seemed to me that this was the one crop, hitherto untried in Morocco, that would most benefit the country. Hybrid corn yields twice as much grain as ordinary corn seed. I had helped my father plant many acres of hybrid corn, and before its advent I had helped him plant many acres of ordinary corn, so I had observed at first hand the remarkable increase in yield that hybrid corn insures.

> **There is nothing enduring in life for [redacted] woman except what she builds [redacted] a man's heart.** JUDITH ANDERSON

So I longed to plant hybrid corn in Morocco, and the longing came in the oddest times and places, and hit me hardest during one of my annual shopping trips to New York City. On a rainy day that interrupted the shopping orgies, the shows and the new movies, the dream of that farm floated up again. I picked up the telephone and called Mr. Henry Wallace in upstate New York, the man, more than any other in the world, responsible for the success of hybrid corn. He advised me to think of the climate in Morocco as approximating that of our Texas, and after shuffling around among his papers—I could hear them rustling over the phone—he recommended several types of seed that he thought would grow in Morocco.

That same rainy day, fired with Mr. Wallace's advice, I sought out a New York seed supplier. I leafed through his catalogue until I came to the C's and under "Corn" I selected two of the types of hybrid seed that Mr. Wallace had recommended.

"I'll take enough of those seeds to plant a thousand acres," I told the clerk, who was accustomed to supplying seeds in small paper bags for city terraces and back-yard gardens.

"Where shall I send them?" he asked politely, successfully masking his astonishment.

Then it occurred to me that I had no land on which to plant these fine fat seeds. I told the clerk to ship the seeds to our apartment in the center of Madrid and I left the store quickly, lest some difficulty arise about the shipping.

Having gone this far, it was easy—indeed, it was inevitable—to pick up the telephone and order [redacted] tractor.

"And where shall we send your tractor?" asked the clerk on the other end of the wire in Texas. I gave our Madrid address, hoping he was not acquainted with that city and could not share the vision that had flashed into my mind of our apartment building and our Spanish maids toiling up eight flights of stairs with a tractor and all the bags of corn seed that had been delivered at our door.

After I hung up the phone I stared down into rain-driven Fifth Avenue and knew a few moments of sheer panic. That was when I realized I had to cut short my New York visit, rush back to Spain, try to explain my purchases to Ricardo and ask his understanding aid in helping me to locate a thousand acres of farmland in Morocco, right away!

"I do know someone who has a farm in Morocco," Ricardo said. "Let me introduce you to this friend of mine. You'll like him a lot; you have much in common. And he just might be able to help you."

Shortly afterward, Ricardo took me to meet the major stockholder and active director of [redacted] farming company called The Lukus, comprising 20,000 acres of rich land along the Lukus River valley in Spanish Morocco.

He stood up politely as Ricardo and I approached. I saw a heavy-set man of about fifty years, with [redacted] round face and his gray hair thinning out on top. I disliked him instantly. His name was José Gomendio, with another name or two attached before or after, as all the Spaniards have; I shall just call him "Gomendio" from now on.

I think we drank some tea and I can suppose we ate some little cupcakes, because I have an unfailing appetite. Gomendio and Ricardo somehow arranged that I should go and [redacted] that farm of Gomendio's in Morocco, and if it met the requirements of hybrid-corn seed, I could plant my seed there. Gomendio was not particularly enthusiastic about this invitation. In fact, I could tell he liked me even less than I liked him. Ours was an arrangement we just drifted into; enthusiastically sponsored by Ricardo, who wanted to make me happy and who envisioned weeks of peace stretching out before him in my absence.

We talked back and forth for [redacted] time about what would be the best arrangement for planting the corn. With very little formality we

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drafted a contract that would make us farming partners.

I turned to Gomendio. "I must confess to you that I know almost nothing about that part of Spanish Morocco where you have the farm. I know that the Lukus farm follows a river bed, so the soil must be rich, but in spite of the months I spent in French Morocco and in Tangiers, I never learned much about the Spanish zone."

"You are not alone in your ignorance," Gomendio said. "There is very little outside interest in Spanish Morocco. We are a pretty backward zone compared with the French zone, and unless you had business there, as I have, you wouldn't look twice at it."

"You sound very unenthusiastic," I ventured.

"Not at all," he insisted. "I am just realistic. You will see for yourself soon enough."

The secretary appeared with the contract neatly typed and we sat at the desk, each reading a copy of it, line for line. The Lukus farming company supplied the land and I put up the seed and the supervision. The costs of production were to be paid from the income and the remaining money divided equally between the company and me. It was a fair enough contract for us both.

"Are you satisfied?" Gomendio asked me.

"Yes. Are you?"

For an answer, Gomendio signed the contract in his illegible scrawl and pushed it across his desk. I signed below his name with my own pen and in what I fondly think of as readable script.

Gomendio frowned at me through his cigarette smoke, and I could see he was trying to think how to tell me something. I waited.

"I know you are enthusiastic about this venture, but don't be disappointed if it fails."

"Why should it fail?" I asked.

"Morocco is too tough for [redacted] woman; you won't last long down there—the heat, the boredom, the apathy of the people and the hard work. You won't like it compared with life in Madrid."

I drew in a breath. "Boredom is all in the mind," I told him gaily. "As for the heat, it can never get hot enough for me. The hard work? I look forward to it! And people reflect whatever treatment they get, don't they? I'll last in Morocco all right. If I leave it will be because I am asked to leave."

"Asked to leave?" Gomendio echoed, widening his eyes in surprise at such an idea. "That is not likely."

Neither of us said anything more on that subject, but later I was to remember that little exchange.

Ricardo, my husband, viewed all these maneuvers to move out of his life for two or three months with mixed feelings. He would have preferred me to stay quietly in the apartment and occupy myself with the running of his household and the raising of his children, and it was not easy for him to be enthusiastic about my outside activity. On the other hand, in the most unselfish way he really wanted me to be happy; he was aware that I needed some outlet more active than our life in Madrid offered and so he consented to my new interest in Morocco. It was a subtle way of keeping me by letting me go.

Our sons were joyful at the thought of living a different life for several months. They would have welcomed any change that took them out of the apartment, but going to Morocco was something special.

"Will we shoot lions?" Ric, the oldest, asked, brandishing his Hopalong Cassidy revolver.

And I patiently explained, "We are going to North Africa, Ric, where there are no lions."

He looked crestfallen for a moment and then brightened again. "But we will see lots of camels! Maybe we can ride over the desert on a camel."

As for myself, I was terribly torn. In all our years of marriage, Ricardo and I had never been separated from each other for more than ten days or two weeks at the most, and this separation would be very strange. We arranged that whenever Ricardo's work permitted, he would fly to Tangiers and spend a few days with us, and whenever my work permitted I would return to Madrid to be with him. So, as always happens to us when we part for however short or long a time, we became a little sentimental; lumps came into our throats and the suggestion of tears in our eyes. I set out on the new adventure without thinking of turning back, but we already looked forward to being together again.

Gomendio, who spent most of his time in Madrid, attending to the business side of the farm's activities, materialized in Larache when I arrived in its main street with my new station wagon filled with children. He installed us all as guests in his own home, and after lunch, over coffee in the living room, he and I began to discuss the details of our contract and my more permanent living quarters.

We had no trouble confirming the details of our contract, but there was [redacted] disagreement between us over what constituted appropriate living quarters. When I brought up this subject, Gomendio wet his lips nervously and said, "There are many nice apartments here in Larache. I'll have someone from the office take you around to look at them this afternoon."

I looked out at Gomendio's magnificent view of the harbor. It was charming, and I could understand why Gomendio thought I should live in Larache, but I had come to Morocco to farm, not to admire the view.

As kindly as I could, I told him, "Thank you, but I plan to live right out on the farm. Larache is a good seven miles from where I shall be working," I reminded him. "And I can do so much more if I am as near as possible to the work."

"But Spaniards don't do it that way," he exploded. "The managers live in the town—the laborers [redacted] living on the farm. Besides," he said, "you are a woman. A woman cannot live out there alone. It is against our custom. There is also a certain amount of danger from

the Arabs. How can we tell if they will receive your presence amiably or if they will resent you as an intruder and perhaps do something unpleasant?"

"I am not a Spanish woman. I'm American; and if we are going to farm, we live on our farms. It's as simple as that. The Arabs can be made to understand, I am sure."

We sat facing each other in a chilly silence, sipping our coffee grimly and ignoring the lovely view. We were two strong wills waiting it out, but in the silence I could feel Gomendio's defeat.

After the coffee, I borrowed Gomendio's jeep and joggled out to the farm to see if I could find a house of any sorts. The farm is 20,000 acres altogether. It is divided into five large sections: Adir Bajo, Adir Alto, Palafito, Nemsah and Meruan. These last two are old Arab names, as is the word "Adir." *Bajo* means low in Spanish and *Alto* means high—Low Adir and High Adir. "Palafito" is a kind of "little palace." On each of these five sections there is a center of population, a *cortijo* which goes by the same name as the section. For example, in the Adir Bajo section, the *cortijo* is called Adir Bajo also.

I drove through each of these five sections looking for something that would do for the many months I would be spending on the Lukus.

Adir Bajo began almost at the mouth of the River Lukus. To get down to Adir, at that time of year, one used the upper road that leads through the Palafito because the lower road was still deeply rutted from the winter rains. I was to take this trip almost every day through spring and summer, and always, coming up on the top of the rise which more or less separates the Palafito from the Adir lands, I would stop the car there, overcome by the beauty of the great Lukus Valley spread at my very feet. If my sons were along, they, too, would sit lost in admiration.

XXXXXXXXX

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that [redacted] than half of the people are right [redacted] than half of the time.

E. B. WHITE
in The New Yorker

XXXXXXXXX

The hugeness of the valley, and of my own temerity in planning to put some of its vastness into cultivation, held me on that spot for a spellbound moment. Then I joggled on down into Adir Bajo. It was lowland and there were a fair number of trees along the banks of the Lukus. However, it was far from the parcels of land I would be planting. I imagined, too, that it would be very hot in midsummer and that there would be mosquitoes and malaria in the swamps.

I drove on, into Adir Alto. This valley settlement was the working headquarters of the Lukus farm; the business offices were in Larache. All the main farm buildings—the *cortijo*—were located in Adir Alto and I looked with interest at the machine shops, carpenter shops, blacksmith shop, stables and warehouses. These were to be my workshops; Adir Alto, my headquarters.

In the center of the establishment was [redacted] great, barren, sun-baked dirt square known as "the patio." Patio was a whimsical name to give this hideous square, wedged in between the Adir school, the head offices of the farm and two cavernous stables—one empty and the other crowded with horses and flies. It was in this patio that the men of The Lukus gathered in their idle moments for rest and "relaxation," and I saw several squatting there this afternoon, and was shocked by their apathy, their dejection. But what was there for them to do, once their work that wrung for them their right to exist was done, save to lean back against the wall, ill-nourished and bored and without hope, with nothing more to look forward to than the next day's work?

My memory of the dejected men sitting in the patio continued to depress me as I drove on. Things seemed brighter in the Palafito. This section of The Lukus is of a rich, reddish sandy soil that, given water, will grow anything. The populated part of the Palafito had been turned into a garden of Moroccan flowers and lawns, set into the center of 45,000 orange trees. I inquired about houses, but there was only one huge mansion, pretentious and not for me.

I drove farther across the valley, to Nemsah, the fourth section of The Lukus. The soil of Nemsah is an extension of the Palafito soil—sandy-red. But someone took the trouble to plant hundreds of eucalyptus trees there many years ago and a large pond has been made, surrounded by willows; adding to these another few thousand orange, lemon and grapefruit trees, it makes a cool spot in which to be on a hot summer day. Without bothering to look at the remaining section, Meruan, I decided to live in Nemsah.

As it happened, there was an empty house in Nemsah. The instant I saw it I knew that house was right for our peculiar needs. It was a compact little whitewashed villa, almost square, with bright blue window frames. The house even had a miniature garden, and not looking at the inside, I made up my mind to have it.

Back in Larache, I asked Gomendio. He wistfully mentioned again the apartment-in-Larache idea, but the shock of my living in the country had worn off and he agreed guardedly to my having the empty house in Nemsah.

That first week we followed the same routine each day. Just after daybreak we would pack a substantial lunch, pile into the station wagon and leave the Gomendio house in Larache. I would deposit my four sons and Pilar (our maid) in the Nemsah house and drive down to Adir Alto alone to get under way the preliminary work of planting the hybrid corn: the preparation of the ground, the conditioning of the machinery and the choosing of the laborers to do the work.

Whenever the farm work allowed, I would dash back to Nemsah and help Pilar in getting the house in shape. This house, so charming outwardly, presented a problem within. Although it was a tall, white and blue-trim villa that rose to the height of most two-story houses, the rooms inside were not proportionately large. On the contrary, they were all on one floor and squeezed together and small, and went straight up in the air, like chimneys. If you wanted any sensation of spaciousness, you had to look up at the ceilings; as soon as you looked at the four walls, you felt closed in.

But there was the garden, very tiny, but with several fine orange trees and some small squares of the coarse, spreading plant we call Bermuda grass. Because of its very simplicity that garden would be easy to put in order. And when the orange trees were in blossom, the most heavenly scent hung over all Nemsah.

The garden was walled in on all four sides, with a barred gate that sealed us off from the rest of the Nemsah *cortijo*. One of the first things I did was to take the lock off the gate and prop it open. Nobody else living in Nemsah had a gate, and I hoped by doing this I would be more promptly accepted [redacted] a real member of the *cortijo*.

My open-gate policy in Nemsah materialized many more children than I had realized lived in the dwellings scattered among the Nemsah *cortijo* buildings. Their number rose from the cautious three or four who appeared to play with my sons in those first days to an incautious, constant baker's dozen.

"*La Banda*," they called themselves. The Band.

Each morning when we arrived from Larache my four sons scattered like leaves to play with these new friends, and they returned only at lunchtime, and again in the evening. We would drive back, late at night, to Gomendio's house.

Much time was being wasted, driving to and fro, and I needed my days free for the land. We redoubled our efforts to get the Nemsah place in order; and at last Pilar and I had the house in fair enough shape, not only to receive us but also for any visitors who could brave the extreme informality of our lives and the lack of any luxuries.

As we moved on through March and into April, life in the household at Nemsah gradually took on a semblance of routine, while my outside life on the farm became more hectic.

My sons had certain duties. They were each to help with the garden and the outdoor work, and each had a special daily chore; one had to fill the coal scuttle, one to bring in wood for the fireplace, another emptied the garbage. When they were finished, they were free to play with the other Nemsah children.

As children often do with those they love, my sons took advantage of Pilar: hiding out in the orange groves when she called them, not eating their food when she was in a hurry, not taking their naps, playing little practical jokes on her. When she would finally break down in despair and weep and threaten to go back to Madrid, the four would gather around her quickly, patting her on the head and earnestly assuring her that now they were going to behave much better. And Pilar, convinced that they had reformed, would dry her tears and leap back into the battle.

All four of my sons had accepted their new life without [redacted] question and with no regrets for the confining apartment in Madrid. They missed their school friends, of course, but they launched into the Moroccan life as if it were [redacted] new adventure, and they stored up incidents to tell their friends when they went back to Madrid in the winter.

My sons meant to do their chores well, but the oldest was only ten, so they did need adult

supervision. For this, I turned to the younger Arab men who were employed as day laborers. They did eight hours of work for The Lukus Company each day for about twenty-four cents a day. When they finished they would drift into my garden to help out. They loved children, and any time Pilar and I wanted to be away from the house, they acted enthusiastically as baby sitters. Almost children themselves, they played with my sons' toys and leafed through their picture books with childish glee. None of these young Arabs had much schooling. Some had learned to read and write at the few government schools that dotted Spanish Morocco, but when they reached the age of seven or eight, they were usually put to work by their families. They had no prospect at all of ever improving their lot, and yet these were the men of tomorrow who would be governing Morocco when she was free. It seemed to me that years were being wasted.

At first these Arabs eyed me with a natural suspicion for the unusual—I was a kind of magic witch who could do bad things if I wanted. But through little humane services, such as treating their frequent hurts or making them an occasional sandwich or giving them a cigarette, they very soon began to trust me and it was then they volunteered all the extra help around the house in Nemsah. They showed mild surprise that I would take the trouble to do them any small favors. And after the surprise came a showing of gratitude and a greater sense of "protection" for me; protection against those Arabs who did not know me well and might not show me enough respect.

The young Arabs came into and out of my house as if they were part of the family. They always knocked politely before entering, but they would have been astonished if anyone had said, "Do not come in." If they giggled too loudly when I was writing or reading, I could scold them as I did my own sons and they would not be offended. If I praised them for some work well done, they were proud. Even from the first weeks, I could tell that both these Arabs and the Spaniards were going to accept me. It made my life much easier; as if I were now a member of a team instead of an individual pulling against the rest of the team. Just the fact of my living on the farm instead of in Larache had been a terrific psychological advantage; the laborers associated me more with themselves than with the managers of Larache.

Before we could actually put the seeds into the ground, it had to be decided what seeds went into which ground. For this purpose, Gomendio called a first business meeting in the main office building of The Lukus in Larache.

I went in to attend the first meeting with many misgivings. Gomendio presented me to the other managers of The Lukus—I was being designated "manager" for want of a more appropriate term. Gomendio was the controlling stockholder in this company, and also the active director-manager of The Lukus; although, as I have said, he spent most of his time on the business affairs of the company in Madrid. To manage the farm itself, he had his brother-in-law, Rafael Fuentes, a huge, blond Spanish Teddy bear, with snapping eyes and a comic mustache. Rafols—everyone called him by this nickname, instead of Rafael—was so young and still had so much to learn that acting as his assistant was a dark foxy little man from the south of Spain, called Gamiz.

And myself. I had farmed in the most modern country of all; so besides managing the corn crop, I was expected to place at the disposal of the others whatever knowledge I had of modern American agricultural methods and equipment. In short, Gomendio was the boss, Rafols was under Gomendio and over Gamiz and me, but we two were to have a free hand in those fields we knew best.

Rafols was to occupy himself chiefly with the rice that year, Gamiz with the cotton, and I with my corn. Naturally, we all wanted the best *parcelas* possible. It made for some friction in the office that day. Gomendio, being "neutral," presided over our meeting.

It was hot and sticky and Gomendio had flung open the wide windows behind his desk. I could see a collection of Arab hovels near at hand, and back of them an inviting piece of the harbor in the corner of the window.

"Now, Betty," said Gomendio, "all these parcels in Adir Bajo are flat and well worked over and will be ideal cornland."

"That land is too salty," I argued. "It has been too many years in rice. Thank you, but I wouldn't plant one grain of corn in Adir Bajo that I cared about seeing grow." I turned my eyes to the window and studied the view indifferently.

Gamiz and Rafols exchanged a startled look. "Well, what do you want?" demanded Gomendio, taking a pencil from his desk and rolling it nervously between his fingers.

I got up from the chair, walked toward the big wall map and waved at Adir Alto. "If I could have my *parcelas* here, perhaps?"

I knew, of course, that it was the best soil in the company and both the other managers were clamoring for it too. But sometimes if you ask for everything, you get at least a little of it, whereas if you ask for nothing, that is what you get—nothing.

"*Qué no, hombre!*" Rafols leaped to his feet as if he had been shot. "No, that is not possible—not all the good land for one crop and an experimental one at that. Suppose she has a failure?"

"Compromise!" shouted Gomendio. "We shall work out a compromise—a little bit here, a little bit there."

Our meeting lasted all one day and part of the next morning, but with much shifting back and forth and bargaining, we reached an agreement that suited us all. I was assigned Parcel 31. It was in the Adir Bajo section but had never been cultivated before, so it could not be too affected by the rice planting in the rest of Adir Bajo. I was also assigned Parcels 412, 422, 432 in Adir Alto; magnificent land with which I expressed myself very happy. They threw in an annoying little parcel called 44 that had also never been cultivated. It had possibilities, admittedly, but it could also be a failure.

That was all the land I wanted to plant, but Rafols stuck a "condition" on those nice Adir Alto parcels. I could have them without further wrangling if I would agree to plant a parcel in the uncultivated, savage land on the other side of the River Lukus, known as the Mehasen.

"Or perhaps it would be too much work for the *señora?* Or too wild?" Rafols was baiting me carefully, keeping a poker face.

Part of the land in the Mehasen was held in concession by The Lukus, but it had never been touched by machinery. The Arabs living there were hostile. They thought of the land as theirs and they did not understand the concessions that their chiefs had made with the Spaniards. There was no bridge over the River Lukus; I would have to swim a horse over or drive miles around the head of the river. Too much work? Too wild? Rafols was waiting for

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"Dad . . ."



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me to refuse. I could feel it and I could not give him that advantage; I agreed to plant corn in a parcel of the Mehasen land.

On one of my trips to the U.S.A. I had bought [redacted] complete soil-testing outfit for The Lukus Company and I was full of enthusiasm for testing all the *parcelas* of The Lukus to find out of what they were really composed and what they really needed added to them to insure better crops. This was [redacted] revolutionary innovation in Morocco, soil testing never having been practiced there before. The Lukus chemist consented, grudgingly, to learn how to make the tests, but none of the managers was very convinced.

Not long after, I arrived at the weekly managers' meeting in Gomendio's office, half carrying, half dragging the heavy soil-testing outfit in both hands. Gomendio, Gamiz and Rafols stepped aside patiently to see what I had to say this time.

I said it quite briefly, fishing some odds and ends of paper from my jacket pocket and referring to them frequently. "All the Adir Bajo land is salty. There is too high a salt content for anything except rice. Even the Parcel Thirty-one, that I am to plant, has [redacted] high salt content although it has never been planted in rice. There must be [redacted] waste-water drainage into it from the other *parcela*. Look."

I spread my pieces of paper out on the desk and the three closed in over them to look at the soil-test results and examine them in a studious silence. Gamiz drew back from the desk and pronounced in his slow, grave voice, "The soil test is right. It shows that Adir Bajo is very salty. This testing is [redacted] good idea." The other two men broke into relaxed smiles. They, too, were discovering soil testing for themselves, all in a moment.

"Yes, yes," agreed Gomendio in his hearty way. "We shall test all the *parcelas*," waving his arms. "We shall have a new map which shows only the chemical content of the *parcelas*. We shall correct it each year." He loved maps. He reached over and pressed a button that brought in his secretary. "Get the chemist for me, and the topographer. You, Gamiz, explain this new idea to them."

I gathered up my dirty paper scraps from the desk, nodded good-by to everyone and started for the door, where I paused. "I'll keep Parcel Thirty-one anyway," I said. "We can pile on the fertilizer and [redacted] what happens. I plan to start mixing the fertilizer formula today for all my *parcelas*."

"I'll be doing the same for my cotton," said Gamiz.

I closed the door behind me, but I left the soil-testing outfit on the floor where I had placed it. I knew it would be used now; it had found a home.

I was looking forward to meeting my foreman with growing nervousness. As Rafols [redacted] the general farm manager and knew the men, he wanted to choose my foreman himself and so he came by Nemsah one morning and picked me up in his jeep. We drove down to the Adir *cortijo* in silence and I waited in the patio beside Rafols' jeep while he went to fetch the foreman of his choice. I felt eyes upon [redacted] and tried not to appear anxious, but it was an acutely embarrassing time for me—this meeting [redacted] stranger with whom I would have to work [redacted] closely all season.

My foreman came across the dirt patio at Rafols' side. He was walking slowly like the Andalusian he was, wearing [redacted] old felt hat pulled down over his eyes. He was so nervous that his hand was wet with perspiration when he offered it to me, and the knowledge that he was as apprehensive as I was put me more at ease.

He had kind brown eyes, crinkled in the corners from the sun and wind. "I am going to do everything you tell me, *señora*," he said. "I know you do things different from how we do them in Spain, but I am ready to do what you say."

I was touched by his statement, blurted out with so much obvious difficulty. He was making a declaration of loyalty to me against all the criticism and opposition he would have to put up with through the year on my account: opposition from both directions, up from the labor and down from the management, because I was a woman and because I was a foreigner doing the age-old operation of farming a different way. His name was Marron—Antonio Marron.

Shortly after this Pepe was assigned to me—he, too, would be both foreman and friend.

The *parcelas* of land assigned to me had been winter plowed; that is to say, they had been plowed up the preceding fall by the big Caterpillar D-6 tractors, pulling the great, round disk plows. All that remained for us to do this spring was to disk the parcels in the opposite direction from the winter disking. This had to be done just before we were ready to begin spreading on the fertilizer and to plant.

During these days of preparing the soil, I rose with the sun. Sometimes one or more of my sons would awaken with me, and when they did, we breakfasted together at the kitchen table. I would have some of the cold milk that had been brought to us the night before from Adir, and whatever fruit Pilar had put on a plate for me. My sons ate American cold cereal, and toast made over the electric plate, chocolate milk and the fruit I did not eat.

If I was driving down to Adir, one of the sons would come along with [redacted] and mount [redacted] tractor for a few rounds or stop off at one of the laborer's houses to visit the children.

Sometimes, instead of driving, I rode Quimera, the oversized bay mare that had been assigned to me and that I could not mount without first stepping on a wall. On these days the boys did not go with me, but stayed behind in Nemsah. There was a great deal there to keep them amused.

I always tried to be back in Nemsah in time to lunch with them, but often during these days of preparation it would be closer to three o'clock when I reached home, and my sons would have eaten and would be taking [redacted] rest. I would hastily eat something while holding [redacted]

domestic session with Pilar, then I would be off again by car or horse to spend the rest of the afternoon in the *parcelas*, or to the office in Larache. I tried to get back to Nemsah in time to read the bedtime story and listen to each son as he gave me his special version of the day. For me, this was the nicest part of the day, and when I was kept too long in the fields and returned late to a sleeping house, I felt I had missed something important.

By this time most of my working team, headed by Marron, Pepe and Espejo, had been assigned to me. Spring was crowding us, it was mid-April and the vast fields of The Lukus [redacted] ready; time was at our heels.

Parcel 31 had been disked up furiously by Pepe's D-4 Caterpillars; it had been sprinkled by Espejo's fertilizer-tossing team of Spaniards; it had been smoothed down again by the Caterpillars. With Marron, I tramped it from one end to the other—the whole 200 acres—just to inspect it for roughness. It lay, for over a mile, a wide strip of rich brown corduroy, hugging the dikelike road that divided it from the rice fields of Adir Bajo. We were satisfied that it was ready to plant.

I was again in Larache, in Gomendio's office. My present mission [redacted] to present Gomendio with a list of what [redacted] thought absolutely essential machinery for handling [redacted] corn crop of 1000 acres. I explained this to Gomendio, glancing from time to time at the list in my hand. He leaned over the desk and took it from me rather apprehensively.

Corn planter	$ 535
Corn picker	1,700
Corn sheller	225

Gomendio moaned out loud dramatically. "It is too much money!"

Life never becomes a [redacted] to me. It's always [redacted] marvel.

KATHARINE [redacted]
The Forbes Scrap Book
B. C. Forbes [redacted] Sons
Publishing Co., Inc.

"What's too much money? The planter? Ridiculously low—it plants sixty acres [redacted] day. The picker is too expensive? Have you ever seen a picker work? One picker replaces one hundred Arabs, at the very least. And the sheller!" I threw up both hands. "Given away, that's what. A *regalo. Por nada*—a gift. For nothing."

"The corn sheller," said Gomendio, his eyes glued to the $225. "This is what you can have."

"Only the corn sheller?" I demanded indignantly. "What do you expect me to plant and to pick with? A shovel and [redacted] basket?"

"You can pick with those one hundred Arabs you are babbling about," said Gomendio stonily. "And you can plant the stuff with the old *avantrén*."

The *avantrén* is a prehistoric agricultural implement of torture upon which four men sit astraddle four funneled tubes reaching to the ground, into which they shove the seeds, practically one at a time, while they [redacted] pulled over the field backward by [redacted] tractor.

I stood up sadly, and held out my hand for the list. "But I can order a corn sheller, can't I?"

"*Bueno, bueno*. If you wish."

In the hall outside the office, Marron was waiting for me, twisting his old felt hat nervously. "Any luck, *señora?*" he whispered, as he fell into step with me going down the hall.

"No. Just as I expected. We can have nothing except the sheller."

"Mother of Jesus protect us! It means then the *avantrén*."

We climbed into the station wagon and drove back to the Adir *cortijo* in [redacted] dejected silence. Once in Adir we sought for Montes, the company blacksmith. We found him out behind the Adir patio, a brawny, black-browed but gentlehearted man, and we three set to work [redacted] the two old abandoned *avantréns*. Long after midnight, Marron and I were still hunched over the machines under the powerful fluorescent lights of the machine shop and Montes [redacted] patiently attaching the plowshares which would cut a furrow in the earth for the seeds to drop into. Montes glanced suggestively at his watch.

"I suppose we better get some sleep if we are to start tomorrow," I admitted reluctantly and got up off the old iron wheel [redacted] which I had been sitting. "Let's get a cup of coffee at the canteen before we turn in."

Montes laid down his heavy mallet and we walked the few feet that separated us from the Adir patio. "This patio is a sea of mud in the winter," commented Montes.

"And chokes one with dust in the summer," added Marron.

"Everyone says the same thing. We should do something about it—stone or brick or anything." I waved [redacted] hand vaguely. "Anything."

We passed out through the main gate of the patio and stumbled along in the dark to the dingy little cement lean-to that we called the *cantina*—the canteen. One part of it served as [redacted] general store, an *economato* selling at cost to the farm employees; the other part was arranged into a kitchen-dining room for the laborers who had no homes on the farm. I often stopped in for a cup of coffee and a chat with the wizened-up little cook, Manolo.

We pushed through the dining room and into the kitchen. Manolo was squatted on the floor shaping doughnuts from a mound of dough which he had balanced beside him on [redacted] chair. He jumped to his feet with [redacted] smile.

"It is coffee you have a wish for, I can tell. A little moment only," and he plugged in his electric plate with a flourish and plunked a battered black pot over the heating coil. "*Pues, café*."

I knelt on the floor to cut [redacted] few doughnuts for him. "We start to plant our corn today when the sun comes up," I told Manolo. "You will have many early customers for these doughnuts."

"I make them to be eaten, in spite of not having a proper kitchen nor a decent dining room," he said pointedly.

"Yes, yes, I know. Someday there will be such a building here in Adir."

"I shall be dead and buried and gone to the sky and not interested any more in where the doughnuts get made. Heaven is for tomorrow. Doughnuts are for today."

He stuck a spoon in each of four glasses and filled them with scalding coffee. We stood by the light of the one sickly electric bulb and raised our glasses to the prospect of a successful corn crop for Marron and me and a new kitchen for Manolo to make doughnuts in.

I think it was there and then that I decided to try to do something to better conditions in Adir.

I leaped out of bed early and bundled into my gray jäger slacks and a new black-and-white-checked flannel shirt which I had saved for a very special occasion. Well, this was special enough. This was planting day!

As I was bending over the little icebox, collecting a handful of fruit, four-year-old Jay appeared behind me. His hair was tousled and his eyes were still half shut with sleep, but he was all dressed except for the tennis shoes. He held these in one hand.

"I have to go with you to plant the corn—Espejo says so," Jay announced from the doorway of the kitchen. Then to change the subject before I could protest, he pushed the shoes right under my nose. "Which one is for which foot?" he demanded.

For what seemed to me the ninety-ninth time, I patiently aligned the two little shoes on the kitchen floor and showed him how, if placed the wrong way, the toes would turn out, and if placed the right way, the toes were straight.

"I got it now," he said, also for the ninety-ninth time, and sat down right there and put them on quickly, before he forgot which was which. Together we let ourselves out the front door, quietly in order not to waken the others.

We got into the station wagon, which I had left before the garden gate, and Jay obligingly pressed the starter for me. The Lukus Valley was still washed with reds and yellows left from the dawn. Once more on the rise I stopped the car on the site overlooking the vastnesses of the Mehasen Valley—a feeling of peace pervaded everything and it was good to let it sink in before descending to down-to-earth Adir.

Espejo was waiting impatiently before the main gate of Adir, hopping around nervously. Together we went to the warehouse to collect the first bags of seed from the barrel of water in which they had been soaking for two days. While we loaded the dripping, unwieldy sacks into the station wagon, Jay marched resolutely over to the canteen. From a low shelf in the kitchen, he chose a big cup and a bigger spoon. He sat down at a table with two Arab tractor drivers. After he had greeted them with the Arab *salem aleikum* and they had returned his greeting, he fished a packet of cereal out of his jacket hood. The two men leaned forward to examine the grains curiously, although they did not care to taste anything so radical. Manolo appeared to pour milk over the cereal and to offer sugar. Jay ate in silence and his Arab friends sucked noisily, as is their custom, at glasses of coffee and milk. The repast finished, Jay rode out to the field on a tractor driven by one of his breakfast companions.

As we lined the first decrepit *avantrén* up on the first row, Marron turned to me. "Would you like to make the first round?" I asked him in an "after you, kind sir" voice.

"The honor should surely be yours, *señora,*" replied Marron, bowing slightly.

"Why don't we both go?" I said, and we unseated Espejo, who already held a handful of seeds.

In blissful silence we made the first round, stopping occasionally to make an adjustment—angling more the two plowshares which were opening the furrows, raising the machine so that it did not plow too deeply, shifting the baskets of seed into more convenient position, and occasionally retrieving Jay when he lost his balance.

Jay, the agile one, was assisting us as best he knew how. He maneuvered about on the plunging machine, teetering precariously on the sides to give himself a thrill, looking over our shoulders with his hands clutching our heads, now and then dropping a seed in the wrong place and finally going to sleep, his head pulled into his hood like a turtle and propped against a basket of corn seed.

At the end of the third round, Marron and I relinquished our seats on the *avantrén* and put the second model into motion. For the rest of the day, the two old *avantréns* jerked up and down the parcel, our men straddling the tubes and dropping in seeds, for all the world like stuffing so many geese to make *foie gras* livers.

The next day and the next, things went smoothly with Parcel 31. Marron looked at me and I looked at him and we said to each other bravely:

"The Mehasen?"

"Yes, the Mehasen."

Marron looked across the Lukus River at the deserted Mehasen landscape, humped here and there with huts of unfriendly Arabs, and shook his head sadly. "Our enemies. We are about to offer ourselves into the hands of the enemy."

"It isn't that drastic," I said. "Pepe has already sent one of his D-Fours over and nobody has heard any shots."

"And no noise of the D-Four is to be heard on the air, either," Marron observed glumly.

Then we were occupied with getting ourselves down the thirty feet of sharply steep, slippery claybank. When we reached the water, slithering and sliding, I plunged in first because my Quimera was at least two hands taller than Marron's white mare or Pepe's gelding. The water was running swiftly and rose higher around the suspicious Quimera. She threw her head nervously from left to right. I glanced back at Pepe for reassurance.

"You have reached the deepest part," he assured me. "It won't get any deeper. You won't get wet."

Pepe proved to be right. Just as Quimera's eyes began to roll and water touched her belly, we passed the center of the river. "I hope you have the afternoon tide calculated as well," I said over my shoulder as [redacted] urged Quimera up another steep bank to gain the Mehasen flat land.

My parcel of cornland was still a mile away and we set off in silence. The whole valley, as far as you could see in any direction, was cut into tiny plots. Some were twenty feet square, some were twenty yards, but none contained more than a quarter of an acre. The plots had been scratched up with crude, bent tree boughs fastened to handles. We crisscrossed the plots, single file, taking great pains to keep to the border and not to ride on any of the worked land. Here and there an Arab was forcing down on the handle of one of the crude plows, pulled in slow motion by a team of heavy oxen. As we passed, he would let up on the handle and look into our faces and examine our mounts. His face would be impassive, expressionless. There was no hate reflected in it, neither was there any love.

I looked up at the Rif Mountains, looming black against the blue sky; seeming even blacker because the sky was so blue. I looked down at the Arabs we were passing. How to explain to them that our presence here today was going to help them; that Gomendio had agreed that they should share equally with the Spaniards in the water rights and that half the resulting irrigated land would be theirs? How could these men with the bent-tree-branch plows be made to understand about dams and reservoirs and increased production from improved terrains and tractors? And were we doing it the best way, just arriving like this, in one day swimming the river and, with one tractor, beginning?

> [redacted] of good manners [redacted] to put up pleasantly with bad ones.
>
> [redacted] WILLKIE
> The Forbes Scrap Book
> B. C. Forbes & Sons
> Publishing Co., Inc.

As we approached our parcel, we could see the outline of the Caterpillar D-4 tractor and the wormlike tracing of the tractor's plow furrows.

"The tractor is stopped," observed Marron.

"We can all see that," I answered crossly.

We rode up to the tractor. As we reined in our horses, the driver raised his turbaned head. It was my Arab friend Larbi. Inclining his head slightly, he asked, "The health of your husband?"

"Well, thank you."

"The health of your sons?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And the health of yourself, dear madame?"

"Excellent."

"It makes me joyful."

With the formalities out of the way, I was now free to ask, "And what are you doing seated idly in the shade of your tractor when there is still much work to be done?"

"Ah, madame," he answered softly, "it has to do with the Arabs of the Mehasen. They are unwilling to let us proceed."

"You have a tractor. How can an unarmed, unequipped Arab stop you from plowing?"

"It is too simple, madame. The Arab merely sits down upon the ground in the furrow of my tractor plow and there he stays. Am I to pass around him? No, it would be a crooked furrow. Am I to pass over him? No, he is as my brother. Shall I strike him? For that I go to prison. So he continues to sit there"—Larbi indicated the other extreme of the *parcela*—"and I continue to sit here"—he motioned to the shady side of the tractor and sat down there again, indicating he had no more to say.

I looked down to where Larbi had pointed and, sure enough, there was a hump of jelab right in the furrow. We approached, we stood in front of the offending man. He did not rise to confront us. Pepe, Marron and I had to squat down in front of him to get a view of his face, half hidden under his hood, and to enter into a conversation.

"*Selvager*"—good day from my companions and me—"are you a friend to us?"

The hood raised slowly and the face was visible, parched and dried up and lined with dozens of tiny wrinkles. His hood fell away to his shoulders, revealing the shaved skull with its one long pigtail at the back. His legs were tucked up underneath the jelab and his work-gnarled hands were folded peacefully into his lap. His eyes were dark and impersonal.

"*Selvager*," he responded slowly and with great politeness.

"You are sitting exactly in the path of our tractor." I spoke in Spanish and looked directly into his quiet eyes. Pepe obligingly translated this piece of information for the Arab and his expression changed to one of surprise.

"Pardon me, madame. It is not [redacted] who get into the tractor's path. It is the tractor who gets into my path. It is surely a mistake, but your tractor is passing directly over my piece of land."

"Except that it is not your piece of land any more, pardon me," I cut in.

"I have owned this land for my forty years and my father owned it before that. And before him it was my grandfather's. So how can you come now, today, with this roaring *diablo* and say my land is yours?"

I leaned over almost into his face. "Pardon me, but we have rented this land. We have paid money—*felous*"—I rubbed my thumb and two fingers together—"to use this land. Your *baja* is the one who was paid. He must pay you and you must move out of the furrow, please."

At the mention of the *baja*, the regional head of the Arabs, the little man flinched ever so slightly. "I am here, not caring about the *baja*. This is my land. It is not your land. I will stay." He settled more permanently than ever into the furrow, pulled his hood down over his head to indicate that our interview was at an end and refolded his weather-beaten old hands quietly into his lap.

It was a discouraging moment, but one which we had anticipated. The trouble was not that Arab sitting in that furrow in front of our tractor. The real trouble started years ago. It was a fight between the Moroccan Arabs and the Spaniards; the Arabs always jockeying for their right of independence, the Spaniards maneuvering to retain the hold they had won by arms over Morocco. At the moment, it was not for us to take one side or the other. It was only our job to get the corn planted.

I turned to the boys. "What do we do now?"

"Let's look up the *jari* of the *kabila*. Sometimes they can put things right," said Pepe.

On the *kabila* or village level, it is the *jari*, or cadi, [redacted] sort of local judge, who has the immediate authority. We set out to find him.

Entering [redacted] *kabila* is like entering another, more foreign land. There were several half-naked children engaged at desultory games in the dust. There was a huddle of wrapped-up women, squatted on their haunches, muttering to one another. The gaps in the cactus showed bare, trampled yards at the end of which were the Arab huts—baked mud structures with thatched roofs, called *chozas*.

Pepe, who had been here many times before as a guest, led the way into the property of the *jari*. As we approached the *choza*, a statuesque Arab appeared and motioned us all inside through the narrow, low doorway.

"What is going on? Did you ask him?"

"Don't be impatient," answered Pepe. "This is an Arab. We cannot discuss business so quickly. We must first take tea with him."

We found ourselves in a low-ceilinged, white-plastered, windowless room with the floor completely covered in layer upon layer of richly patterned woolen rugs. The *jari* had already slid his feet out of his *babuchas* and was padding across the rugs to take a seat among the silk and satin cushions piled in disorder around three walls of the room.

He raised his two arms dramatically before him and clapped them twice in slow motion. Immediately [redacted] young woman appeared in the doorway with a large tray, placed it directly in front of the *jari* and silently withdrew from the room again, her face carefully veiled up to the eyes. The tray was round and brass with three little legs of its own. On it were set a metal teapot, a copper kettle, four small glasses, a large conical lump of sugar and [redacted] mound of green mint, freshly plucked. Our Arab host launched into the delicate process of making the mint tea, giving it his complete attention. Finally he poured himself part of a glassful, tilted it to his lips and sucked the tea as noisily as possible into his mouth. He swilled it around like a wine taster, and swallowed it. He nodded contentedly, poured the three remaining glasses full and replenished his own. We all began sucking tea between our teeth and having our glasses refilled as soon [redacted] they were empty until we had done away with twelve glasses of tea among us.

Pepe pulled himself together—all that tea and idle conversation had put him into a rather relaxed state—and said, "With her most respectful respect, the *señora* wants to point out that one of your subjects is sitting in front of the *señora's* tractor, making it impossible to proceed further with the plowing; and pardon us for mentioning this, but the *jari* is aware of the agreement that exists between Company Lukus and the *baja* which the *baja* expects the

jari to carry out the best way for all of us." He paused expectantly, looking first at me and then at the *jari*.

The *jari* answered, "The *señora* will forgive the ignorant Arab. I know the *baja* has sold the rights to all our lands to the Spanish conquerors."

"Not sold," I put in hastily. "Just rented to us."

"Rented," he corrected himself without spirit, "rented away our livelihood." He fell to musing silently, his head lowered. Suddenly he raised his head. "I shall send to remove the man from in front of your tractor," he said firmly. He rose to his feet. "I am honored by your visit and you will remember, please, that we are little civilized and so would demonstrate our displeasure in uncivilized ways."

"Such as sitting in front of tractors?"

"Such as sitting in front of tractors." He declined his head, his fine, brown hands shoved out of sight into the sleeves of his jelab. We could go.

Single file and pensive, we made our way to the river. The Arabs had left their work and filtered back behind the cactus hedges, leaving the fields deserted and silent. There was an air of heavy solitude left and it penetrated even to us on our horses. It is a moment I often recall—the immensity of the Mehasen plain, the blueness of the sky, the feeling of being surrounded by unseen eyes and yet the completeness of the silence and peace.

"If you had only one wish, what would you want more than anything else in the world right now?" I asked into the still air. Both Marron and Pepe turned slightly in their saddles to look at me.

"I?" said Marron, tugging his old felt hat down on his forehead. "I should wish for a tractor of my very own. I would marry Carmen right away and take her to Sevilla with the tractor and work there just for the two of us and our children for the rest of my life. I would see the *feria*"—the annual fair—"of Sevilla every spring until I died." He smiled happily; he was at the *feria* in his mind.

"And you, Pepe?" I said. "What would you wish for?"

Pepe looked toward the west, into the sun. "I would ask to go there, just once."

"There?"

"America. To see America and perhaps stay there for a time. But we could as well ask for sample pieces of the moon, *señora*."

We were the usual four at the round table in Gomendio's office—Rafols, Gamiz and myself, with Gomendio refereeing. As usual, we were arguing.

My argument concerned the living conditions in Adir and the state of the men's quarters. "Take the canteen for an example," I argued, getting to my feet and pacing back and forth before Gomendio's huge desk. "None of you has been to the canteen at midnight and seen poor old Manolo trying to get some doughnuts made for breakfast—no light, insufficient water and certainly no space. Do you know that he has to spread things out on the floor to work? How can a cook do his best when he has to cut out doughnuts on the floor?"

No one answered.

"The dining quarters aren't much better; 'quarters' is an exaggeration—one little room, full of mud and flies in the summer and cold as the North Pole in the winter. Is that any place for workingmen without homes on the farm to eat?"

No one answered.

"And the patio! What a mess. What a disgrace. Ankle deep in dust ——"

Silence.

"The only change they can look forward to is mud." Then I reached into my briefcase and took out a roll of plans. "I was introduced to one of the local Larache builders the other day and suggested he draw up a simple plan for a dormitory."

I spread the plan out on the desk. It was not at all the simple plan I called it. It was a dream version of bachelors' quarters: a long, U-shaped building with individual bedrooms, a communal shower-bathroom on one side and a large, airy dining room-kitchen facing it. The middle part of the U was a spacious day room into which I had carefully lettered the words "Ping-pong table" and "Library."

Gomendio, Gamiz and Rafols studied it, frowning. Rafols broke the silence. "Ridiculous!"

"Do you realize, Betty, what such a structure would cost The Lukus Company?" This, of course, was Gomendio.

"Not any more than your two Cadillacs and one Mercedes Benz cost." I was ready to use any argument, however unfair. "If those men have to sleep another night with the gasoline drums, I'll move them all into my house. The horses get better care in Adir."

Gomendio glared at Rafols and Gamiz. Rafols said, "If that is all that worries you, Betty, suppose I give you the schoolroom. It is empty until September. You could move them in there for the time being and Gomendio could think about this other idea."

I was willing to accept anything. "That will do for tonight, thank you, but we won't leave the dormitory idea—all the thinking Gomendio will do, pardon me, is to shove the thing in a drawer."

A silence followed; everyone was in painful thought.

I suggested, "If it seems like too much money, I have an idea that won't cost you anything—or hardly anything; not even the price of a jeep."

They looked interested.

"The old dairy stable in the patio is empty. You remember it, Rafols. The heavy work is in tearing out the concrete and iron fixtures and we would do that ourselves, on our own time, before or after working hours."

They gave it to me, thinking it would be the end, the finish of this home-improvement move.

As I went out the door, I remarked, "You don't mind if we haul a few rocks for the patio while we are at it? To fill in the worst of the holes—on our own free time, of course."

"No," they said. "No, we don't mind." They would have said anything to get rid of me.

Back in the *cortijo* of Adir, my enthusiasm ran over on the men, sitting in the dust of the patio. Amid a confusion of men, kids and dogs, we hauled the cots, the mattresses and the makeshift beds out of the warehouse and into the schoolroom. When we had finished, you would have said it was a pretty scruffy dormitory, but we thought it was something out of Hollywood. It had windows, at least, and lights, and the floor was tile, not dirt, and the walls were plastered. And it did not smell of gasoline or fuel oil.

Pepe's battered old packing-case bed draped in blankets was set in the middle of the room, and from the top of it Pepe explained about the stable. I had been bluffing in Gomendio's office. I did not know if the men were willing to help with the destruction and new construction. I watched anxiously.

Pepe finished his explanation. Montes, the brawny blacksmith, turned to me. He was married and had his own house in the *cortijo*; it could not benefit him that the bachelors had a dormitory. "When does all this begin?" he said.

"I promised it would be in our spare time. Perhaps tomorrow night after working hours?" I suggested.

"Why not tonight?" Montes said, and he got off the crate on which he had been balancing and lumbered off to his blacksmith shop. He came back with three sledge hammers and three giant crowbars. We crossed the patio in a furor of excitement, like a gang of hoodlums intent upon assaulting the First National Bank. Someone pushed open the sagging door of the stable. Montes held out one of the sledge hammers to me. "Would you like to strike the first blow?"

Everyone stood back respectfully while I grasped the handle of the heavy sledge and went into the center of the stable. A row of iron stanchions for cows stood there. I raised the hammer over one shoulder, aimed low at the base of the stanchion and swung with all my might. The hammer struck with a ringing blow that sounded and resounded in the empty stable. The cement cracked open around the stanchion, and with a delighted roar the men were all over the place and the stable was a

sudden madhouse of flying cement, chips, dust and shouts of laughter and joy.

There was a feeling under their enthusiastic destruction of brothers banded together to get something accomplished for the good of all; a feeling of better things to come; it was the first glimmer of hope I had felt around me during my days in The Lukus. It was awe-inspiring. It was wonderful. And, tended properly, it could grow.

That first night was a disorganized mess, but in the following days we shifted the work onto a more organized basis. A young electrician ran in two electric wires from the leaning pole in the patio and we attached powerful light bulbs that allowed us to work until after midnight. There was someone hammering away at almost every hour. Those men who worked on the night plowing shift gave up an hour or two of their daytime sleep to fill a couple of dump cars with rubble. Those who worked in the fields in the daytime took a turn while they waited for dinner to be served in the canteen. And the men with homes in the *cortijo* came out after their dinners to bang away until sleep caught up with them.

The patio developed in the same way. Our idea was to cobble the surface of the patio with stones from a stone pit up in Meruan. As we needed tractors to move the stones, we wrung permission out of Rafols to let us use them on the days when it was too wet to work the fields. We had to wait for such a day, but it finally came—a dull afternoon with a steady, cold downpour. We pulled our jackets around us and went out into the rain to find a tractor and a wagon. Driving back through the patio on our way to the stone pit, the wagon silently filled with men. Some had raincoats, one or two had blankets, but most of them had only their old jackets with the collars turned up. We jolted out to the stone pit, huddled together in the beating rain, silent but determined. And we loaded the wagon full of stones with our bare hands, tearing the flesh and blackening the nails, and we hauled them back to the patio where one of the men who had made cobbled streets in his village in Spain silently began to cobble in a wet corner of the patio. All the time, the rain continued to fall, cold and unpleasant. Our effort was a pathetic drop in the bucket. It looked somewhat as it would if one man should kneel in the corner of Times Square and begin to pave the place, one cobblestone at a time, all by himself; it looked just that futile. But everything has to have a beginning and the only way to begin is to take the first stone and put it in place. And someone had to place the stone. We were the someones. I knelt behind this man and handed him the stones, one by one. I stayed until I was too wet and too cold to stay any longer, but when I dropped out someone took my place, and from then on that work never stopped. The cobbled patch in the patio spread out and out, each day farther, like an inkstain spreading out over a blotter.

Along toward the end of April we began to get well ahead of our corn-planting schedule, and at the same time Gamiz's cotton planting began dropping behind. Rafols was casting covetous eyes at our antiquated *avantréns*. I could tell what was going on in his mind; he figured that if he put my two old machines on the cotton planting it would even up the work all around. That would, of course, leave us planting corn with our bare hands. No, I had no intention of letting Rafols hustle me out of my machines.

The morning came when Marron and I put our two machines into the last of the "400" parcels.

"There is nothing complicated left to do," I told Marron, "just these long straight rows. We should finish up here by Saturday, don't you think? We can all take Sunday off for a change, and on Monday we can tackle our little bad-shaped, bad-conditioned Forty-four parcel."

Marron smiled with satisfaction. "I can see the end in sight," he said gleefully. "And we finish ahead of everyone, too, even with such inferior *avantréns*."

We were still cackling contentedly to each other when our doom jack-rabbited up in the form of Rafols' jeep. It stopped in its usual cloud of dust and Rafols leaped out, leaving the motor running and the door ajar.

Striding purposefully toward us, he waved his hands at the struggling *avantréns*. "Getting along fine, aren't you, Betty?"

"Yes, just fine. In fact, we hope to finish up next week."

"So soon as all that?" exclaimed Rafols in his eager, boyish way. "And how long would it take without the *avantréns?*"

Marron and I both turned an icy look upon him. I spoke. "We have not even considered



such a drastic circumstance. Both machines are limping along nicely with daily repairs, but we aren't complaining and neither are we planning on doing without them."

Rafols looked injured. "Did I say I wanted your old machines? We have all the tractor planters. I don't want them at all, I was only wondering ——"

I interrupted him. "Wonder no more, Don Rafols; these machines stay here in the corn until I am finished with them. I'll send you an official memorandum on that day."

Rafols turned our attention elsewhere. "I almost forgot to tell you, Betty. Your husband, Ricardo, is telephoning you from Madrid. You must go right into the *cortijo* and call him back—he's waiting."

"What does Ricardo want? Did he say?"

"Oh, something about a big party." Rafols grinned wickedly. "Know you're going to enjoy that!" He nodded to us both, leaped into his jeep and was gone.

When Rafols' jeep was again only a telltale ball of dust miles away, I turned to Marron. "You guard these old iron beasts with your life while I am on the phone. Imagine my going to Madrid this week! Why, I wouldn't think of it!"

It was a useless protest. Rafols had been correct. There was a party in Madrid the next night—our party, Ricardo's and mine—and I was expected to be hostess. There was nothing to argue against. After all, Ricardo had his rights. I would be there.

I drove into Tangier early the next morning, and took the plane for Madrid. During the flight, my mind was still busy planting corn; but when we landed at the Madrid airport, and I saw Ricardo waiting for me, I was back in Spain with a rush. We embraced happily and went off to the car, arms linked together, both talking at once.

The afternoon was spent in preparing the menu for the evening's dinner and in trying to put myself into presentable shape; my hair was sun-streaked and brittle, my hands were dark with soil stains. I gave my hair two shampoos and an oil treatment, rolled it onto some curlers and trusted that the results would pass inspection. It took me an hour to soak the stains from my hands and file my nails into a respectable shape.

For the party, I wore a long, full-skirted white satin ball dress that Christian Dior of Paris had designed. It was embroidered all over with thousands of tiny pearls and crystals and colored beads and it had its own matching white satin slippers. My sun-tanned shoulders were even darker against the white satin.

Ricardo and I drifted around, talking with everyone and serving lobster and turkey and homemade strawberry ice cream. Everyone drank lots of champagne and the evening wore on into the early morning.

The next afternoon, I flew back onto the African scene, eager to see the final planting of the corn. In Adir Alto, standing on the edge

of the "400" parcels, I found Marron close to tears.

"What is the matter?" I asked in dismay.

"*Señora*, they came right out and took away our *avantréns*. I said to them, 'You can't do that, the Señora Betty won't like it.' And they just answered that it had been decided. What could I do?" Marron was almost beside himself.

"Now, don't take it so hard," I told him. "We just have to round up some hand labor. Send out the word and we'll see what turns up in the morning."

The "word" was sent up to the nearest *kabila* by way of an Arab boy who herded pigs in and out of the ditches and stubble fields during the day and returned them to the folds in the late afternoon. When he went home to his *kabila* for his evening meal he carried along the information that we would be needing help in the morning.

As soon as the sun came up, I saddled big, bouncy Quimera and rode down to the 44 *parcela*. By that time, our new help had begun to turn up. They came straggling along the dusty road in unkempt disorder—the Arab women who do 95 per cent of all the physical labor in the Arab households. They tend the skinny cattle and the sheep, they plant the meager gardens, they carry the firewood and make the meals. When there is [redacted] call for work in The Lukus, the Arab men will consent to drive the tractors or count the sacks; but if there [redacted] crops to be planted or picked, they send their women.

The women who came were of all ages—pathetic little thin ones of ten or twelve years, husky hulking Amazons in the late teens or twenties, and old wizened grandmothers of heaven knows what age. They were dressed in a startling array of old rags; and if they had babies at the time, they brought them right along, wrapped up somewhere in their jumble of old clothes.

Marron herded them disgustedly into a long row across the end of the parcel. Each one carried her own *zapa*, a most impractical, short-handled, head-heavy hoe. We gave each "girl" a handful of corn seed and indicated that we wanted three seeds dropped into each hole. And with more giggling, they started straggling off across the field.

"*Mujeres!*" groaned Marron, grabbing his head with both hands.

"Oh, cheer up, we are on the last lap. Suppose we had all the *parcelas* to do like this!"

Marron had talked so much about his girl Carmen—the one he wanted to take to Sevilla with the tractor he had wished for—that I was anxious to meet her. One morning when the work was fairly well in shape, we went to visit Carmen. She lived in Adir Bajo with her parents and a couple of sisters. As we drove, Marron explained that they expected to get married before too long.

"Padre Tomás is in charge of things. He wants everything to be absolutely correct and there are so many things to do." Marron shook his head in a troubled way. Then he added hastily, "Of course the padre is right. It should be that way; a marriage that is not correct in the eyes of the church is no marriage at all." Marron went on with his story. "When I first went to Padre Tomás with this idea of getting married, he said I should think it over very carefully." And Marron had assured the padre that they had been thinking it over for several years already and felt they had made up their minds.

"Then bring me your own baptismal paper and that of your fiancée," Padre Tomás had said, "and we can get on with the marriage."

"That is my problem now, *señora*. You see, Carmen and I were both born in Sevilla and baptized there, but our fathers never had enough money to pay for copies of the baptismal papers."

"Well, Marron, that doesn't sound like too much of [redacted] problem—just save the money you need and send for the papers. Isn't that easy?"

He sighed heavily. "I suppose so, *señora*, but it all takes such a long time."

Carmen was a sweet, gentle-voiced young girl, with a petite, attractive figure and lovely white-blond hair that was all out of character with her Southern Spain background. She had a saintly quality about her, and a maturity beyond her twenty-three or [redacted] years. She introduced me to her pretty sisters and to her mother. We sat, all of us, in the kitchen-living room, dimmed to keep it cool, around the bare wooden table and sipped cups of black coffee liberally mixed with chicory.

When I later started back, Marron came along with me to stop off at the Nemsah pump house and show me where he and Carmen would live when they were finally married. It was only three rooms attached to the big engine room of the pump house; a modest dwelling, but clean and light. Marron had already finished the painting and he proudly showed me his new bedroom suite and his living-room table. There were no doors shutting off either the bedroom or the living room from the kitchen and I suggested that curtains in these two spaces would add a lot and solve the problem of privacy.

"Yes, I agree, but they are so expensive, *señora*, that they will have to wait."

"Don't do anything," I said suddenly. "I think I have just the thing for you in Madrid—some curtains from our first house that won't fit into the apartment where we are now. I shall write for them immediately."

"There is time, *señora*, there is time," said Marron, thinking morosely of the baptismal papers.

I turned to him and said, "Marron, would you be offended if I loaned you that money you need and you could pay [redacted] back when you have it?" It required courage for me to make such a suggestion. Marron was proud, and money is a touchy subject, particularly between women and men.

Apparently love was stronger than Spanish pride, because Marron broke into [redacted] smile. "Would you do that, *señora?* And consider it [redacted] temporary loan just between you and me?"

"It's a contract," I said, offering my hand.

Ten days later, Marron hissed [redacted] into a corner of the patio and brought me up to date on the wedding situation. The baptismal papers, promptly paid for, had duly arrived, both his and Carmen's. He had borne them happily to Padre Tomás and the wheels of the Catholic Church had begun to turn—the banns were posted and the church reserved for some vague date in the winter.

And then one morning we stopped in a ditch down beyond Parcel 44. We sat down on two big rocks and I poured two cups of hot coffee from my vacuum bottle. I turned to hand Marron his cup and suddenly he put his face down into both his hands.

I set the cup carefully on the ground and knelt down in front of him. "Will you tell me what is the matter and perhaps there is something I can do to help?"

After [redacted] moment, Marron's shoulders stopped shaking and he looked at me unhappily through his fingers. "I believe you are my friend, *señora*, and I am sorry not to have spoken to you before, but I was so ashamed and I thought that maybe the *señora*, with her fine background, would not like me so much when she knew the truth."

"Never mind the background, Marron, and tell me what you have to say."

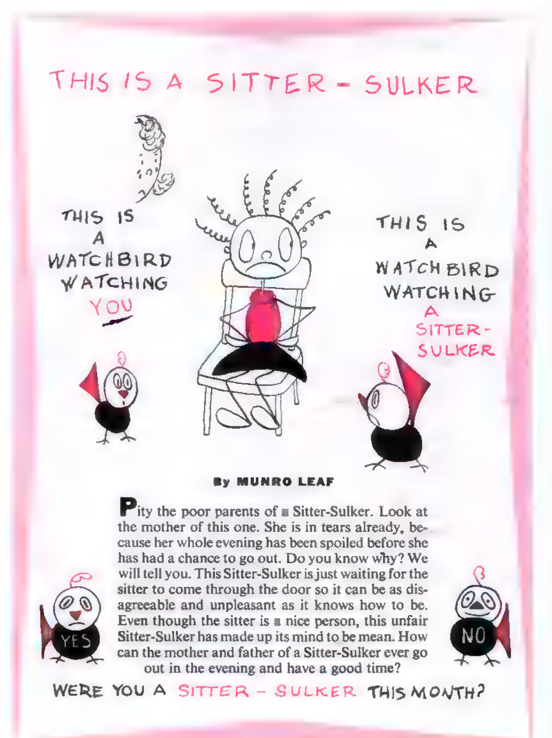
"I am *desesperado*"—desperate—"about this wedding. We still have not been given a definite date, and we cannot wait very much longer. Carmen is going to have our baby very soon." He looked down at the coffee cup and his breath came too quickly as he waited to be censured.

I moved closer to put my arm around his shoulder. "Why, that is not so serious, Marron. Your intentions have always been honest. You really should have married years ago when you first made up your minds. Suppose you take the rest of today off and go on home and prepare to get married next week. And here"—I fished around inside the leather pouch that was attached to my belt, drew out some money and shoved it into Marron's lap—"you will need [redacted] decent suit and a pair of shoes," I said.

Marron got to his feet and smiled for the first time in many days.

That same evening, after my sons had dropped off to sleep, I drove into Larache and sought out Gomendio. "Suppose you have a word with Padre Tomás and arrange the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



What makes simple dishes simply delicious?

...the Liquid Spice

that makes food flavors come alive!



SAVORY STEW. Brown chunks of beef round. Simmer in 1 cup hot water plus 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT until meat is tender. Add herbs, lots of carrots, onions, potatoes about 30 min. before meat is done. Hearty! Flavorful!



CHICKEN DELIGHT. Dip cut-up chicken in beaten egg and milk, then in bread crumbs; fry until lightly browned. Bake tender, adding a little water. Baste often. 15 min. before taking from oven add 2 cups milk and ¼ cup BRER RABBIT.



SAUCE ITALIENNE. To a large-size can tomato sauce, add 1 tbsp. BRER RABBIT MOLASSES. Heat. Pour over cooked spaghetti. Top with Parmesan cheese. Here's a lip-smacking, taste-tingling treat. BRER RABBIT and you have done it!



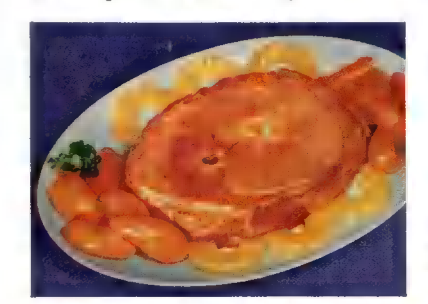
FRUIT WHIP WONDER. To 1 cup crushed peaches (berries or apricots) add 1 egg white, ¼ cup powdered sugar, 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT MOLASSES. Beat until mixture stands in peaks. Fill sherbet glasses. Chill. Great for family desserts.



BROWN BETTY. Spread applesauce in flame-proof dish. Top with crushed graham crackers, chopped nuts, a sprinkle of cinnamon. Drizzle 5 tbsp. BRER RABBIT over top. Dot with butter. Broil until crisp. Delicious hot or cooled.



BETTER BAKED APPLES. Fill cored apples with chopped nuts, raisins. Spoon in ½ tbsp. BRER RABBIT. Bake until tender in pan filled ¼ with water. While baking, brush with a molasses-cinnamon mixture. Superb—A. M. or P. M.



HEAVENLY HAM. This little trick brings out the deep-down flavor ham *should* have! Just broil partially . . . then brush on flavorful, tart-sweet BRER RABBIT MOLASSES. Turn indicator to "high" and broil 10 min. Mouth-watering!



BRER RABBIT MOLASSES—the liquid spice that makes foods tastier, more full-bodied. Add a little spice to *your* cooking with tart-sweet BRER RABBIT with the *green* label. For table use, try milder-flavored *gold* label BRER RABBIT.



MOLASSES MAGIC COOKBOOK! 22 pages filled with easy ideas to dress up, flavor up old favorites . . . lots of new recipes, too, for cakes, desserts, meats, vegetables. Write: Ruth Jordan, c/o Brer Rabbit, Box O-570, New Orleans, La.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

wedding for next week? The poor young man is going crazy and Carmen's family are all upset—to say nothing of Carmen herself."

It was arranged and Marron was married to Carmen in his new suit and shiny shoes. Carmen wore a pretty suit that her mother had helped her make. There was no time for a honeymoon then, because Marron was needed in the corn. We agreed that they could go to Spain when the work eased up in the fall—to Granada and Seville and even all the way up to Madrid, if they wished.

They settled into their new life, thrilled with each other as partners. It was good to see the way their eyes lit up whenever they met; the pride they took in their three rooms; the industrious way they tackled the barren dirt yard, trying to turn it into a garden.

April was ending, and, someway or other, all the crops were planted; my corn, Rafols' rice, Gamiz's cotton, the pepper and castor and tomato plants—all were in the ground. And all us *jefes* went around digging up our seeds to see if they had sprouted yet; "to see if the seed has moved," as the Spaniards say. The Spaniard gives personality to everything that grows. "He doesn't like his feet wet," they say of corn; or "Cotton, he adores lots of sun"; or "Rice will eat that fertilizer with much pleasure." I could picture Rice out there gobbling a delicious lunch of phosphate fertilizer, or Cotton stretching wide his arms to receive the sun, or my Corn trying gingerly to keep his feet dry.

At such times I realized how supremely happy I was with my share of life on the Lukus, and how well my luck had held—so far. Carmen and Marron were married, the men at Adir had a place to sleep, and every kernel of hybrid corn I had bought in a mood of wild impulse in New York was safely bedded in 1000 acres of rich Morocco soil. This had been a wonderful spring.

> **Laughter is wholesome. God is [redacted] so dull [redacted] people make out. Did [redacted] make the kitten to chase [redacted] tail?**
>
> **[redacted] HEINE**

May folded warm wings over the Lukus River valley. With the corn actually in the ground I had a little more freedom in which to enjoy my family and life in our Nemsah house. It would have been impossible to feel lonely in Nemsah with *La Banda* sharing our daily lives.

The Nemsah children were nearly all boys. We had only two girls there: a miniature, doll-like, reticent child of five who ate like a canary bird; and [redacted] hulking, simple-minded girl of eleven. The boys ranged in ages from four to ten and one of the ten-year-olds was the natural leader of the band.

His name was Manolo. He was the son of The Lukus Company's chief sheepherder and his mother was dead. His father's job demanded that he live wherever the sheep were grazing at the time; one month it might be on the sands of Nemsah, another month it would be on the wheat stubble of Meruan. Manolo slept stretched out on the dirt floor of his father's various shacks, one blanket under him, another on top. His clothes were discarded, cut-down trousers of his father's, tattered shirt, canvas sandals in the winter and in summer no shoes at all.

Manolo was brown-haired and dark-eyed, with his fair skin burned leathery. He kept about him a poise, an air of quiet dignity and a wisdom beyond his years; an adulthood that children of the fields often have.

He was the leader of all the children—*La Banda*. I would open my eyes in my bedroom in those delicious, orange-blossom-fragrant first hours of the morning and hear the children out in the garden. They would be gathered under the orange trees and Manolo would be deciding gravely what they would do that day.

There were so many choices. If the morning was not too hot, they would saddle up the old horse known as "107" and take turns riding around the *cortijo*. Another early-morning favorite game was to scout down to where the burros were grazing. Most of the older boys would scramble onto the backs of the burros. With short sticks they prodded their animals around in slow, wide circles. The little boys were allowed each to take hold of a burro's tail and follow the parade on foot. From [redacted] distance it looked for all the world like a circus troupe training in winter quarters.

When the sun came up, hot in the sky, *La Banda* would slither back to the house, stopping on the way at some half-hidden irrigation canal to wet their feet up to the knees and dunk their heads. They would then, like as not, congregate in the playground out behind the house. There was [redacted] clump of eucalyptus trees that gave shade to [redacted] good-sized patch of ground and we had set up a swing, a pair of rings and a parallel bar. Someone was always adding something new and interesting. One day I rolled in a length of cement pipe from [redacted] nearby irrigation project. It was useful to crawl through, or to push up on its end and use as a fortress.

Manolo gradually came to sleep in our house and to have his meals with my sons. I do not remember if there was ever one day when we said, "Manolo, why don't you sleep here and have your meals with us?" It just happened. He had to be at the house so early in the morning anyway to direct the band's activities, and very often his "home" would be miles and miles away that week—too far to go for meals, too far to go back at night. His father never objected.

It was like that with *La Banda* and the baths. There was never actually a day when I said, "You boys are very dirty and should take [redacted] bath." My sons are allowed to accumulate from head to toe whatever dirt they wish during the day, so long as they consent to soak in a good hot tub of water each night. The tub was big and all four boys plunged in at once. As none of the other houses in Nemsah had bathtubs, many of the band had never seen one, so they came into the bathroom out of natural curiosity and lined up along the wall to watch my sons having their baths. Before long, when my sons got out of the tub, the rest of the band would strip and hop in. Peals of laughter, water all over the bathroom floor and flowing out into the hall, shrieks of agony from soap in unaccustomed eyes! Some of the boys took to bringing their clean clothes with them once [redacted] week and changing after their baths.

The band gradually took to wearing blue jeans, polo shirts and sneakers, which I begged from understanding mothers in the States, obtained from the American PX in French Morocco, or bought on the Tangier black market at atrocious prices. The day arrived when the boys were all dressed so much alike that it was hard to tell one from another. Some stranger to Nemsah was apt to ask, "But which ones are yours, *señora?*"

I would look around at the boys dashing by, but they shifted from place to place so fast and were dressed so alike that I would have to reply, "I don't know right now, but they do sort themselves out at nights and mine are the four who come for dinner."

To the consternation of the band, I woke up one morning and resolved that the time had come for education. There was an empty room attached to the foot of the long L that formed the Nemsah buildings. It opened onto our house garden, which would be ideal for the purpose of supervision. I caught Rafols one day as he tore by in his jeep.

"There is an empty room next to my house, Rafols," I began, leaning in the jeep window.

He raced his motor impatiently and frowned at this delay. "What would you want it for—to start a hospital?"

"No, I want to make [redacted] school."

"A school!" he snorted. "This is the middle of summer."

"I'm not here in the winter and these children need some teaching; and besides ——"

Rafols threw up his hands. "Take the room. Do what you want with it. Would you step

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

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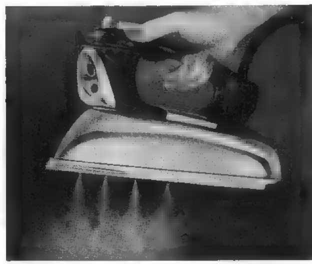




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

aside now and let me proceed? You can see I'm in a hurry."

I stepped aside and Rafols raced away, hunched over his wheel like a potential winner on the Indianapolis Speedway.

"*Gracias*—thanks," I called to the dust swirl he left behind.

That very morning I rounded up the band from the burro circuit, and informed them that they were about to be educated. There were loud groans from all the boys and Ric informed the little citizens of Nemsah that this was unfair because he served nine months of that kind of torture in Madrid. My mind was made up, and I got the town carpenter to build four child-sized tables for the older children and one long, low table for the kindergarten tykes. He also built a bookcase and a blackboard and a desk for "teacher," although as yet we had no teacher. We painted each piece of furniture a different color—red, blue, yellow, green. For the classes, we bought our instruction books from a local store, but we had piles of magazines, crayons and coloring books from America and the children made lots of cutout pictures to take home to their parents.

The teacher we found was the young girl who taught in the Adir school during the winter months. She came out from Larache every morning and the boys gave her a rough time until we instituted the afternoon snack. Only the children who had behaved themselves could have the snack when class was over. The snack was a big glass of orange juice or chocolate milk, a handful of cookies or a thick sandwich, and always a couple of hard candies twisted up in colored paper. It helped the boys remember to go easy on the teacher and it filled in on the meager meals they ate in their houses.

School was only three hours of the day, so there were still many hours left for the burros and the playground. They forgave me, the band, for setting them at the schoolwork and even went back to liking me a little.

It would soon be summer, and still no rain had fallen; and how desperately our planted seeds needed rain! There were several days late in May when long layers of gray clouds formed in the east, but the west stayed bright and blue. Marron and I walked the entire length of Parcel 31 with Pepe trailing along behind, anxiously peering in hopes of seeing the first little green sprout. There were none to be seen that day above the ground, but we stopped in midfield and dug around and finally we had in our hands several kernels of corn, all "moved." The first pale sprouts showed. We replaced the kernels, careful not to break their shoots.

We talked of many things as we tramped along. Marron and Pepe wanted to know if Texas oilmen are truly as fabulous as all the stories say. Pepe explained how the latest model of the German Mercedes Benz automobile could be greased from stem to stern by pressing a single button. Marron said that that was nothing, the Americans had perfected an adaptation of radar which enabled them to drive around at night without headlights!

"It sees in the dark automatically," he explained. He knew this because his cousin in Seville had seen the American consul's car driving thusly. I ventured to say that it was more likely the American consul had just neglected to turn on his lights. Marron turned a scornful look upon me which was meant to indicate that I did not know everything in the world.

We went toward the far end of Parcel 31 to examine a wonderful spring of clear cold water that Marron had stumbled across during the spring planting. While digging to clear out the spring pool, Marron had found an interesting old Moorish millstone. It was a strange object to find in this sector which has been marshland as long as anyone can recall. Marron said the Arab who accompanied him had refused to lift out the stone, explaining, "Underneath will be living the devil and we should be freeing him into the world."

I examined the ancient millstone with much curiosity, running my fingers over its smooth surface.

"I should like to have this for my fireplace hearth in Nemsah," I said.

Marron shook his head. "I don't think the Arabs would like it so much if we moved it."

"No," agreed Pepe. "Especially taking it inside a house—a Christian house—they wouldn't understand that."

We slid the stone carefully back inside the hole, on one edge of the spring. And surely it is still there.

That night I went to sleep with the hot, dust-filled air hanging heavily over the whole length of the Lukus Valley. But in those last hours before dawn, it began to rain; a thick-dropped, pounding sheet of water that lasted two hours and brought steam from the earth. After the sun had risen, rosy and warm-looking over the damp farm, I took Jay by the hand and Penn, the littlest son, and we walked joyously across the road into the citrus groves. We went barefooted and the wet, cold sand felt glorious between our toes. We took a reed basket, and once we were underneath the black-green foliage, we each found a big yellow grapefruit for our breakfast. We went farther into the next grove and we picked oranges until there was no more room in the basket.

Jay let go of my hand and planted his little bare feet in the sand. "Let's have a race back to the house," he said.

Penn immediately crouched almost to the ground, and began to count, "One, two, three, four ——"

"That's enough numbers," I told him. "I'll carry the basket of fruit and it will be a fair handicap."

Penn was up to number ten and we took off across the sand, the two little boys plowing along ahead of me, blond heads shining, shrieking with happiness and good health.

After that first welcome rain, there were others. Before long, everybody's seeds had "moved" and the once bare brown fields were furred with neat rows of tiny green sprouts.

This growing period allowed us to devote more time to our dormitory at Adir. As he had promised, Gomendio gave us a mason with two assistants and let the company carpenter devote part of each day to the dormitory. The rooms were beginning to take shape. We decided to keep the wide stable-door effect, replacing the sliding wooden panels with large, attractive iron-grille gates. These led into an ample reception hall where we planned to put a couch and a couple of chairs. Off to the right and to the left were to run two passageways, and the bedrooms gave onto these; small rooms, to be sure, with just enough space for double-decker bunks on one side and a table and chair on the other. The clothes lockers were to be out in the hall. Each man would have one with his own key. On the other side of the passageway, a large communal shower-toilet was being built.

On one end of the dormitory we built a small room and bath, rather more opulent. This would serve as a guest room for any visiting technicians. On the other end we constructed a room we planned to outfit as a new first-aid station. Emilio, the company's male nurse, spent much of his spare time hovering over that room, making practical suggestions.

We were able to give the patio more time too. Occasional days of summer rain allowed us to collect a splendid big pile of stones. Gomendio, seeing evidence of our industry, softened up enough to assign us two full-time stonemasons. These, aided by volunteers, soon had the cobbled part of the patio fairly chewing into the old dirt area. It became possible to walk on stone all the way from the office to the dormitory building, a feeling of positive luxury.

The idea of having some kind of garden in our patio had long been lurking in the back of my mind. In the very center of the patio, where the old leaning telephone pole with the dim light bulb stood, was a well. Shooting out from this well, like the points of a crudely drawn star, were five cement drinking troughs, waist high, out of which the horses and cows drank and at which the bachelors washed and shaved. As the bachelors would soon be washing and shaving in their new dormitory and the stock was to be banished to one of the smaller patios, we squeezed permission from Rafols to make our garden around the well.

It was a long, tedious job. We sought out a rich, black soil down at the Nemsah pump house, and with this dirt we filled the troughs. The ground between the starlike troughs was hard-trodden and poor. It had to be dug up, the stones removed, and a better grade of soil mixed in. It took weeks and weeks and we pressed all the stray school children into service. And any unfortunate laborer, Arab or Spanish, who sat down in the patio to rest for a moment would suddenly find a shovel or a pick in his hands.

When the ground finally was in shape, I drove up to the Palafito and went into a huddle with Pedro, the gardener. He was a placid, bronzed man who loved gardening so much that his face was a sunbeam whenever he had a chance to discuss it. We wandered around the Palafito gardens, planning what we could steal for the Adir patio. We finally decided that the small circular bed around the mouth of the well should be put into *uña de gato*—cat's fingernail—a delicious name for the small, low, green, spreading plant with brilliant purple flowers. We set one of the Arabs to pulling up *uña*, and later I drove him down to Adir while he transplanted it.

We agreed to have a small green hedge all the way around the circle and to plant in

each space between the troughs cypress trees. Pedro explained that these would someday be tall enough for a man to walk between. He suggested two palm trees in each section; for these we had to drive into Larache and talk the head of the Moroccan Forestry Department out of several of his. He also donated a number of mimosa trees. Four of these we planted in front of the dormitory, making quite a ceremony of the planting. When you plant a tree, you create a memory.

We planted several more mimosas in our patio plot and filled the troughs themselves with bright red and pink geraniums, the kind that fall over and hang downward, covering the cement with a profusion of green leaves and bright flowers.

Before we finished, one of the old grandmothers of the *cortijo* came shuffling out and thrust upon us a prize plant from her own garden. I transplanted it into a very prominent place so that she could see it always as she went by on her way to the *economato* for the groceries.

It was midsummer.

Our dormitory was getting along so well that we began looking greedily at the stable on the other side of the patio. I pestered Rafols about it, and we were soon tearing the stable apart and planning a wonderful big dining room-café with a fine new kitchen just for the cook, and a separate section for the company store.

And all the time, the corn was getting higher, so that when we walked through it, Marron and I, it began to slap across our knees and there were some places where it came up to the waist with its thick, juicy stalks and its healthy, drab green leaves.

Another gnawing problem for which we found more time during midsummer was that of keeping everyone in clothes. The company salaries were so small that after food had been bought, and shoes and the inevitable medicines, there was never much left for clothing.

I began to ask all our friends in the States to save me their old clothes. Whenever we entertained Americans in Madrid and they asked what they could do for me, I would say, "Send old clothes." These contributions were sent to my parents, who live in Maryland. My mother acted as a collection depot, receiving all the clothes, sorting them, and packing them in transportable cartons. A friend of my husband's, who has a shipping agency, took care of transporting the cartons to Madrid. And from there I lugged them down to Morocco myself, explaining each time to the curious customs officials that it was nothing of *contrabanda*—only old clothes for the farmers.

Once the system got going we had a carton of old clothes to distribute almost every month. All around the farm, men began to pop up in blue jeans and loudly colored flannel shirts, and small children wore American shorts and polo shirts. Near where my mother lived in Maryland was a whole row of houses whose housewife occupants conscientiously saved every outgrown dress and trouser, every scrap, for these people 4000 miles away, none of whom they would ever see. It was a display of neighborliness that touched these people of Morocco deeply. They were anxious, of course, for the clothes they badly needed; but even more they were curious about the unknown friends who had sent the gifts.

A Spanish wife receiving a cotton house dress would ask, "Does she have a large family, this American *señora?* Does she have to work as hard as I do? She must have lots of dresses to send away one so new, doesn't she?"

I would explain that yes, the former owner of that dress had five children and she did all her own housework. And no, she did not have lots of dresses, but she had enough and she wanted to give one to a woman in Africa who needed it.

It was a new concept of generosity for the Spanish woman to understand.

The new babies concerned me almost more than the young children or the adults. There never seemed to be enough little shirts and dresses in our old-clothes cartons, and never any diapers at all. I cornered Gomendio in his big office one day and explained this problem to him in serious detail. He looked interested.

"As you can imagine, it is a subject that I have never gone into very deeply. What would you suggest we do?"

He and I came to an agreement whereby The Lukus would pay for the material if the women would make up the clothes themselves. We worked out a very satisfactory layette: six cotton diapers, two flannel shirts, two long dresses, two cotton shirts, two woolen sweaters, two pairs of bootees, two binders, four sheets, a crib mattress and pillow, a rubber crib sheet and a woolen shawl. We divided the work among all the women, whether they were expecting babies or not, and they helped out cheerfully. The girls in the school classes embroidered the little sheets in pink or blue. Some young girls knitted sweaters and bootees. Women with sewing machines ran up the shirts and dresses. We tried to keep one or two layettes made in advance, and most of the time we were successful, but sometimes we got behind when a new baby was expected and then there was a mad clicking of knitting needles and sewing machines. When the little one finally arrived, we presented him proudly with his hastily assembled layette and clucked over him like any bunch of women, foolish over a newborn baby.

In July the corn stretched so tall that we could no longer see over it. And the ears began to form—two long, slender ears on each stalk. You came down the irrigation ditch, you plunged in between two rows and you were lost to the world, the green leaves folding in behind you and before and overhead. Those corn rows were the one cool place on the farm; the heat had become oppressive. The stalks were now too tall to cultivate. We sprayed once again. We crossed the river and rode through the Mehasen corn. We examined the 31, all the "400" parcels and that unwanted child, Parcel 44. And then we settled down to let those slender ears plump up. It would still take time.

The permanent pasture I had talked Gomendio into experimenting with had sprung up, rich and green. We had planted it in the *parcela* behind the dingy old canteen. It looked homelike and familiar to me, with horses, mules and colts standing knee-deep in young oats that would soon be supplemented with clover and a bit later on with timothy grass.

One of the basic problems in Morocco is the almost complete lack of nutritious pasture lands. The Spaniards are reluctant to spend money on anything from which they cannot see an immediate result. Pasture is one of these things—it takes several years of expensive seeding before you begin to reap results in fatter cattle and sheep and pigs. I was trying two varieties of dry-land grasses; both can live with very little water once their astonishing ten-foot roots have penetrated into the earth. One is named Buffel Grass; and the other, Weeping Love Grass—wonderful, romantic

"I LOVE YOU—
BUT I CAN'T
LEAVE HIM . . ."

■ Arlis shook her head. "I can't, Crawford," she said. "If I went with you, not a soul in the world could say what Matthew Dunbar might do. I just can't let him be driven that far." They were two strong men, fighting on opposite sides in a battle which she knew could destroy them all. Borden Deal tells the story in

DUNBAR'S COVE

complete in the November JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

name, especially when translated into Spanish: *hierba de amor llorando*.

The Arabs were busy about this time with their annual observance of Ramadan. The Ramadan consists of a full month's fasting between sunup and sundown; nothing must pass the Arab's lips during that period, not even water. This is not so hard on the rich Arab families who can stay up eating and drinking all night and drowse through the daylight hours, but it is hell on those Arabs who are working for a living. During this period, the Arabs at The Lukus dragged themselves through the day doing about half a day's work, moaning and groaning and even fainting when it was convenient. But if they were true Mohammedans, nothing would persuade them to give it up or sneak a drink of water, and they lost pounds of weight.

Finally the whole period came to an end—the occasion for a terrific huge feast in all the Arab *kabilas*.

Larbi hurried to me one day toward the end of Ramadan and announced flush-cheeked that I was invited to his house for the elaborate feast. We went in the waning light of the late afternoon, when our work had been completed. You could feel the excitement in the air, hear the Arabs calling to one another all over the farm, laughing and hurrying with their brass tray tea tables balanced securely upon their heads. And off in the distance sounded the thud of a darabukka, the small Arab drum, and the high, questioning note of a *ghaita*, the Arab flute.

We drove up to the *kabila* in a jeep. There were several of us—Pepe, myself, Marron and gaunt Espejo—all looking forward to [redacted] good meal. Larbi's *kabila* was easily the most fascinating of the four on the Lukus farm, at the highest point of the property. We had to leave the jeep at the bottom of a hill and walk up because there was only a crude footpath winding through the brush and rock. As we came to the top, there was Larbi wearing a new yellow silk turban and pantaloons of deep purple satin. He had on a mauve blouse and an orange cummerbund. With his shining black skin and white teeth, Larbi was a Technicolor picture.

And the view—it made one jealous of the Arabs who could live up here all their lives and look out every day all the way down the valley as far as Larache, and across the Mehasen to the dark blue mountains!

This was a double celebration for Larbi. Besides being his feast to end the Ramadan, he was having the feast for the baptism of his newest baby son. "Baptism," they call it when they speak to our race, but actually it is the circumcision ceremony that takes place two or three days after the birth of the son. We were expected to visit the little patient first thing. For this purely female function, Larbi handed us over to his wife, who looked years older than he, bent and shrouded in her cumbersome white cotton haik. She was glad of this rare opportunity to get into the picture; the Arab woman is usually called only to serve the meal to her master and his guests, and never introduced as Larbi had just introduced her to me. She led us halfway across the hard-packed dirt yard to the *chabola* that was the women's quarters. Then, glancing curiously over her shoulder at me, she motioned for me to pass in front of her.

I could hear her behind me asking rapid questions of Pepe in Arabic: "Does the *señora Americana* always wear trousers, like an Arab?"

Pepe answered, "Yes, she wears them all the time when she is working on the land."

That pleased the woman and she caught up with [redacted] again, gently nudged my arm and with timid signs showed me that we both wore trousers of a sort. It was [redacted] way of finding some common ground.

To enter the *chabola*, we all had to stoop to the waist, and once inside, we still had to half crouch to keep from striking our heads on the ceiling. The floor was hard-packed earth. In the center there was [redacted] small charcoal fire, going full blast and tended by another old woman, surely some leftover relative of Larbi's or his wife's. The fire gave off [redacted] enormous amount of smoke; it hung in thick blue clouds and our eyes began to smart and then to stream from its strength. Strings of drying red and green peppers and herbs [redacted] suspended from the ceiling, and there were mounds of potatoes and tomatoes and melons on the floor. In a miniature hammock of woven hemp, swaying gently, was the new baby. The old fire-tending crone hastily brought [redacted] crude oil lamp that was belching off more and blacker smoke and this she thrust into the poor baby's face.

He could not possibly have been sleeping anyway. I leaned over and peered into the wizened face, and noticed his puffed eyes, squeezed tightly shut against the smoke and his pain, but leaking tears out of the edges. Still, he was not crying and my heart went out to him, learning so young this lesson that he would have [redacted] much chance to practice in the life ahead of him. I looked up into the brown faces of the women, staring at [redacted] so fixedly, waiting for [redacted] verdict, and I quickly pronounced him, with extravagant gestures of my hands, absolutely the finest baby I had seen in a long time. The ladies relaxed gratefully and giggled. Until I had spoken, they seemed afraid that I would not like their child. I called Pepe over and through him I said, "I have four babies in Nemsah." I showed them how tall with my hands. "They would like to come and [redacted] you and bring some clothes to your new son." This delighted both the women and they patted me affectionately on the arm and bobbed their heads up and down.

It was getting darker now and the old relative lighted our way across the yard to Larbi's main *chabola*. This was a larger hut, rectangular in shape, with higher walls. Once inside the anteroom, we were able to stand up straight. We removed our boots, stepped across the second threshold onto Larbi's fine collection of woolen rugs and arranged ourselves along the wall against the many satin cushions. Larbi sat solemnly in the exact center of the room, cushions heaped behind him to help maintain his erect posture. An outsider would never have guessed that just the day before we had all been crawling over a tractor together; and Larbi would have been offended had someone mentioned the harsh word "tractor" in this, his social setting. We Americans who continually cut across social talk with remarks about "the flier I took on the market today" or "if the union would just let me increase production" could take a lesson in deportment from Larbi.

We were no sooner seated than the tea ceremony began, Larbi's wife bearing in the tray and kettle and silently retiring again. In

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"Remember we used to call him [redacted] little bundle from heaven!"

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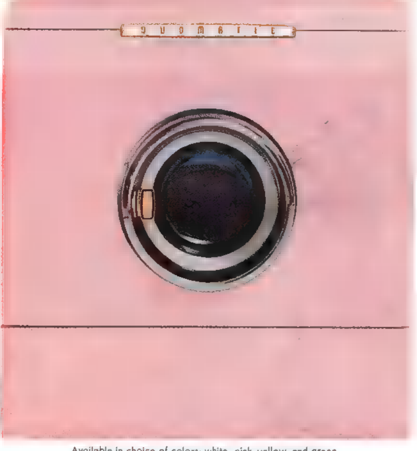
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Available in choice of colors: white, pink, yellow, and green

Duomatic's **BIG FILTER DRUM** *washes cleanest . . . dries fastest . . . does away with lint on clothes!*



Washes cleanest! You get far more washing action in Duomatic's Big Filter Drum. Your clothes plunge two feet into active, penetrating suds. 2880 filter holes make lint a thing of the past!



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PHILCO-BENDIX® '58 DUOMATIC



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spite of the intimate conversation we had engaged in such a few minutes before, Larbi's wife never even looked at me; she might have been any servant impersonally serving her master.

When we had all been served tea, a large, round wooden table on squat legs was brought in and placed in front of Larbi. He motioned us to surround it, and as we did, his wife put a huge pottery bowl in the center. It was the traditional Arab dish, a whole baby lamb, stewed and served with the couscous meal and rich with raisins and almonds. We ate this with our fingers, as we were expected to do, rolling up the sleeve on the right arm, dipping two fingers and the thumb into the couscous and taking [redacted] large pinch which we bounced onto the palm of the same hand, rolled up smoothly into a small ball and tossed into our mouths. The other hand is never used. In between balls of couscous, we tore sections of the lamb from the bones and ate them with relish.

We were all leaning back from the table, groaning from the quantities of couscous, when Larbi's wife set before us an oversized platter of small roasted chickens. These had been done with raisins and almonds, also, and were cooked to a crisp golden brown. We pulled ourselves closer to the table and began again on the chicken. Through the open doorway we could see the women and the children gathered around the couscous bowl, eating hungrily of what remained.

Our tea glasses were constantly being refilled, and when the chicken platter was borne away it was replaced by [redacted] kind of Arab pancake, sweet and syrupy, called *galets*, with which we terminated our feast.

"My hands, Larbi, is there something to wipe them on?"

They were so sticky that I could not possibly lick them clean, as Marron was doing in correct Arab custom. Larbi looked distressed for a moment and then his face lit up. He turned behind him and from a colorfully painted wooden chest he drew a length of fine white satin and handed it to me happily.

"Use this, *señora*."

"No, I wouldn't do that. It is much too fine." But I saw from his eyes that he would be hurt if I did not, so I took it and carefully cleaned my hands.

"It is my wife's wedding petticoat," he explained proudly.

As we were lounging back on the cushions, [redacted] weird sound started up outside. It began as an indistinct noise in the distance and gradually, as it came closer, it separated into the Arab drum, the darabukka, and the high-noted, wailing flute, the *ghaita*.

Larbi smiled again. "The dancers," he explained. "I have paid the most and they will dance in my very yard tonight."

We put our boots back on and staggered out into the yard. While nobody was watching, I slipped over to where the women were finishing up the sticky pancakes, and in those few Arab phrases which I can manage, I told Larbi's wife that it was a magnificent feast we had eaten and how thankful all of us were.

We stood there in the pale light of the moon, like two conspirators, she glancing continually over at her husband to be sure he did not see us, but reluctant to have me leave. We assured each other, with much arm waving, that we would get together again soon.

The rising moon had flooded the whole hilltop with an unreal bluish light. And the dancers had indeed come into Larbi's very yard, only the tops of their bobbing heads visible above the milling, jostling crowd of admirers that came along with them and pushed into the yard.

In deference to the fact that Larbi had paid the most, the ragged crowd of men and women and youngsters fell back [redacted] bit and left us who were standing in the door of the *chabola* [redacted] clear view of the night's entertainment. There were only two dancers, a man and a woman, and they were engaged in the classic Arab dance—facing each other across an imaginary ring and coming slowly together in a circular motion, with nervous, mincing steps in time to the mounting music. When they finally met in the center of the ring, the music was frenzied and the dancers bobbed their heads at each other's faces frantically, their bodies never touching. The audience apparently considered this scandalously sexy and they went into screams of ecstasy. Upon closer inspection, I realized that the "woman" dancer was not [redacted] woman at all but a female impersonator. When I questioned Larbi, he told me that women were never allowed to participate directly in these risqué dances. Each time the dance ran its course and the wild climax was reached, the audience screamed for more, flapping the sleeves of their jelabs, throwing back their hoods to howl their approval.

It was very late and we told Larbi good night, telling him not to come with us, that we would find our way along the path and down the hill.

"As you will it, *el oum.* Allah go with you." Larbi bowed his head once and returned to the dancers.

"What is that name they always call me?" I asked Pepe curiously. "That name in Arabic *el oum?*"

Pepe and Marron exchanged amused glances over my head. "Don't you know? It's the name the Arabs have given to you. It means 'the little mother.'" And then they were suddenly embarrassed by this sentimentality and Pepe shouted back to Espejo, "Hurry up and we can all race down the hill and see how the *señora* runs!"

I recalled the Arab plunging up and down in front of me on his horse, longing for a race. It is an urge that all males seem to have—an almost physical need to establish their superiority over the female.

"Give me a head start," I pleaded, breaking into a trot.

"*Nada de eso*—nothing doing!"

I broke into a run and was off down the hill. The hill was so steep that the faster I ran, the faster I had to run. The three young men passed me effortlessly on either side, running easily and emitting piercing, happy war whoops. A wispy cloud passed between us and the full moon, obscuring the winding path among the stunted trees. And then it was as bright as day again and I was arriving, still running headlong, at the foot of the hill in the little valley. The men were already there, sprawled around on the ground, catching their breaths. I brought myself to a grateful stop and dropped down onto a handy rock, huffing and puffing. Said one young man to the others—could it have been nineteen-year-old Pepe?—"The little mother doesn't run so badly, considering her age!"

With the men I worked beside day after day, whether Arab or Spanish, I was at ease. They did not disapprove of anything I might say, wear or do. If at times they found me unreasonable, they hid their feelings under the mask of unfailing courtesy. Or they might even try to explain to me how they felt. They accepted me as fellow workman and friend.

This was not always true of my fellow farm managers. There were times during our weekly business meetings in Larache when I sensed their disapproval as a tangible force filling the room, the subtle resentment of a woman who was daring to voice demands in an Arab-Spanish world where women are supposed to be subservient. It made no difference that most of my demands were based on the needs of poorer, less privileged men of their own race.

From the first day I had peered into the dusty patio at Adir I had been troubled by the apathy of the men squatting there, images of despair muffled in heat and wool, sunk in the silence of complete, utter boredom. While talking with several of these men, the idea of a club began to form in my mind.

I stopped Rafols on his rapid way through the patio one day.

"Trouble?" he inquired, glancing swiftly from face to face and turning his eyes finally to me.

"Quite the contrary," I began cheerily. "We only want to borrow [redacted] building for ——"

"No! You have borrowed enough buildings. We cannot afford it. You are spoiling the men."

"But, Rafols, this building is empty!"

I had almost been telling the truth. It was practically an empty building: an ample, rectangular room attached to the end of the largest granary. It did contain a few dozen scattered sacks of chemical fertilizer, but these were easily spirited off to another warehouse and we were left with our lovely empty building.

We needed first an organization to run this club, and just as urgently we needed money. So we called everyone together to elect officers. The men crowded into the room, hot and dusty from their day's work. Lacking a chair, I sat on an upturned tomato basket. They made a serious thing of founding their club and elected Montes, the blacksmith, as president. A young man called Luis was elected treasurer-secretary. Fair, sallow, with [redacted] serious, never-smiling expression, he was the nearest we could produce to an intellectual. With Montes to lend us an aura of respectability, Luis would do nicely to keep us on a businesslike basis.

We levied a dues fee of five pesetas (about ten cents then) a month against each member and that included all his family too; his wife and children were then eligible to enter the club. We had intended the club originally for the Spanish personnel, but the more enlightened Arab men who were interested could and did use the club facilities. There was no question of the Arab women's participating, simply because all their tradition was against their taking part in such a public project.

The day after our first meeting Rafols was doleful. He shook his head discouragingly: "It won't work, Betty, it smells too much like [redacted] union."

"Don't be silly, *hombre.* We are out to amuse ourselves. The last thing from our minds is to create any political significance. Leave us in peace, man, leave us in peace."

And he did. He watched carefully from the side lines, but he made no move to interfere.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON—A PROFILE

When [redacted] elected, his salary [redacted] not been determined. Later, Congress [redacted] the figure [redacted] $25,000 annually, payable quarterly.

His pet name for his wife [redacted] "Patsy."

[redacted] owned [redacted] slaves.

His principal diversion [redacted] training baby foxes to do tricks to [redacted] his friends.

He was our wealthiest President.

In 1790 he signed [redacted] bill which laid the foundation of the American patent system.

When he took command of the Continental Army in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he wrote that he "abhorred the idea of independence for the American colonies."

His second inaugural address consisted of 134 words.

He owned 10,000 [redacted] of real estate.

When he [redacted] first elected to office there were eleven other candidates, but he eventually received all the electoral votes.

He wrote a will [redacted] pages long.

He drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the week, dying on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, December 14, 1799.

FRANCES [redacted]



Invitation to romance . . . beautiful new 'Ballad' pattern

Prepare to lose your heart . . . to the new silverware pattern that captures completely the modern elegance of today's loveliest homes. Every detail of "Ballad"* whispers of a gracious past, while lending distinction to even the simplest table setting. You'll cherish it for its silver splendor, for the timeless beauty and craftsmanship that are the essence of Community* quality. See "Ballad" and matching "Ballad" hollowware at your jeweler's or fine silverware department . . . it's everything you can be proud of . . . for a lifetime. Created in the Design Studios of Oneida Silversmiths.

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR OTHER PATTERNS IN THE COMMUNITY COLLECTION.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

8 serving pieces free (a silver drawer full) when you buy 8 place settings for $88

This handsome drawer chest, complete with 56 pieces of "Ballad," for the price of 8 place settings alone. You save $24.00, the entire cost of the 8 serving pieces shown at left. (Chest in mahogany or blond finish.)

Chest includes: 16 teaspoons • 8 place knives • 8 place forks • 8 place spoons • 8 salad forks • 1 butter knife • 1 sugar spoon • 1 cold meat fork • 1 gravy ladle • 1 table spoon, pierced • 2 table spoons, regular • 1 pastry server

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We got on with the decorating details. One of our main ambitions was to achieve a movie, [redacted] Vicente, the company carpenter, built us a very adequate projection booth out of plywood boards, set up on stilts at the far end of the room. On either side, he built a set of bleachers to hold the audience. The painter who had done my house wandered in. We asked him to paint us a white "movie screen" opposite the projection booth. He outdid himself and added elaborate floral decorations in colors on both sides of the finished screen.

Besides providing the diversions that were so badly needed, the club sparked that flame of brotherhood that had been lit so hesitatingly by our building of the dormitory. The men had their quarrels, of course; but they were all working for the same results and ultimately, for the first time, they were working for themselves. They realized this and it was important enough to make them settle their differences and pull together. In the long run, the newborn feeling of teamwork among the laborers was much more important than whether my corn crop failed or succeeded.

Rafols gave us permission to build six card tables and chairs, and these we enameled glossy forest green. We nailed a bulletin board to the wall. I contributed my oversized dining table. In no time at all we had all the basic requirements for the first club that The Lukus had ever seen.

I had an old Telefunken radio, left over from the war, and this we sent to be overhauled. I had dozens upon dozens of American magazines, and these all went to fill the reading table and to be added to each month as I finished with the new magazines that came from my parents in Maryland.

These magazines inspired the first notice on our bulletin board. I came in one evening and Luis had laboriously written out on the office typewriter [redacted] notice which said very sharply: "These magazines [redacted] the property of the *señora* and out of respect to her you are hereby ordered to take good care of them!"

"Oh, no, no, Luis," I protested, "that isn't the right idea at all. In the first place, they are not my magazines any more. Anything that enters that door belongs to the club. Now let's work out a kindlier notice about the magazines."

Luis regarded me with his solemn, unsmiling face. "*Señora*, they won't listen to gentle notices. They are all tough guys and we gotta treat them tough; but we will do what you say!"

Our notice finally read something like this: "Magazines are for the enjoyment of all in the club. Please return them to the table when finished."

In spite of Luis' predictions, the notice worked. Gnarled, work-roughened hands leafed through the magazines hundreds of times. The Spanish wives took them home to look at in the privacy of their own houses. The magazines were always returned respectfully to the table. We got such a backlog that we were at last able to hand them around, for wrapping paper, always scarce in Morocco, or to the children for cutouts.

We were now accumulating a modest little mound of money and Luis and I made a trip into Larache one day and bought several packs of cards, a couple of sets of checkers and dominoes and [redacted] set of chess. It was a pleasure in the evenings to drive through the patio and see the light streaming out of the building, to hear the radio blaring too loudly and the raucous voices of the game players outshouting the radio.

One morning when I pulled up to the gasoline pump to fill the station wagon, Luis, who dispensed the gasoline, came running out of his little hut, full of excitement.

"*Señora*, [redacted] great opportunity has presented itself! One of the army officers' clubs in Larache is moving quarters. They have [redacted] brand-new billiard table, but no room for it in their new club. They will sell for below what it cost them, just to be rid of it. It is made for us, *señora*; what do you say?"

"I say it will be awfully expensive," I told him.

Luis persisted. "We'll never find one so cheap again. If you ask The Lukus to put up the money, we can repay something each month. Please."

So Luis and I paid [redacted] formal call on the army headquarters. We were led into a large room by [redacted] captain. Two orderlies uncovered the billiard table and everyone turned toward me, expecting a professional appraisal. I studied the table seriously from all angles, running my hand over the green felt. I really had no idea at all what to look for. Persuaded by a vigorous shake of Luis' head, I turned to the captain and announced, "We'll buy it."

Luis, arranging to have it transported to the club that very afternoon, was [redacted] joyful as a child with a new toy, and it did turn out to be our most popular plaything. I was even told later by [redacted] billiard expert that we had made a good buy; the angel was still watching over well-meaning fools.

The United States Information Service in Tangier possessed several fine movie projectors; they offered us the loan of one, provided we could assure them a maximum audience. They also lent us [redacted] selection of their own films—educational films on life in the States, Disney cartoons and newsreels. Everyone was satisfied with the arrangement, but we also wanted to show a feature film every second week. This was harder to arrange, but there were companies in Madrid that did rent features. They were a sorry list of titles, all ancient and mostly horse opera and whodunits, but I comforted myself that this was what the Lukus people would prefer. And, sitting on one of those hard bleachers, surrounded by the rowdy children and the sweaty men and the tidied-up women waiting for the first projection to start, it seemed as exciting to me [redacted] any Hollywood *première*.

The educational films of life in the United States interested everyone; more so than did the Hollywood films. The Spanish wife could see in what surroundings and with what equipment an American woman kept house. The mechanic could follow the day of an American mechanic from the time he got up until he went to bed. To a man, the audience was astonished at how hard American people worked, at how much of our money goes to taxes and, obviously, at the amount of material wealth [redacted] modest laborer is able to accumulate.

The USIS came to our rescue also in getting our club library started. They made us [redacted] gift of 100 good titles translated into Spanish: Gone With the Wind and Mark Twain and John Steinbeck. Each month they thoughtfully added one or two. We took money from our dues fund to buy a whole series of paper-backed Western and detective stories. Whenever I happened into someone's library in Madrid, I managed to beg a volume or two, and in this way our collection grew satisfactorily. We also subscribed to several monthly magazines and a daily paper.

One day Padre Tomás happened to be turning the pages of a volume and suddenly he put it back and turned to Luis, who was nearby.

"Tell me, boy," he said rather impatiently. "Why is it that all the good books in this collection are by American authors? There are many fine Spanish writers, you know."

Luis faced the padre squarely. "It has something to do with generosity, padre. I agree with you that we have lots of good Spanish writers, but somehow we Spaniards lack the spirit of giving to those poorer than ourselves. The Americans may not have the best writers, but, padre, they give and give and give until it makes me ashamed."

On [redacted] of my Tangier trips I bought a three-speed machine and [redacted] handful of long-playing records—all Spanish music: rumbas, tangos and flamenco, rhythms to which they could all dance. The evening we installed it was one of wonder all across the patio. A few of the men were familiar with the old, hand-wound machines, but not even one of them had ever seen, or imagined, [redacted] long-player with an automatic record changer. They pushed one another to get close enough to see the arm draw back and the record drop in place. There was a hush over the room. The melody of Tres Veces

Guapa (Three Times Beautiful), everybody's current favorite, floated out into the patio. Couples drifted together and the dancing began. By and by the only sounds were the music from the new phonograph and the scrape-scrape of clumsy country shoes against cement, broken by an occasional giggle or a hardy, masculine guffaw.

It was not Beethoven in Carnegie Hall or Tommy Dorsey in the Empire Room, but it was better than that line of bored, tired, discontented men sitting on their heels along the patio wall each evening.

September, the time of harvest, came to Morocco so abruptly that it took my breath away. It seemed that only yesterday it had been spring and I was worrying with Marron about getting all the corn seed into the ground before Rafols snatched away our *avantréns* for the other crops. One day the fields were all green—the corn, the rice, the cotton—with the sun blazing hot in the sky from early morning until late at night. And we were cultivating out the weeds and combating the insects with sprays, and saying to one another, "Will this corn never grow high enough to stop worrying us?" Now—the very next day, it seemed—I was looking out over the Lukus Valley and the whole scene had changed. The fields were all brown, the leaves on the trees, the ribbons of roads through the parcels. Even the river was brown, with its sluggish water running muddy. And although the days were still as hot as ever, with the unblinking sun overhead, the nights began to be colder, forecasting the autumn.

I asked myself, *Where did all the days go? How could these cornstalks spring up so fast?*

Marron was striding ahead of [redacted] down the rows of dried, rustling, crackling stalks, hitching up his blue jeans with one hand and with the other pulling nervously at his old felt hat. He was jubilant; his face, usually an unemotional mask, was wreathed in smiles. "The corn is as dry as we can expect, *señora*. It is ready to be picked." He had stopped in the middle of a row, plucked [redacted] yellow ear of corn from its stalk and he was breaking off the grains one at [redacted] time and rattling them around in the palm of one hand. "We can start whenever you say."

"Tomorrow it shall be," I said. "Tomorrow is our official first day of harvest."

Actually, we did not anticipate much of a labor turnout on the first day of harvest because the *Aid el Kebir* had just ended. The *Aid el Kebir* is the big Arab *fiesta* of killing the sheep—representing the sacrifice of [redacted] mutton instead of Abraham's son. It is celebrated only once [redacted] year and the Arab families save all year long [redacted] that they can buy a sheep for their celebration. On the first day of the festivities the sheep is killed, and as long as there is any left to eat, the Arabs are not likely to work.

So, for our first day of harvest, Marron and I counted on having only a few of the Arab women show up. But even fewer than we expected came down from their *kabilas*, and we began with only fifteen well-fed, slow-moving ladies. Later on in the month, when we were working furiously against the impending rains with 130 hands each day, we looked back upon that first morning as a miracle of calm organization.

At the time it did not seem calm at all. Such large quantities of corn as ours had never been raised before in Morocco, and there was no precedent to tell us how we could harvest it without machinery. In America I would not even have attempted such acrobatics, but Gomendio had continued to resist the purchase of a mechanical picker. Short of buying one with my own money, there was nothing I could do except make out with hand labor.

Our problem, then, was to pick by hand 1000 acres of corn, transport it from the scattered *parcelas* in which it was planted to some central point, shell it through our corn shellers and get it sewn neatly into sacks in time to ship it off to whichever customer paid the highest price—all before the autumn rains set in.

We gave each of our fifteen Arab starters a basket, placed them at the beginning of fifteen rows of corn in Parcel 31, and told them that the object was to break off the ear of corn, husk it, drop it into the basket and proceed to the next stalk. The "girls" all nodded wisely, their silver earrings jangling and their colored beads tinkling. They set upon the cornstalks with as much delight as if this were a new game they were learning.

Our idea had been to let these fine ladies husk their baskets full of corn and dump the ears into a center pile every 200 yards or so. We soon found the corn was so dry that a vast quantity of it was being involuntarily shelled off onto the ground, from where it was impossible to retrieve it.

We solved that slight difficulty by rushing to the granary and detaching several piles of old sacks from the protesting granary clerk. We picked out the oldest, most decrepit Arab on the payroll and set him to work making large sack-blankets on which to dump the corn. About twenty sacks sewn together made a satisfactory, leakproof dumping ground. Our Arab needleman sat on the edge of Parcel 31 with his legs crossed under him, his needle in hand, surrounded by sacks. He sat absolutely still in the blazing-hot sun and sewed without interruption; at midday he seemed ready to go shimmering skyward, so hot it was, but he sewed on unaffected. Only when night fell did he put down his needle.

With the mutton from the *Aid el Kebir* feast lasting so nicely, it was several days before we got enough corn collected to start our shellers whirling. By the time we had 100 or more fairly interested pickers—women, old men and young boys—we were able to keep one truck occupied all day in transporting the corn heaps from the *parcela* to the Nemsah *era*. And if the *parcela*, with its hundred-odd milling, chanting, sweating bodies, presented an aspect of chaos, well, the work in the Nemsah *era* presented the same chaos, concentrated into a much smaller area. We had only half as many workers, but thrown together as they were upon a table of cement only twenty yards square, it appeared that there were twice as many of them, their voices seemed louder, their problems more immediate, more pressing.

Consolation Edwards has her [redacted] ideas about how [redacted] achieve a passing [redacted] of contentment: "This ain't a happy world, and nobody's happy in it, so might's well be happy without no happiness."

I put Espejo in charge of the *era* and I gave him two serious, hard-working Spaniards to help with the specialized work—weighing each sack of corn, and sewing it closed afterward. The weighing, certainly, was no speciality, but it was next to impossible to get the Arabs to put the same amount of grain into each sack. The sewing, though, was indeed special and required special workmen. These men had come from Seville, where they had closed thousands of sacks of wheat with their needles and cord. Each man reminded me of the "little tailor," sitting [redacted] he did cross-legged on an already sewn sack and moving slowly on down a line of sacks. Another skill was that of aerating the corn. The men from Seville would attack a pile of corn with two long, flat wooden paddlelike shovels and, very like circus jugglers, keep a stream of gleaming yellow kernels constantly in mid-air.

We chose two separate crews to man the two shellers and tried to create between them some feeling of competition—who would shell the most corn, whose machine stopped the least, which general [redacted] was kept the neatest. We tried each day to shell all the corn we had picked, and that often meant working long after dark, sometimes until after midnight.

We fell into a routine that held nothing else for us but corn on the stalk, then ears of corn, then mighty piles of shelled corn and finally stately rows of sacks filled with corn, and piles of bare, stripped cobs. We arose in the morning to the corn, we dropped into bed late at night still breathing the heavy odor of corn. There was nothing else in our world.

I should not have been in the cotton section in the first place, because it was not my job. But toward the end of the harvest, I got so sick and tired of corn that I just took off in the morning and went somewhere else, anywhere so long as there was no corn. So, this day, I drove my car out into a cotton parcel that Gamiz had planted near the border town of Alcazarquivir, where The Lukus has more landholdings. I stayed around all day, eating [redacted] little food from Pepe's lunch basket. It was hot, and the air so still that time itself seemed to be suspended there.

In the late afternoon, I was sitting with Pepe on the ground beside my car trying to manipulate a drink of cold water from a *botin*—a large pottery jar in which water is kept cool. It has only a small hole in the top, and to get a drink one must hold the *botin* up in the air, open the mouth wide and direct a tiny jet of water into the mouth. As I put the *botin* down again in the shade of the empty sacks, a Lukus truck drew up and stopped. It contained two or three drums of gasoline for refueling the tractors, and the two Arabs in the back of the truck set about unloading while Pepe sauntered leisurely toward them. The Arabs were hoisting the drum straight up over the truck tail gate. The thought crossed my mind fleetingly that they should have lowered the tail gate first and rolled the drum out, and then I was on my feet shouting because I could see that the drum was

not going to fall out of the truck, it was teetering back onto the two Arabs. One of them looked up at the drum with his face frozen in fright, and leaped back out of the way. The other poor man, his head bent under the weight, failed to see the danger. The drum crashed back onto him with an ominous sound.

Pepe reached the truck first. He hitched himself up, looked over the side and dropped back to the ground again, covering his face with his hands and moaning. I caught hold of his shoulder, digging in my fingernails. "What is the matter? Get on your feet!"

"Can't," he babbled. "Blood all over the place—makes me sick to my stomach."

The victim in the bottom of the truck was screaming now and his companion had jumped over the side and fled. I looked around hastily for something that could stanch the flow of blood. "Give me your shirt, Pepe, and get the tail gate down as fast as you can."

He continued to moan like a hurt child and I shook him by the shoulders with all my might. He seemed to come back to his senses, and gave me the shirt. I climbed up into the truck. The hurt Arab was curled up in a ball, clutching his ankle with both hands and holding what was left of his foot up in the air. The flange of the heavy gasoline drum had dropped full force across the bare toes of his right foot; the little toe was gone completely, the adjoining three were dangling grotesquely and the big toe was smashed to a pulp. There was nothing I could do there in the truck except cover the wound and stop the blood flow. The T shirt was pitifully inadequate, but I gathered the foot together as well as I could and wrapped the shirt around and around.

Now the wound was hidden, Pepe was willing to help, and between us we carried the man the short distance to my car. The frail old man weighed hardly as much as a good, robust first-grade pupil and his bones stuck out all over his body.

We arranged him in the back seat of the station wagon and Pepe sat beside him while I drove full speed into Alcazarquivir. Fortunately, the village had a Red Cross hospital. We pulled up in front of it and began unloading our Arab. A crowd of loitering Arabs gathered immediately and followed us up the walk to the hospital door.

"It is the American *señora*," explained one Arab. "She was driving too fast, as they all do, and has struck down this poor old man. He will die!"

"That's a lie," barked Pepe in Arabic. And the crowd fell back more respectfully.

We brought the old man into the emergency room and I hoisted him up onto the examination table while Pepe went to find an attendant. I found [redacted] towel, wet it under the faucet and wiped the old man's face, smiling at him, saying it would be all right, trying to give him some confidence.

In a few minutes the attendant came in the door. He was an Arab himself, with dark, close-cropped hair, a little mustache and [redacted] pale, olive skin. He was smoking a cigarette and he took it out of his mouth long enough to ask in perfect Spanish, "What is your trouble?" Then he replaced it.

> If [redacted] are to have genius we must put up with the inconvenience of genius, [redacted] thing the world will [redacted] do; it [redacted] geniuses, but would like them just like other people.
>
> GEORGE MOORE

"Field accident—man has cut his toes across—has to be sewn up right away."

The attendant looked at me for a long moment. "I guess I can do the diagnosing myself," he informed me, and with one hand he began to undo my crude bandage. In the other he held his cigarette.

I cut in, "This man is in [redacted] bad state of shock. He should have a shot of something—morphine or whatever you have."

"Morphine!" snorted the attendant. "That stuff costs money, *señora*. We don't just give it to everybody."

"He is [redacted] Lukus employee and you can assume that the company will pay for it," I snapped.

"*Sí*," he said, looking up from the wound. "Well, let me enlighten you. The first thing The Lukus would ask me is why I had wasted morphine on this case!" He had reached for [redacted] bottle of alcohol and poured it over the wound and wrapped it up again hurriedly in a surgical dressing. I winced for the patient.

"Is that all you are going to do?" I demanded indignantly. "If the toes are to be saved, it has to be done immediately."

The attendant had finished his cigarette. He dropped it on the floor beside the table and ground it out with his heel. "The doctor comes in to make his calls in an hour. He'll fix it up then. The toes? He won't even try to save them—too long [redacted] job, too messy. He'll just take them off. These beasts of the fields never know the difference."

We stood looking at each other from opposite sides of the examination table, with the old man lying between us, staring mutely from one face to the other, trying through his haze of pain to understand what was going on.

I folded my hands together behind my back, noticing that they were trembling, and I began again in a quieter, lower voice, "I should think your being one of them would make a difference. Except for some twist of luck, you could have been a 'beast of the fields' yourself today. I should think you would want to use your superior education to better your own race in any little way you can. I would be ashamed, if I were you."

His dark eyes narrowed to slits and a half-smile passed over his mouth. "One can see you have not been long in Morocco, *señora*. The first law of Morocco is 'Every man for himself.' If I were to give this scum the morphine you talk of—which I know he needs as well as you know it—if I were to spend three hours sweating to save those toes of his—and I know they could be saved—why, tomorrow I could be looking for another job. It wouldn't be a job in any hospital, either. You see, the word would have gotten around that I was a little bit too much interested in the Arabs. Do you understand now?" He spoke almost kindly.

"It's an inhuman attitude."

"On the contrary, it is only too human. The Spaniards want to preserve their position in Morocco; why not? And they cannot do that by giving in to the Arabs even in these little things. And as for my particular position, the Spaniards hand out these jobs. So I do exactly what you see here." He turned his back quickly and began to fumble around in a wall cabinet. In a moment he turned again and he was holding a hypodermic needle. As he held it up to test it, he smiled at me. "I can say he was screaming so loudly that he disturbed the other patients!"

I left the hospital and found Pepe waiting patiently in the car. The sun was low in the sky and the heat was beginning to lift.

As I climbed behind the steering wheel, Pepe said, "Permit me to buy you [redacted] *granizado de café*"—coffee in chipped ice—"at the café, *señora?*" I nodded silently and we drove down the main street, into the big square where the café was.

One of my last missions in the autumn was to make Pepe's big wish come true. He wanted to go to America more than anything else. It obsessed him. He was always talking about it. And I had worried my brains to find a way. Then I remembered that my father was always having difficulty finding labor for his farm and I wrote to him. He answered with an enthusiastic yes, he would take the young man for [redacted] year. I made a hasty trip to Tangier to wangle a visa for Pepe from the American legation and buy him a boat ticket. It all happened so fast that I had no time to consult Pepe along the way, and so when I finally went to see him, there was no way of turning back from the trip.

I found Pepe down and miserable with malaria, the occupational disease of Morocco. He was racked between the bouts of fever and chill, but feeling well enough to be propped up in bed. The room was filled with other young men flopping about on the floor, and Pepe was entertaining them all with one of his stories. I sat down on the foot of the bed and listened. When he finished, the room vibrated with the loud chattering of carefree men and we were able to speak in that complete privacy which only crowds and noise can offer.

"Are you feeling well enough to travel?" I asked.

Pepe smiled, thinking I was teasing him. "You know I am always ready to travel. Where [redacted] I going? To America, perhaps?"

"Yes," I said. "Your ship leaves the day after tomorrow."

A look of astonishment and joy colored his wan face. He pushed his covers back and swung his feet out of bed onto the floor. "Suddenly I don't have malaria any more!" he announced.

On Wednesday I drove to the southern extreme of the farm to get Pepe. He lived there with his parents in [redacted] house with a thatched roof, mud walls and a dirt floor. At the parting, Pepe's grandmother wept openly and told us all that she would never see him again. His father was mute with the agony of this long voyage his son was taking. His mother took it all with great dignity and until the last minute kept patting Pepe's arm and telling him, "Be a good boy."

We drove in silence into Tangier. What is there to say to a youngster w' - is going to America for the first time? No matter how you

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From research comes TRUTH...

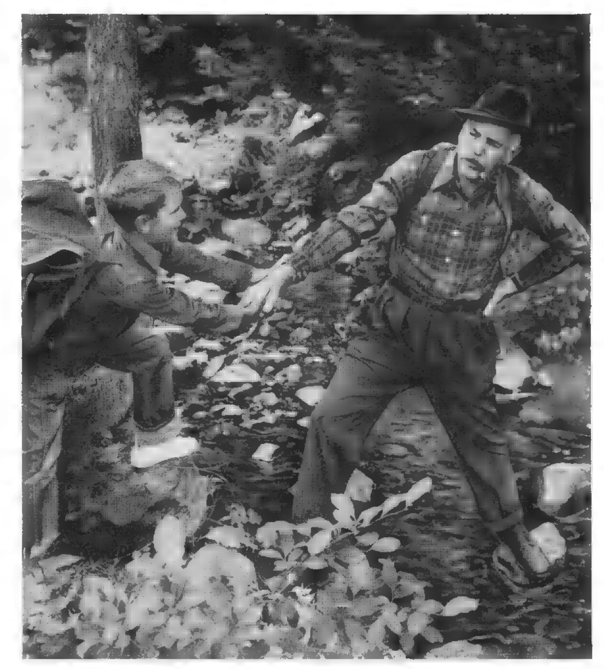
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

describe it, he will find it completely different in his own eyes. The ship I had found was one that had just recently added Tangier as a port of call and its schedule was rather haphazard. When we inquired at the shipping office if it had arrived, the clerk went to the window that overlooked the Bay of Tangier, whipped up a pair of binoculars and peered out, gyrating slowly to take in the full sweep of the bay.

"Nope, don't see any sign of her, but you can't be sure—better go down to the dock and take a closer look."

He wrote the name of the ship on a piece of scrap paper and Pepe and I went down to the dock. We asked several loiterers if they had seen our ship, describing it to them as "this long, and painted battleship gray." No one had seen her. I was anxious.

"We can't afford to miss her—not now," I said.

We hired one of the grubby little rowboats that scuttle beside the Tangier docks looking for tourists, and we went slowly rowing around the harbor among the ships which were anchored there, looking from close range at all their names.

Pepe began to laugh. "It seems a funny way to go to America, doesn't it? Rowing around the harbor trying to find your ship!"

"The manner couldn't matter less," I told him, thinking of the thousands of now prominent Americans who had entered just as ignobly.

There was the loud hoot of a new arrival and we turned to see our ship steam slowly into the bay. As soon as her ladder was down, we climbed aboard and settled Pepe into his cabin.

As we were leaving the cabin, Pepe clapped a hand over his mouth. "The police! *Dios mio!* The police! I have forgotten to notify them that I was leaving."

"Well, never mind now. I shall do it when I get back to shore," I told him, although it seemed to me that the police could be a touch sharper and notice for themselves that a citizen was departing.

The steward of the ship spoke Spanish, which assured Pepe at least of getting his meals. His cabin mate was an American. "Try to learn a few words of English on the boat," I advised him. There had been no time for lessons on the farm that summer. "And learn everything else you possibly can—Morocco needs it."

We shook hands briefly. I climbed down the ladder and my patient Arab rowboat captain rowed me to shore again. When the ship pulled out of the bay, bound for America, I could see Pepe standing at the rail, a lone figure, setting out on a big adventure, and I waved to him for courage. Pepe waved back. I am not sure, still, who was encouraging whom.

Another piece of unfinished business was the matter of little Manolo's education. It did not depend upon me, as Pepe's trip had, so much as it depended upon the mother superior in the Red Cross hospital in Larache. With my time grown short, I had asked to see her.

We sat together in her parlor, dimmed from the sun's hot beat by drawn curtains, and discussed the small Manolo. He had continued to develop well that summer. He no longer objected to having his hair cut on Haircut Day and he took his evening bath with simulated relish. He learned to read very capably, and he often read the nightly bedtime story in my stead. His writing improved remarkably and he worked hard at his drawing, which he liked the most, and even painted some. His patience with the littler boys was endless and he helped Jay carefully with his Arabic vocabulary. He ceased swearing altogether; not only just in front of me, but for all occasions. His face filled out and he added an inch to his height. All round, I considered that motherless Manolo was making progress and that the progress should be continued when I had gone away.

The mother superior held the key to Manolo's future because she chose the candidates for a free school which the Catholic Church operated in Spanish Morocco. It was really only for orphans, but in extreme cases they would accept boys with a parent still living. I wanted the mother superior to choose Manolo, but she vacillated; she had many other commitments.

"His reading and writing have improved in a remarkable way," I pointed out to her, hitching myself forward on the chair.

"He has always written well," she answered. "We were the first to teach him, you know."

Manolo had suffered a bout of malaria in the Red Cross clinic and the sisters had kept him for some weeks, taking special interest in his instruction.

"That is all the more reason why you should continue," I hastened to say.

Suddenly she tired of the whole thing and stood up, her gray skirts swishing gracefully around her ankles, one waxlike hand clasping her crucifix. "There will be a place for Manolo in the school this fall," she announced. "Send his father in to talk to me and see that the boy has some clothes to bring with him."

I was so pleased that I couldn't find the words to thank her. I had dreaded leaving Manolo on his own. It was the same feeling I had toward all the things I had started on the Lukus farm: the dormitory, the dining room, the club, the layettes, the distribution of used clothing; not only these material improvements, but the undefinable spirit of good will that had sprung up among the people. I felt that we had gained some hard-fought ground through the summer months and that, in my winter's absence, there was the danger that it might be lost again. I felt that having shown these people the way, it was almost my duty to help them stay on that course, and in going away, as I had to, I was deserting them.

In order to show them all that I was not really deserting, that my absence was only temporary and that, soon enough, I would be there again to continue our battles, I went around those last days saying, "I'll be back in the spring." To the timid ones it was a promise and to others—to Rafols, for instance—it was meant to be a threat.

And about my failures—the many things I had attempted and been refused—I felt temporarily set back, but not defeated. Spring would come soon and I would be back to try again.

I opened my eyes to see Gomendio towering over me, legs apart, hands on hips, with an astonished look on his face.

"What are you doing asleep here in this ditch? I have been driving all over the *parcela* in my jeep looking for you and just as I am about to give up, here you are, sound asleep in a ditch."

I sat up slowly, retrieved my black jacket from where it had been serving as a pillow and began brushing the grass out of it.

"No wind down here," I explained, looking up into his face. "I was tired from being out in this field since dawn. And cold." I shivered a little. Now that I was awake, I felt the cold again. I put my arms into the sleeves of the jacket, zipped it up the front and pulled the collar around my ears. "What can I do for you, anyway? Do you want to see the remains of the corn in the field—in Parcel Forty-four? Remember when you assigned me that nasty little parcel? It gave us lots of trouble—Marron and me—but the results have not been too bad. Shall we look at it?"

Gomendio hesitated. "I want to talk to you alone."

I looked at the sweep of fields bare in all four directions, bare of rice, bare of cotton and almost bare of corn. "We couldn't be more alone," I offered cheerfully, "except in the Sahara. Let's look at Forty-four." I climbed into the jeep and Gomendio took the wheel. We jounced past a mile or two of broken cornstalks. I studied them avidly.

"You never get tired of the corn, do you?" Gomendio said, watching me from the corner of his eye, but he plainly had something more to say, and it was hard for him to begin. His hands moved nervously up and down the steering wheel. He cleared his throat several times.

"You will make a lot of money this year, Betty," he began brightly.

"So will you," I rejoined quickly. "Everybody will be rich."

It was true. We had a lot of corn between us. The British Food Ministry had been so impressed with the sample we had sent them they had cabled their acceptance of the entire crop at a good price. We would both make a considerable profit.

"Yes." Gomendio added lamely, "It has been a good year for all the crops."

"Was that what you drove out to discuss with me, Gomendio? The condition of the crops? The price of corn?"

"No. No, of course it wasn't." He jammed on the brakes impatiently, stopping the jeep with an abrupt jerk. He yanked open the door and stepped out onto the narrow road; I stepped down too. I was determined to cooperate.

Gomendio had turned and was leaning over the fender of the jeep, his hands folded together on the hood. The corn rose up behind him, dwarfing his bulky height. Corn does that to anyone, no matter how big. He looked into my eyes for a moment, sadly, and then he lowered his eyes to study his hands.

"There is no easy way to tell you anything, Betty. You always want it hard, square between the eyes. I had hoped you would understand my mission, had hoped you would meet me halfway."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



"Mommy ordered a tomato surprise once when she was a little girl and she was very disappointed."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

"That is the way I prefer things—straight," I said quietly.

"Very well," he said slowly but firmly. "What I have to say is simply this: we don't want you on the Lukus farm any more." He stopped, but he did not raise his eyes.

I put my hand up to my throat instinctively with his first words. It was as if he had reached across the jeep and struck me with the full strength of his hand. I withdrew my fingers quickly and composed my face. Still he did not look up. He was waiting for me to speak.

"Who is 'we'?" I asked. "The board of directors?"

"No, Betty, not the board of directors—the people here."

"You mean the men I work with? Their wives? The little children?"

Gomendio glanced up impatiently and looked away again. "Of course not. You know who I mean. The Spanish women in town, for example; they feel you have taken over too much. They feel ——"

"The women in town don't know if I am here or in Madrid," I interrupted sharply. "No, it is not the women."

"Well, the rest of us, then," Gomendio began again.

"You mean Rafols wants me to leave?" I asked.

"No, not Rafols alone."

"Then it is you, Gomendio. You want me to leave. Yes?"

"All right, Betty," he burst out crossly. "If you want all the details, I want you to leave, yes."

"Why? Why? Why? What have I done wrong? Who have I hurt?" I waved my arms around dramatically and my voice rose.

"It is not exactly that you have done anything wrong, Betty, it is that you want to do things differently. You want to do everything the way you do it in America; all these democratic ideas of yours—they just won't work here because the people are not educated enough. Besides that, you attract too much attention. All of Morocco is watching you, commenting on every new thing you do. You want to change everything around. You upset everyone. You ——"

I slammed my fist down on the hood of the jeep. "That's not fair! Many times I am right and you are wrong."

"Let me explain. You could stay here, Betty, and do what you want in a small, unobtrusive way; you could have your little club and your dormitory and your movies every two weeks, the people would be happy and no harm would be caused. But no, for you that is not good enough—you take the club and the dormitory today, but it is only a steppingstone for you; your eye is on tomorrow and tomorrow you want something more and the next day more until every laborer in The Lukus has the same material things and the same rights as I have and you prove finally that we are all equal.

A friend is one who is as willing to help you when you need it as when you do not.

STUART W. KNIGHT
Ginger: 4/16

"Well, I don't happen to believe that, Betty. You can't tell me that some black-skinned Arab squatting on his haunches in a *chozo* is as good as I am and deserves to have the same rights. I don't believe it, and as long as you do believe it and keep insisting on proving it here, we can never agree."

"Be practical, Gomendio. What I want is only a way of life that is bound to come to Morocco someday, as surely as we are standing here. And I am not insisting that I have to be the one to do it. In fact, I prefer if you do it yourself—I want you to do it."

Gomendio shook his head hopelessly. "Don't you see? What you want is a miniature United States of America here in the heart of Morocco, and that is the only thing you will settle for. You will go hammering away until you get what you want."

"Well, all right, Gomendio, make a little America here in Morocco. What have you got to lose? Time? You have lived your life already. Money? You have more money than you could spend in three lifetimes. Why don't you do this for Morocco—help to start a new kind of life where the Spanish laborers live a little more like humans and the Arabs have some rights too? Of all the Spaniards in Morocco, you are the one with a chance to be remembered for something worth while, and you stand there telling me to go away!"

Gomendio stopped looking at his hands. He raised his eyes and they were troubled. Troubled, and very sad.

"Every word you say may be true, Betty. Morocco will probably be free the way India is finally free. Someday. But have you ever looked at it from my point of view? I am a Spaniard. Suppose I do what you say in a great burst of democracy? Suppose the Spaniards who control Morocco do not want it that way at all—and you know that they certainly do not—where would I be? I'll tell you—I'd be an old man with no place to go and all my life's work a ruin. And don't think the Arabs would thank me either."

"Ah—fear," I said. "It is something else—if you are afraid. What are you afraid of? Your reputation? What people will say? Your money? Don't you have enough yet? Or you haven't lived long enough—you want some more years, and peaceful ones."

Gomendio's face clouded over with anger. "I should slap you across the face! It is all true, what you say, but you make it sound dishonest and cowardly and somehow unclean. What I am doing is what any Spaniard would do in my place."

"That's right." I nodded my head vigorously. "It is exactly what any Spaniard would do in your place and you are exactly that. Not a great man with great potentials—just a little man playing it safe—any Spaniard."

He rejected all this as coldly as he could. "We are a thousand miles apart in the way we think. We could stand here forever arguing and neither of us would change. Twenty years ago I might have listened to what you are saying, might have tried it even; I don't know. Now I know it is too late.

"The Lukus is mine, Betty. It belongs to Gomendio, not to you. You act as if it were all yours; everyone is calling it 'The Señora Betty's farm,' 'The farm of the *señora Americana.*' Well, it is damned well not yours!" His voice rose strongly. "It's mine!"

Gomendio looked out over the acres that had recently bulged with their offerings of corn and cotton and rice. His snapping eyes softened a little and he made a motion with his hands as if he were caressing the land.

"I know every inch of this land, Betty. Since I was a young man I have tramped these swamps, driven the machines that have shaped these parcels, seen luxurious growth rise up out of nothing. All my hopes, all my aspirations begin here. True, I am older now and I don't go galloping through the ditches the way you do, but I don't need to either. I have served my time. I want a peaceful old age, and a quiet one. It is my right for the years I have worked. With you there is nothing but change and more change and too much action. And who knows if the end will be good?"

Gomendio put his straw hat back on his head. It was all over. Already the sun had touched the horizon, spreading dull red, and the corn was throwing a long, gray, eerie shadow. Gomendio climbed into the jeep, leaned across the seat and wrenched open the door at my side.

I got in. There was nothing else to do. As we jostled over the dirt road toward Nemsah I tried to strangle a sob. Gomendio's knuckles whitened around the steering wheel.

"I have never seen you cry, Betty. I describe you always to all my friends as a pillar of strength, meeting whatever comes imperturbably. The Lukus means more to me than it

does to you; remember that. I am going to keep on looking straight ahead, and when we arrive at Nemsah I hope I can go on thinking that you never cry."

In Nemsah I got out of the jeep without waiting for Gomendio to open the door, but he hurried out and blocked the way as I entered my gate.

"Will you shake hands with me, please?" he asked solemnly.

I hesitated a moment. "No, not tonight. I don't know if we are still friends. Perhaps you've betrayed me. I'll have to have some time to think."

I recognized that Gomendio was right: I could not compromise. He was sincere when he said I could have continued working on the Lukus farm in a modest way, if I were willing not to interfere with the established methods of doing things and with the way of life. When I thought this over carefully, I realized that I could never accept those conditions. If I did accept them, it would mean I had given my tacit consent to them, and this I would never be willing to do.

So I would leave, as Gomendio had asked me, without any protest. And I would shake hands with him and we would remain social friends. It would be an empty, pointless friendship. I would leave, but I would not be leaving entirely; something of me would stay behind in Morocco and spread itself out, I felt, over the years to come.

To begin with, there was the hybrid corn. Everyone had seen what a tremendous improvement hybrid-corn seed was over ordinary seed; it had resulted in almost doubling the grain they could expect to harvest from each *hectaria* of land in Morocco. I had the satisfaction of knowing that never again would ordinary corn seed be planted on the Lukus farm, and eventually this practice would spread through all Spanish Morocco. In that manner, even the most remote Arab would feel the difference: for every [redacted] of corn he had harvested previously, he could now harvest two. He could raise twice [redacted] much stock on that grain or he would have twice as much grain to sell in the market on Wednesdays.

The soil-testing practices and the irrigation by portable aluminum pipes were also there in Morocco to stay and to grow into custom.

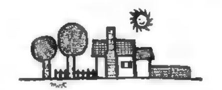
The idea, at least, of permanent pasture and of rich grasslands had been accepted on The Lukus and in other years it could be developed with success.

In Adir, the dormitory would remain standing in spite of my absence, and the new dining room-kitchen would be completed and occupied with pleasure, although I would never go there again to see it. I regretted missing the smile that would wreath Manolo's face when he could cut his doughnuts on an ample, white marble counter.

The club would survive, too, and grow in all directions as the men became accustomed to having a place of recreation that belonged just to them. I could help the club out from Madrid by continuing to send magazines and books, and I could still cut out the layettes and send those to Emilio for distribution. Emilio could also take care of passing around the clothing my mother collected. So these services could survive without my presence in The Lukus Company.

All my new friendships would have to be ended; for Marron was no [redacted] to write letters. He would write to me occasionally, I knew, but he could never put into words what he was feeling, and what would he have to say to me, a *señora* living in Madrid? And what would I have, then, to say to him?

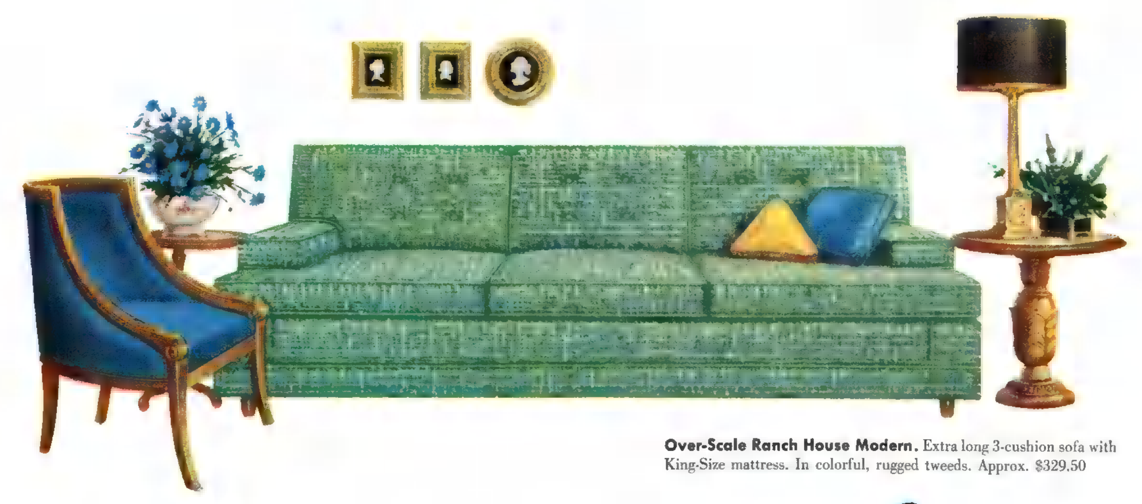
There were a hundred things; they slid through my mind, one after the other. Some of them brought [redacted] smile, [redacted] of them made me sad. I felt I would never have the spirit to enter such an overwhelming project again; I would have to find, instead, some gentler outlet.



But in the final sum, I could not be discouraged, nor could I feel that I had given my heart and my energy in vain, because I knew that I was leaving so much that was good behind me.

When you say good-by to a place for the last time, you remember everything clearly. Such as pushing open the tired screen door of my house that last morning and remembering the way it still stuck at the bottom. It will always stick at the bottom. And thinking idly, [redacted] I had a hundred times before, that I must get Vicente to plane it down a little. He never will plane it down a little. The cool feel through my boots of the red tiles that make up the porch floor, cool still from the quiet morning shower, although the sun was already warm on my face. The look of [redacted] Arab woman, padding gracefully down the sandy road, her spotless haik hiding everything except her black eyes and her broad bare feet; she with a two-foot-long monkey wrench balanced absurdly across the top of her head, on her leisurely, timeless way to [redacted] tractor miles away. The feel of the saddle under me and of gawky, bony Quimera under the saddle. The way the sand crumbled away from her hoofs and the glistening darkness of the orange leaves with the raindrops not yet evaporated in the sun. The last look of the yellow Caterpillar tractors crawling down their long brown rows, involved already in next season's problems. And the men, Arabs and Spaniards; the good ones and the bad ones, all saying *adiós* until next season and all of us knowing, really, that there would not be a next season for me.

When I came back to Nemsah from my last ride, my sons were tumbling out of the house and Pilar's shrill, far-carrying voice was demanding that they help get the luggage loaded into the station wagon. And my sons already were looking forward to celebrating Christmas in Madrid. END



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Suddenly a Young Widow

with 5 children to support

Judy, high school



Jacquie, 5th grade



Donnie, 4th grade



Connie, 2nd grade



Peggy, the baby

Fern, at 35, had never held a job. Suddenly she had to be mother-father-breadwinner. Triple life takes a heavy toll.

By EILEEN SHARPE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUS BUNDY

Fern Morlang has been dazed for over a year and a half. She tries not to show it in front of the children. Occasionally she takes out of its cardboard carton the last gift her husband gave her, a 400-day Black Forest glass clock. It doesn't work. Herb had said, "We'll adjust it as soon as we find a permanent place to live." He never had time to.

Herb was 36 and in the prime of life when he sat down in his easy chair one evening after dinner, rustled open his newspaper, and his sigh of contentment became a strangled call for help. Fern ran from the kitchen, and at his stricken look helped him to the couch. He barely had time to tell her of the pain that had flashed at the back of his head and down his neck, when he lapsed into a coma. It took only about ten minutes for the local ambulance to arrive. Herb never regained consciousness during the night at the hospital with his wife at his side. At 5:30 the next morning, February 8, 1956, slightly before dawn woke the sleeping town of Fallon, Nevada, Fern was a widow after having been a wife for sixteen years. Cerebral hemorrhage had struck without warning.

She can never reconstruct the days that followed. Pain, fear and disbelief blurred them mercifully. Voices reached her ears, she stood at the local veterans' plot, heard taps played by Legionnaires in uniform, was handed a folded American flag she took home and put in a dresser drawer, to discover it there, with no conscious memory, months later. The morning she left the hospital she had called her sister-in-law,

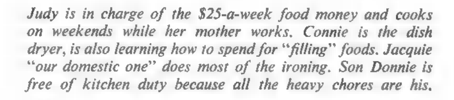




Old house rents for $40 [redacted] month. Fern is grateful for it after previous house near tracks. The street here is lighted, the children safe. While she works they shepherd one another, watching over Peggy. Donnie carries door key for all. After school, he will try, with his sisters, to put up old fence that toppled.

Fern rises at 6:45 when she works, wakes the children at 7, has them off to school at 8, is at her own job by 9 A.M. Meanwhile she has made breakfast, laundered, helped pack school lunch boxes, straightened house, and dropped Peggy off at baby sitter's on her walk to the Lariat Motel. Strain is heavy. Gains are few. "I don't think I'll be able to make it work for the next 15 years."





Judy is in charge of the $25-a-week food money and cooks on weekends while her mother works. Connie is the dish dryer, is also learning how to spend for "filling" foods. Jacquie "our domestic one" does most of the ironing. Son Donnie is free of kitchen duty because all the heavy chores are his.

To take a job at $35 a week, she has to pay $6 for baby care, leave four children on their own.

Esther Sutterfield, who lived half a mile out of town, her own parents in North Dakota, and Herb's father who was temporarily renting [redacted] house in Fallon and looking for work. Then she had gone home numbed and made breakfast for the children.

The relatives had taken care of details her mind refused to accept. The men, low-voiced, had pooled money, shaking heads worriedly over the less than $300 left of the $2000 nest egg Herb had brought to Fallon five months before. The women had whispered and spoken into phones and dressed the children for a trip in the car of [redacted] prosperous local rancher whose wife had sympathetically offered to take them for [redacted] week.

Fern was dimly aware of bills being paid for her, of envelopes of $5 and $10 bills being pressed on her by relatives with work-worn hands. Everyone tried to help. And none of them, Fern knew, had [redacted] income that could suddenly take care of six dependents. All lived in crowded quarters on inadequate budgets. Her father and mother, retired from a struggling farm, had little security. Herb's father, who had spent his middle life farming in North Dakota, was looking for laboring jobs. In her overturned life, Fern was left with the fact that the future of her children would depend on her alone. She had never held [redacted] job.

"But I couldn't think then," she remembers. "I knew women worked, and I was sure I could. I was young enough to" (she was 35). With gratitude after troubled family conferences she had thanked her relatives, assured them she would solve her problems, and tried to pick up the pieces of her life.

The children were comfortingly back with her now, in the bulging little two-bedroom house on a side road behind the main highway. It was the temporary home Herb had rented when they moved to town, but even its $65 rent had become [redacted] luxury. From now on she would have to breadwin for five—dark-eyed Judy, 14; plump Jacquie, 9; Donnie, who at [redacted] walked close to his mother's side and squared vulnerably young shoulders; 6-year-old Connie, whose gap-toothed smile of little girlhood had closed soberly; and 14-month-old Peggy, who looked baffledly upward from face to face.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

There was no backlog of any kind. Herb's G.I. insurance had lapsed, he had sacrificed his retirement pension when he left the Government job he had held for ten years. As Fern took stock—a slim and troubled figure in size 10 house dress, blue eyes frightened, voice low, brown hair wisping distractedly—she knew she would try first of all to keep panic from reaching the children. She would begin by cutting bills, one at a time.





Donnie mends porch, nails up fallen screens, repairs doorknobs—"we all rely on him." He gets A's in school, is soberly scientific. The girls will skimp, hoping he can have a full college education.



After school: more work. Fern and Herb used to take children picnicking in California. Life is different in Nevada. But sometimes neighbor Sam Higginbotham takes them riding to see bottomless Soda Lake, big Lahontan Dam or vast desert. Typical road sign: "Next sandwich stop—68 miles."

Little Peggy clowns to make the family laugh. At meals, when they bow heads in prayer, she lifts up tablecloth to see what they're looking down at. Only a frown from Fern stops her giggling. "She's a handful to dress," but Jacquie blocks a somersault.

All the "father's jobs" await Fern's return.

Sometimes, even with Donnie's help, big repairs are difficult.

Her mind was working slowly. First there was the 1950 car to turn back to the finance company, the phone to be taken out. The washer and refrigerator Herb had bought when they came to Fallon would have to be kept, even at worrisome installments of $18 a month—she could not do without them. A cheaper house would have to be found. With Donnie at her side she hunted lodgings, found a dilapidated house near the railroad tracks on the edge of town, almost in the shadow of a barren slope called Rattlesnake Hill, and took it because it cost only $45 a month. The local furniture store rented her a van and forgot to send a bill. The town of 2500 had lately grown as laborers like Herb came to work on an expanding naval air base. Only a few native residents heard of her difficulty, helped where they could. "I didn't know anyone personally," Fern realized. "I always used to stay home taking care of the children and I never knew how to get acquainted easily." For a while, she thought, in the strange new house, she would live from day to day—postponing the problems.

A man from the Social Security agency had called at the house on his monthly day in town and asked her to fill out a form for survivors' insurance, although he couldn't tell her what the sum would come to. "I'm a legman," he explained. The forms would go to Kansas City to be processed and in three months she would have an answer. In three months, Fern thought, she would have a job too. Job and check should see her through.

The truth came slowly. Women did work, but there were few jobs for unskilled women of 35 with babies to care for. Waitress jobs were filled. Industry was nonexistent in the small agricultural town, job openings limited to able-bodied men who could work in heavy building trades. A 9-to-5 job was impossible while the children needed her. Domestic work at $1 an hour or less was unavailable to a woman who could work only late in the day or evenings, when 14-year-old Judy was home to take care of the baby. And in no case could she begin to support six people on part-time earnings.

"I wish we could do something for you," Nevada state-welfare representative Robert Keiffer had told her worriedly, calling on her after hearing of Herb's death. "I know what a spot you're in. But you have to be a state



Old portable sewing machine, bought used for $22, has refused to work for months. Only repair spot is Reno, 63 miles away. Since Fern can't get there without a car, Donnie tries to decide what parts to send for. If he can fix it, Fern can save money by making some children's clothes, altering others.

resident for a year before we can help. Can you hold out five more months?" It would take that long to establish residence, make her eligible for help that was never a specific figure in her mind.

In March, the shelves were far from filled. But some money came from Herb's brother-in-law Ed, some from Herb's father who had found a job in California, some from her own parents in North Dakota. It all helped buy oatmeal, noodles, soup greens and hamburger for the children's meals.

The peril of her situation had begun to close in on her now. Fern knew little about business—"or life, even." She essays a timid joke as she talks now, to ease the drawn lines around her eyes. "Maybe it was because I was born on a farm in North Dakota—I was eighteen years old before I discovered you could buy shoes anywhere except in a catalogue." It had been a simple world where a woman married, followed her husband, budgeted the food money, and trusted to the future. Suddenly, when Herb's big 5′7″, 185-pound frame no longer bulked between his family and a world of strangers, Fern forced herself to conquer shyness and seek out strangers for the answers.

"First, I thought I could find an answer in California." Her in-laws in town took care of the children while Fern went back to Vallejo, where she and Herb had lived for ten years. "I stayed with Herb's sister Gerda out there and tried to find out about laws." Neighbors had asked, in surprise, "But isn't there some kind of widow's aid?" It had such a familiar ring, Fern thought there must be if she simply looked in the right place. No one seemed to know where to look. The local American Legion post thought she ought to write to the state office or the Veterans Administration in Washington, but no answers had come. But her most overwhelming confusion at the time, which she had just begun to grasp, was that she was "stateless," a resident of nowhere because in July, 1955, Herb had moved his whole family over the California-Nevada border to look for a new job.

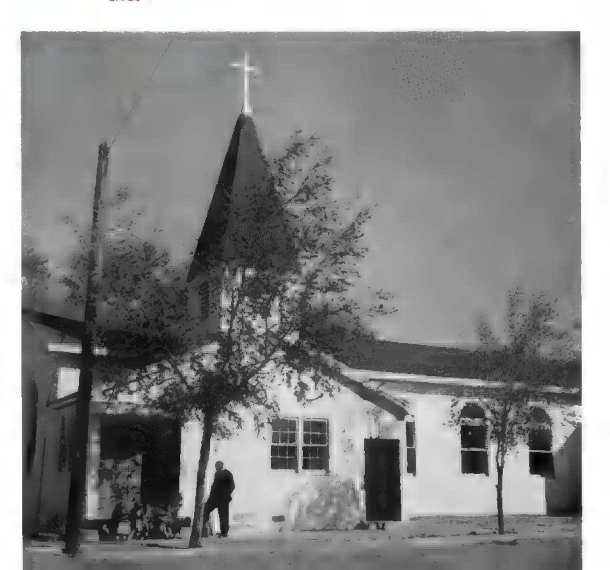
"All I could think of was writing to the President," but she rejected the idea, sure her efforts would turn up answers. In California she had paused again, not knowing where to look. "Then I suddenly thought—if anybody knew about laws and could explain them it would be the district attorney," and she went to see him. He was courteous but regretful, made an appointment for her at the California welfare office. "The woman there asked me to fill out a form, and after I'd filled it all out she looked it over and said that to get welfare help we'd have to live in California for a year. I'd CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Fern conquered shyness to talk to government agencies, found little hope. County had no funds. She was ineligible for veterans' pension. State Aid to Dependent Children is cut low if she works. Social Security payment is inadequate because her husband was not regularly covered in his occupations.



It has been a run-around of filling out government welfare forms. But you can't feed children on paper.

First Baptist Church is one pillar of security and friendship in town. All five children take one another to Sunday school there. Fern lacks time for church activities, can't join groups or entertain. But lately, "feeling so terribly alone," she began attending services while out of work.



What's new? Kraft Catalina!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180

have to move the whole family back, wait a year, and after that they could help anybody in the family who was born in California" (the four youngest children were) "but she couldn't say how much it would be."

Fern had looked at California apartments—"they were $85 to $95 a month—I could never afford it." An unskilled job might bring her $50 a week. It would cost that much to hire a housekeeper if she took a full-time job. And there were scarcely enough funds now to keep the children fed and clothed, much less move six people across a state boundary. It would be better, then, to hold out four months in Nevada instead of twelve in California. More baffled, but feeling a stubbornness that surprised her, she went home to Fallon.

"It seemed as though the only thing I could do was give up the children, and I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't put them in a home or give them out for adoption even for a while, not after they'd lost their father." And a dim, flickering indignation began to grow in her. If there were funds for keeping children in an institution—she hadn't looked into it—there had to be a way children could be cared for by a mother of their own who was willing to work.

In April, she waited for May.

In May, her survivors' insurance check arrived. She opened the envelope with trembling fingers. There was a lump-sum death payment of $150. It would pay the overdue rent, she noted mechanically. And there was the first of her monthly payment checks. She puzzled over the sum. Herb, she was to learn later, because he had worked as a farm hand, spent four years in the Army, then become a Government worker, had not been regularly covered by the Social Security laws.

His widow would get $16.10 a month for her support, but only if she did not work. Holding a job would cut the benefit. Each of the children would get $11.80 a month for food, clothing, lodgings and all necessities.

"It was so bad I couldn't believe it." She was aghast at how much hope she had placed in the Government check. She sat at the kitchen table and cried bitterly then, for the first time in months. The children were at school. Only Peggy, at her mother's feet, burst into alarmed sobs. Stricken, Fern picked her up and washed both their faces. "The baby looked so frightened and she didn't even know of what. At least I knew." By the time the baby had been sung to and comforted and the children came home from school, a dry-eyed but drawn Fern was at the stove cooking the invariable pot of noodles that would be the children's supper. She would add browned hamburger, a can of tomato soup, a can of corn—"I've kept changing the vegetable for variety." Fortunately the children liked it and it filled the young bodies Fern tried to picture subsisting on less than $3 a week.

Judy, who bounded into the kitchen with long-legged awkwardness, was always a help. Glancing at her mother's face, she took the big spoon and apron from her, chattered determinedly about trivial things—"And, mother, Mike—he sits next to me—he says world history is utterly *boring* and he's ready to *drop* it." With big-sisterly authority she put a stack of plates into Jacquie's outstretched hands, spanked the blue-jeaned rear of Connie, who was standing and listening instead of putting out knives and forks. Donnie was free of housework. He did all the repairs for his mother, and, in fourth grade, had already begun to walk alone as the man of the house. It was he who carried the door key and kept his sisters from crossing streets against the lights. When they talked about the future, as they had timidly begun to, they had agreed that the girls would all try to finish high school and maybe Donnie could be sent to college. He had A marks, a knack for science, and they depended on him. Quiet and protective, Donnie had already saved his 25 cents a week allowance for eight weeks toward a tool chest he needed to put the house in shape for his mother.

But it was Fern herself one night who boarded up the sagging and broken windows of the old house in feverish fear. "There was no one thing that happened," but a steady trembling had begun to come over her. She no longer looked for a job, but stayed home at night in the old house on the black and lightless road. Vagrants wandered past from the tracks, calling to one another with loud shouts. The little girls had orders not to go out when their mother wasn't home. But Donnie, playing in the street one day, had been hit by two older boys with a piece of timber,

ABOUT THE "ADC" PROGRAM—AID TO DEPENDENT CHILDREN

- A provision to cover aid to dependent children now exists in all 48 states. Nevada was the last state to adopt it, in 1955. It is in all states a part of the Social Security program suggested by the Federal Government in the 1930's and taken up by states as they felt able to afford it. The name of the program and the amount of funds vary from state to state, but the program shares some characteristics in all states:

  —Its purpose is to help children live with a parent or relative when deprived of support by the death, incapacity, desertion or absence of the breadwinning member of the family.

  —In no case must the residence period required by a state be more than a year.

  —A welfare worker must visit the home to prove need and check data.

  —Aid must be available in all parts of the state.

  —Children are eligible up to age 18. (However, some states limit their coverage, stop payments at age 14 or 16, for example.)

- Low-income states have a higher percentage of children than high-income states. Federal aid helps equalize opportunities for all children, but the program is state-administered.

- All taxpayers support this program through Federal, state and (in some cases) local taxes. Altogether this program costs about 2/10 of a cent out of each dollar of national personal income.

- The state has to take into account, in determining need and amount of payment, any income the family has, including Social Security benefits. In general, states provide a level of living that includes only minimum essentials. The national average payment per person in a recent month was $25.92.

- Funds available vary. From time to time, Congress has increased the Federal share. Sometimes states vote an increase or decrease of their own appropriations. Aid to children is not a constant sum. Available funds affect the amount of payments, as do other factors.

a cruel head blow that had taken five stitches and $33 to repair at the local hospital. If she were ever to hold a job, Fern knew, she would have to move, somehow and somewhere. If she could fight the breakdown that threatened—hold out till July—make the relatives' checks do—she could see it through. At one desperate point she had visited the local county welfare office to see if they had emergency help toward the still-owed hospital bill. But their funds covered little. "I could only," Mrs. Selma Groth had told her troubledly, "give you a two-dollar order for groceries from time to time, or some old clothes, but we don't have the funds to get them cleaned after people give them to us." Fern had thanked her, pinning all hopes on the state check in July. She could move then to a safer neighborhood, leave the children alone during vacation, and hunt for summer work.

In July, everything happened. The tide turned. Big Ed Sutterfield, husband of Herb's sister, had been helping her hunt apartments in the housing-short town. A farmer and itinerant harvester, he worked part time on Fallon's neon-lined Main Street, in the Keystone Club owned by Darrell King. Over the ring of silver dollars racing through legal slot machines, the two men had talked of Fern's dilemma and found a temporary answer. "You tell Fern I have a house vacant—the one on West Williams Street—but the land's worth more than the house." King had been frank. "If she can make do with it, she can live there, and just forget about paying rent if she doesn't have it." Set on a street that was to be rezoned for business, the house had grown run-down but the land had been put up for sale. Gratefully, Fern moved to the cottage whose doors were warped with age, paint weathered away, steps replaced by planks leading from porch to bare earth. The house was old, but it stood on a main thoroughfare under street lights, companioned by fresh and landscaped bungalows, patrolled by police. It would be safe for the children.

She had scarcely settled in when help came from another quarter. Four blocks down the road, Sam and Beryl Higginbotham, who owned the Lariat Motel, created a job for her.

Lively-eyed Beryl had seen the children at play, noted their good manners, had glimpsed the young widow shopping with thin handbag in the pleasant neighborhood. Word of her story had traveled now, and Beryl called on her one day resolutely. "Sam and I could use a chambermaid to help us out at the motel. We could pay you $35, and if you started in the morning we could arrange your hours so you'd be home in the middle of the day. I don't think myself," she went on warmly, "you should have to leave your babies at *all*, but we heard you were having trouble." She remembers Fern's face startled with hope as she answered, "I can start any time you want me."

By nine the next morning, five months after Herb's death, Fern was on salary. Vacuuming and dusting each of the eighteen units after the overnight guests had sped away, changing linens, mitering bed corners, wheeling the big cleaning cart up the paveway, she was bread-winning for the first time in her life. Stopping in the central apartment off the motel lobby to join Beryl and gruffly kind Sam in a morning cup of coffee, she had found stanch and under-standing friends. That night she bought a frying chicken on the way home from work, a loaf of gingerbread and a 65-cent quart of ice cream and the whole family celebrated her job. It was a feast—nobody had ice cream now except on birthdays. For Fern, July was the month when "the pain began to wear off." It was the month, too, her first check came from the Nevada welfare office, for $149. Thinking she was not eligible now that she had a job, she returned it with thanks. She was earning the same amount.

August sped. Nevada's silver dollars clinked heavily in her purse, but they spun out fast. When the school term started in September, she had to board the baby. By word of mouth she heard of teacher's wife Mrs. George Jurgens, Jr., who took in children for day care. Luckily the Jurgens cottage was a few blocks down the street on the way to the motel. Little Peggy could be dropped off in the morning, would be fed lunch there and kept until 2 P.M. for $1.50 a day, or $6 for four weekdays. Friday was Fern's day off. On Saturday and Sunday while she worked, the children would take care of one another and go off, all five, to First Baptist Sunday school, where even Peggy sat quiet under her brother's watchful eye. When all came home they would take off their "good" clothes, make lunch for one another, and wait for her.

But the double strain of being mother and bread-winner was thinning Fern to a steady exhaustion she had to fight after work. Everyone loyally did chores. Judy and Jacquie did the week's grocery marketing on their mile walk home from school each Friday, took a 50-cent taxi to bear the load of cartons and brown paper bags they couldn't carry. It worried the girls. Sometimes Judy, with $1.51 left of the grocery money, would have to choose between milk and bananas, spaghetti and soap. Jacquie had asked her mother gravely, "Couldn't we buy a car with the money we spend getting the food home?" Some stores delivered, but in the long run they cost more than the supermarket, and Fern would explain it while she penciled out price differences for her daughter. She knew to the penny.

By three in the afternoon, when she had finished at the motel, all her "mother's jobs" waited—teaching, cleaning, cooking, laundry (household linens Friday, clothes in the morning before work to be taken in from the line later), mending, ironing, supervising homework, drying tears. And after them came a father's jobs—the fallen-off doorknob to fix, the rusty screen to nail in place, the broken window to be repaired. She had to learn to change fuses—when she tried, sparks flew out and she had no idea where to look for the main power switch. The leaky faucet defied her when she tried to explain to a hardware store the parts or tools she needed to fix it. The broken chimney pipe in the kitchen took her a week of work as she replaced worn black elbows with shiny replacements she had carried home from Main Street, and the result made the children hilarious. Fern, standing back, laughed with them—"It was exactly like the picture of the crooked house in the storybook Connie ran and brought me!" But there was work that defied her completely.

Ed Sutterfield came to help when he could. And Sam Higginbotham stood by on big repairs Donnie couldn't do—the washing machine that flooded the floor, the door that came loose from a hinge. When the ironing board collapsed under hard workouts by the two

THE TEDDY NADLERS

● $152,000 can pay off bills, buy a home and all-new furniture outright. "Wonderful," says Clara. But quiz champion Teddy growls, "At this rate we'll be broke in two years." He isn't sure it's so wonderful to be rich and

FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the November JOURNAL

older girls, Sam dropped in to resolder it and Jacquie leaned her dark young head close to his to whisper conspiratorially, "Don't hurry with it, Sam—it's *my* week to iron." Whenever a man's big laugh rang out in the house now the whole family stopped and turned to it and even small Peggy came racing in to the unexpected sound.

But on ordinary work-filled evenings, with hours scarce, Fern grew weary. The broken sewing machine stood in a corner while she mended by hand—there were no repair facilities in town, no funds to send it to Reno for service or parts. When there was a spill on the rug that called for cleaning, all five children joined shoulders with her to push at the overstuffed chair Herb would have swung aside in a single motion. The big black oil heater in the living room was a monster bearing no instructions on where oil should go in or flame come out, and "not wanting to blow [redacted] all up" she had to call the utility company and ask for someone to come and explain it. As the weather chilled there would be extra fuel to buy, and she tried desperately to remember what Herb had said their bill was the winter before. The electric bill of $14 had already taken a deep monthly cut and she asked the company to recheck the meter to be sure there was no mistake.

With all her fathering and mothering, life wasn't working out financially.

Fern knew it, and even Beryl was troubled about her employee. Ends scarcely met now that sitter fees cut her earnings to $29. "You can't *live* this way," Beryl would say indignantly at the motel office. Its file case held a fruitless correspondence. Long letters to the Veterans Administration had brought back answers that the widow and children qualified for no aid. Forms from the Social Security agency restated that by earning over $1200 a year Fern would have to turn back part of her Government check. She had explored every avenue she could think of, and without Beryl's typewriter even the correspondence would have been impossible. It would be fifteen more years to put Peggy through school, and how she would manage Fern had no idea.

It was pointless now to think of the dreams Herb had, but her memory went straying back.

It was 1939 when Fern Bolkan, daughter of farmers in Raub, North Dakota, met Herb Morlang. She was finishing high school. He had been working [redacted] a migrant farmhand ever since graduation from eighth grade. It was May 2, 1940, when they married, summer of the next year when their first daughter was born, the year after when Herb was inducted into the Army. Until 1945 Herb was in the 13th Armored ("Black Cat") Division, a T/5, driving armored cars farther away from his native farmlands and into the final campaigns of the Rhine. From Germany, he was shipped back to California for discharge, and his wife joined him. Mare Island Navy Yard nearby was recruiting workers and Herb, with three years of hard-won mechanical skills, was hired as ordnanceman to inventory incoming and outgoing ships. For ten years he advanced slowly while his work commendations mounted. "Superior performance . . . high degree of skill and ability . . . exceptionally accurate" read the slips that raised his salary to a take-home level of $70 a week.

But Herb had a dream of security for his family. In Nevada, a naval air base was expanding, and land cost less than it did in the town of Vallejo where they lived. "He said he was getting heavy from indoor work, anyway," Fern remembers. He was 36, "just the right age to make a change," he predicted confidently.

In Fallon, a town he had scouted on a vacation trip, small farm-ranches could be had for as little as $8000, and he could combine part-time agriculture with a laborer's job. In July, 1955, Herb made the big move. His nest egg was the $2000 he had accumulated in a retirement fund, his symbol of security the gold-and-glass clock the boys at the yard gave him as a farewell gift to be set up in the new home.

At first the family rented a small house behind a lumberyard and Herb took on a laborer's job with a local engineering company. But unemployment set in—"something was holding up the Government appropriations," Fern remembers dimly, "and there were long layoffs that cut into Herb's money." He switched jobs to work for a roofing contractor, carrying buckets of tar up and down ladders in the hot sun. "It didn't seem to bother him. If he ever worried, he never let me know—he always took care of things," Fern says of the cheerful, dark-eyed man who had spent another day of layoff laughing with her at home, playing with the children, eating a hearty dinner before the fateful evening he sat in the easy chair and was struck by death.

She had to think ahead, she would remind herself, but her mind would go in circles. She could see no way of taking care of things. All she could do was live by the day and keep her fingers crossed.

Early in the year Peggy began to pick up chronic colds and couldn't be left at the baby sitter's. "If she has anything contagious, I just can't risk the other babies I take care of." Mrs. Jurgens had shaken her head regretfully. Donnie and Connie had sniffles, too, and she was steadily losing more time from work. With all Sam and Beryl's generosity, it was impossible to go on taking their checks. Tourist trade had dropped during the slack season, and keeping her on was straining the Lariat budget.

Only state aid could keep the household going now, and she went to the welfare office to reapply for help. The "ADC" check that she had once turned back with thanks would now be a lifesaver. ADC had been a mystery at first—the state had no pamphlets to explain it. By now Fern had learned that it stood for Aid to Dependent Children. While she worked all income would be deducted from her check, so that it would come to about $7 a month. But now jobless, she could receive about $150 a month. The money was based on family need, with no sum allowed for medical or dental work, but she would be able to squeeze medi-

cines out of the food envelope. The dental checkups the children needed would have to wait.

More pressing blows had fallen. The house had been sold. A buyer for the lot even now waited for the family to move. And at the motel one night, Beryl and Fern thoughtfully talked about the future. In 1957, or '58 at the latest, the Higginbothams hoped to sell or lease their business and retire. Whether Fern would have a job open under a new manager was unknown.

Often before, she had wondered whether to go, whether to stay. The move to [redacted] big city might bring more income, but it would throw her children alone into busy streets during the day or take most of her salary paying for day care. Now the only solution left seemed to be to go home to North Dakota, to the small town of Raub, where her parents lived. A few friends and relatives were still scattered on struggling farms nearby. "I could find a housekeeper's job there ——" Fern realized how vague her plan was as she talked it over, but it was no vaguer than anything else she could think of. She would take any kind of work she could get. Gifts of milk and vegetables from the farm would help the children. There wasn't a penny in the bank for moving. But somehow she would have to move.

"We'll help," Sam and Beryl had promised.

Again she walked to the welfare office, her mainstay now, to talk over job hopes. "If I go to North Dakota—and can't get work right away—will I still be able to get help or will I have to wait another year there?" This time she would not have to wait, Robert Keiffer assured her. Nevada was one of the few states that could help while she was transferring to another state. Once again, there was no way of knowing what the aid would be—it would depend on what housing she found, what job.

It would be a gamble that might lead nowhere.

"I would give up," Fern thought to herself on the way home, but there was no way to give up. There was nothing to do but struggle until she found another house, or raised money for bus fare, or looked for other part-time jobs, or resigned herself to living on welfare. She would go on polishing the children's shoes that were getting too worn to walk in, mending Connie's dress and brightening its frayed skirt with 35 cents' worth of rickrack, looking for [redacted] remnant for Judy. "Our home-ec teacher," Judy had said the night before, "wants us to make a tweed skirt, mother, but the material costs five dollars!" Fern had distractedly watched her daughter paring potatoes and all she could think to say was, "Make the peelings thinner, dear." Donnie needed a new coat. She would have to think.

Tonight the menu would be hamburger casserole again. She browned the meat, opened [redacted] can of corn, broke up the 25-cent head of lettuce bought for salad to help Judy practice nutritional meals. The children had all bowed heads while small Connie said grace:

". . . Thank you, Lord, for birds that sing,
Thank you, Lord, for everything!"

Days would go into days. After the children were in bed she would set her mind to it again. With their faces vulnerable and young, she would go on looking for an answer, and she would lie sleepless with the urgency of finding it as night closed in. END



Fern's job consists of cleaning 18 units a day at motel on main highway.

WHAT FERN HAD AS INCOME WHILE SHE WORKED

Her Social Security check paid $75.10 a month for support of the family. But by earning $1820 a year at the motel, she would have to sacrifice eight of her own $16.10 benefits [redacted] year, bringing the check down to $59.

At the motel she earned $35 a week but paid $6 a week for baby care, bringing her cash earnings down to $29.

Her cash income in round figures:

8 months a year—$125 from motel, $59 from Social Security, [redacted] total of $184 a month.

4 months a year—$125 from motel, $75 from Social Security, a total of $200 [redacted] month.

In the course of an earning year she would have $2272, or an average $189 [redacted] month, or under $44 [redacted] week to support six people in all daily needs plus emergencies.

HOW THE MORLANGS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

If Fern does not work (minor illnesses of children, slack season at motel have kept her home periodically) her outgo figures for the family remain much the same. ADC check, currently about $150 a month, supplements her Social Security income and keeps household going when she cannot earn. Relations still help out. Expenses are cut to the bone.

Food	$100	Appliance payments	18
Clothing	14	Transportation	2
Rent	40	Household supplies	3
Fuel, light, water	30	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	1
Recreation (children's allowances)	8	Miscellaneous school expense	1
Church	3	Magazines, newspapers	3
		Total	$223

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

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although he is entirely ignorant of human nature, and at the moment he is studying to get a degree in engineering. He speaks five languages and earns his living [redacted] [redacted] translator and tutor. Max let fly with words to the effect I was a stupid, uncultivated peasant, who should be grateful to him for rescuing [redacted] from [redacted] backwoods farm. My stepfather is a small-town druggist and I was a high-school graduate studying to be [redacted] nurse when I met Max. I answered with some choice and assorted words of my own. I then locked Max out of the house. I should be ashamed to admit it, but in a peculiar way that disgraceful scene was bracing and stimulating to me. It was as though I'd won some sort of victory over Max, proved he couldn't push me around any more. Yet I know my lack of control is harming our children, and my children mean everything to me.

"Max and I met back in Oklahoma when I was barely eighteen years old. He was serving his first hitch in the American Army; Korea was to [redacted] later. At this late date it's hard for me to comprehend why I was so wild to marry him. My experiences growing up hadn't recommended marriage to me. My mother and my stepfather fought all the time, although my mother tried to hide it by locking us kids out of the house whenever a fight was in progress. Many a night my brothers and I would be shivering on the porch until ten or eleven P.M. And every Sunday directly after we returned from church and ate dinner we were ordered outside and we stayed outside until evening. My mother and stepfather liked to loll around all Sunday afternoon in their dressing gowns and my mother was too much of [redacted] prude to want us kids to see them. It didn't ever occur to her we might peek through the windows and she didn't care how miserable it made us feel to be locked out of our own home. Other kids in our crowd weren't treated that way.

"When I married Max my mother refused to attend the wedding because he was of a different faith and was foreign. Actually I suppose it was Max's foreignness that first attracted me. Max was different from anybody else I had ever known. He was a man of twenty-six, not [redacted] callow boy. Things had happened to him, real things. He could talk about Rome and London, Vienna and Paris, cities I had only read about. He had wit and polish. In those days, when Max was opening the world to me, his good manners and his sense of humor hid his arrogance and meanness.

"Max and I met at a USO dance. Afterward we saw each other every day for three straight months. I couldn't get enough of his conversation. Max would telephone the hospital where I was training and ask the switchboard operator for Queen Anne—Anne is my middle name—and when I answered he would tell me he was Henry the Eighth. Max would tease me by pretending that he, like Henry the Eighth, was a great ladies' man, but I didn't believe him. He didn't even kiss me until we had gone together for a month; and with every other boy I knew it was smack, smack, smack after fifteen minutes.

"I quickly made up my mind I'd marry Max if I could catch him. Possibly my mistakes began right there. I was too humble, too dazzled by him. Nowadays, in our quarrels, he reminds me of how I chased him and insists he didn't want to marry. That isn't true. Max proposed to me. On [redacted] Saturday night we had dinner at the only decent restaurant in town. There were flowers on the table, bought by Max. After I admired the flowers Max suggested we exchange napkins. I was puzzled, but I took his napkin. Out tumbled a diamond ring and [redacted] wedding license made out in both our names. 'Marriage is what you want, isn't it?' asked Max. I gasped out that whether we married depended on what he wanted too. Max replied that he thought marriage might be good for him. 'Medicine might be good for you,' said I, 'but that doesn't necessarily mean you want to take it.'

"On Monday morning we married. I extracted only one condition from Max. That there would be children. He wanted none. To me [redacted] marriage without children is meaningless. Indeed, if I'd had the choice, Max and I wouldn't have stopped with a family of three boys. We would also have had a girl or two.

"Max has always been an abominable father. When our oldest boy was born—Bill is now ten—Max wasn't proud and pleased. He sulked and refused to help me in my first difficult days at home. Home by then was a Quonset hut in Northern California; Max was still in uniform, but he had been transferred to the Pacific Coast. We were still in the Quonset hut when the other boys came along; I used to marvel all of [redacted] weren't turtle-backed. Max doesn't love or feel responsibility for any of our youngsters, I'm sure. He hasn't ever slapped or cuffed our sons—he wouldn't dare with me around—but he's never treated them [redacted] genuine members of the family with rights and privileges [redacted] well as duties.

"After his World War Two discharge, Max was content to work at a piddling, poor-paying job while he acquired a second college degree under the G.I. bill. I thought he had ample education and that his learning should be turned to some practical advantage. But in those days I kept my sentiments to myself. Max continued his efforts to improve and educate me. I love to read, but I don't want to read philosophy every minute; I used to hide my paper-backed mystery novels under the mattress.

"Then along came Korea; and Max, as a member of the Army reserve, was called back to duty. When Max sailed for the Orient he had spent ten successful years convincing me that I was too stupid to draw a breath without his advice. I was lonely at first, but I soon found out that other people didn't consider me a hopeless dumbbell. Within [redacted] few weeks I landed a defense job at high wages, I met another working wife at the factory with whom I could trade baby-sitting hours, and I began to save money. When the bank account reached sizable proportions, I made a down payment on [redacted] decent house and moved my youngsters out of the Quonset hut.

"For the first time—no thanks to Max—we had [redacted] pleasant place to live. Frankly, the boys and I enjoyed his absence. We enjoyed the blessed silence; no nagging, no complaining, no one to pick on us. I enjoyed entering a room without stumbling over a stack of books, without comments on my awkwardness and illiteracy. But on the day Max returned our peace was ended. He was fiercely critical of the house and the furnishings. He objected to my new friends and my new clothes. He jeered at my haircut. He demanded that I quit work and I refused. He took [redacted] low-paid job himself and once again resumed the college study that leads nowhere.

"Max can be generous at times—but always with a purpose. He gives [redacted] what *he* wants, and with a smirk on his face like an emperor tossing an emerald at a slave girl. On our first Christmas together—this was back in Oklahoma—he gave me an electric blender, an appliance very hard to locate in those days. I was delighted. On Christmas afternoon Max broke the blender beyond repair trying to clean it. I still think he ruined my blender on purpose. His object [redacted] to show the friends visiting us for the day—his friends, incidentally—how lavish and devil-may-care he could be handling expensive, rare appliances. Max is stuffed with idiotic false pride.

"As a bride, I was too impressed by him and too timid to comment on the absurdity of his pretenses. I'm not that timid any more. On my last birthday Max gave me [redacted] vacuum cleaner and invited company to dinner to applaud his generosity. I myself enjoyed displaying the gift. But I went in the kitchen a minute and Max and our guests and my birthday present went outside to the driveway. The first thing I knew Max had hooked up my brand-new vacuum cleaner and was using it for the *first* time to clean his guests' dirty car. I put a stop to the demonstration and rescued my vacuum cleaner. But I had to scream like [redacted] fishwife to do it and nobody had much fun at my birthday dinner. Three months ago Max wiped out his bank account to buy the [redacted] mink cape when the fur I admired and wanted was squirrel and squirrel is [redacted] whole lot cheaper.

"I just don't get the point of his silly vanity. I cut our sons' hair and I used to cut Max's hair, too, but he turns pale whenever I mention the fact in public. Some of our worst arguments have occurred over my barbering skill. Max doesn't like me to excel in such mundane things. Nobody will ever convince me it is smart pretending to be rich when you are not.

"Max is an intellectual snob, but, despite his book learning, many of his ideas aren't too hot. He prides himself on the fact that he is a freethinker; he has borrowed some of his notions on sex from Bertrand Russell and theoretically he believes in polygamy. Yet he is shocked by my interest in [redacted] and by my wish to experience both passion and tenderness. He regards me [redacted] too forward in both speech and behavior. He used to hurt my feelings by criticizing the ardor of my response to his lovemaking. We gave up love-making long ago. In his heart Max thinks there are good women and bad women—and I guess he can't decide which category to put me in.

"In many ways he is an old-fashioned man. He can't afford to hire five servants to wait on me as he would like. Lacking servants, he has done his darnedest to turn me into [redacted] built-in cookstove, pressing machine and launderette. He wants to wear two clean shirts [redacted] day and knife-creased trousers and eat three-course meals by candlelight—with [redacted] children in evidence. Our children led to us splitting up. I came home from my job one afternoon very late and found our three boys sitting forlornly on the doorstep. Their father had locked them

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"It's from your husband—four shirts that need buttons!"

Big family, no maid, tight budget!

(So they use SARAN WRAP and plenty of it!)

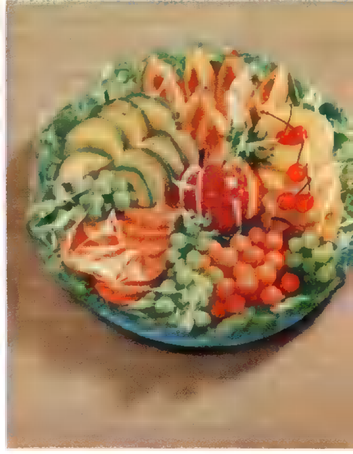
Meet the Read family of Ridgewood, N. J. Two boys with whopping appetites. Two teen-age girls with houseloads of friends. Mrs. Read is active in PTA and church work, manages a happy home with a beautiful combination of joy and efficiency.

Fourteen teen-agers coming tomorrow! Mrs. Read bakes cookies and party treats ahead of time, keeps them fresh and tasty in SARAN WRAP*. "It's my favorite wrap for protection because it fits tightly around bowls and dishes of all shapes."



Keeping six cake-eaters happy is easy with SARAN WRAP! She bakes two cakes, wraps extra slices snugly for freezer storage. "Moisture stays in . . . leftover pieces stay fresher . . . and everyone likes being served his own individually wrapped portion."





Potluck party and Mrs. Read's luscious salad goes in style, stays tasty and tempting in SARAN WRAP. "I wouldn't think of covering it with a wrap you couldn't see through. I like the way SARAN WRAP sparkles, too."

*Trademark

Tried the new package?

"I have and I like it! It's so easy to use now. The end never slips back into the box."

YOU'LL BE SARAN WRAP HAPPY, TOO!



The Dow Chemical Company

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

out of the house—my house—so he could read a book in quiet. It was then I told Max to find living accommodations somewhere else.

"We quarreled for two months before he finally took me at my word and went. The boys and I are better off without Max, and Max and I are more civilized and worth-while people when separated. I will be obliged if you will kindly tell him our marriage is finished."

Max Tells His Side:

"My reward for serving my country in Korea was to lose my wife," said thirty-eight-year-old Max. His face was sensitive, olive-skinned, narrow; his build was slight. "For ten years Jenny and I were happy together except for minor differences of opinion. For ten years Jenny respected my wishes, conceded that my intelligence was superior to hers and acknowledged that the man should be the master in his own home. While I was overseas Jenny changed into a different woman—a woman I hardly feel I know at all.

"Jenny now sports a man's haircut; she wears pants more often than she wears dresses. On the rare occasions she is in skirts she invariably chooses a color I dislike. Even in the old days Jenny had the habit of wanting to put on a blue dress when I preferred that she wear green, or a gray dress if I thought black would be appropriate. If I wanted veal for dinner the chances were excellent she would serve pork. She always overcooked the vegetables and she never learned to mix an acceptable salad dressing. For the most part, however, except where our sons were concerned, her character was gentle and yielding. At any rate, it seemed to be.

"Jenny has become a termagant and a shrew. She is determined to rule in everything. She flatly tells our sons not to obey my orders. In their presence she shouts that I am an over-educated egghead. It's hardly surprising they, too, are unmannerly and undisciplined.

"Jenny has completely forgotten the gratitude she used to feel at the pains I took to educate her. She now professes to be bored with Plato and Aristotle and the philosophers to whom I introduced her. In our honeymoon days she was fascinated by the world of ideas. She complains I waste my time on books and refuses to admit she is corroding her good brain by reading scores of trashy novels on the sly. Furthermore, she wastes her time working for the telephone company when she should be at home caring for her family. She declares our boys need the money she earns. What they need is more of a mother's company, a different type of mother from Jenny, a mother who would teach them to pay heed to their father's wishes, a sweet and gentle mother who could still be firm and maintain control.

"Jenny has become mercenary in spirit and intolerably penny-pinching. The two years I was in Korea I regularly sent back enough money to support her and our boys on a modest scale. She wasn't satisfied with that arrangement. She took a job without my permission and without my knowledge. She then proceeded to bank two hundred dollars a month until she had a sufficient sum to make the down payment on a house. I was overseas when she informed me in one of her infrequent and misspelled letters that she was the owner of a seven-room house. None of the other G.I.'s I soldiered with had wives who invested in real estate without their knowledge. Naturally I didn't like it. Nor do I like the house. The construction is wretched. Nevertheless, it rather amuses me to hear Jenny grandly refer to *my* house. Surely, since I supported her and the boys during my absence, it would be graceful of her to speak of *our* house.

"Nowadays it pleases Jenny to laugh at me because I respect spiritual and intellectual and, let us say, romantic values. I'm no money grubber, but it did appeal to my sense of pride a few months ago to give my wife a mink cape even though we were living apart. Jenny belittled my gift and humiliated me in the eyes of the saleswoman by announcing she preferred a cheaper fur, and then she stated bluntly that on my mediocre earnings I couldn't afford even the cheapest fur.

"As a boy I never intended to marry at all, but once married I certainly did not intend to degrade myself by becoming involved in a divorce. There was too much divorce in my childhood, far too much. My father was responsible. On the surface he was an educated man, a cultivated man, a philosopher, a student, but his marital antics matched those of an international playboy. Before I was twelve years old I had five different stepmothers. I've never understood my father. All I know is that I despise him. In my boyhood, as I was shifted from one household to another, carried here, carried there, by his amorous peregrinations, I used to put myself to sleep by imagining new methods of torturing him to death.

"My mother allowed my father custody rights because in those days a European divorced woman of her class found it difficult to marry a second time, and virtually impossible if she was burdened with a child. I never blamed my mother for giving me away, although long before I became a political refugee I well knew what it meant to be lost and adrift. I was obliged to adapt to one stepmother after another—none was as harsh and unkind to me as my father—and very early I had to learn to accustom myself to hideous quarrels. My quarrels with Jenny are ugly, God knows, but the quarrels of my childhood were worse.

"There was something pathologically amiss in my father. I was the only child of his many marriages, yet he had no affection for me. My scholarship was always high, but never high enough to suit him. He delighted in calling me stupid. On two occasions when he abandoned a wife he abandoned me with that wife. The humiliation, the fear, the lack of security was, I believe, harder on me than the ever-present threat of the war that hung over my youth.

"My father's conduct, combined with my upbringing, made me wary of women. Frankly, as a young man, I thought of sex as a commodity to be bought and paid for. As a young man I didn't dream of a wife and family. I didn't want to bring children into a world as troubled as the world I knew. I shrank from the idea of any permanent entanglement.

"In looking back, I sometimes think Jenny puzzled me into marriage. I assure you I was astounded to find a girl so casual and easy living in the Middle West, a region I'd supposed was provincial and strait-laced. I wasn't altogether charmed by her freedom of action; later, in the years I was overseas, I used to remember back and I would wonder and worry.

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By **CAROL L. SCHLESINGER**

Before		After
5'8	Height	5'8
175	Weight	174½ ★
36	Bust	36
29	Waist	29
43	Hips	43

★ *Originally weighed in a wool suit; second weighing, three months later, wearing cotton dress.*

For years I'd been reading success stories about "fatties" who had become sylphs through careful diet. For years I'd been comfortable in size 18. Well, comfortable except for occasional shortness of breath, and a strong reluctance to appear anywhere in a bathing suit. My children referred to me as "jolly mom," and my husband said, "Stay as round as you are; that's the way I like you."

Thus, with no incentive, I began my rigorous three-month schedule.

My diet left me cheerful, and my appetite satisfied.

My diet also left me weighing the same as when I'd started.

Somewhere, somehow —— Well, perhaps you can help me discover why I failed.

Here is a sample of three typical diet meals. You will notice that the total number of calories is slightly in excess of 1030 per day. The diet, of course, varied, but each day's total was pretty much the same. Except for an occasional pizza on Saturday nights, and a waffle or two on Sunday, I was most consistent.

Breakfast	No. of Calories
Orange juice	65
Boiled egg	70
Coffee, black	0
Total	135*

*Add a few extra. While cleaning table, I finished daddy's doughnut, Bobby's (age 5) oatmeal, and John's (age 3) buttered toast. (Hate to see things go to waste.)

Lunch	No. of Calories
Chicken bouillon	20
Chicken salad	270
Fruit gelatin, ½ cup	100
Coffee, black	0
Total	390*

*Add a few extra. Ate other half of Bobby's peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, and John's chocolate cupcake.

Dinner	
Grapefruit	75
Hamburger patty	150
Broccoli	20
Rye wafers (3)	90
Skim milk	85
Total	420*

*Add a few extra. Finished both children's butterscotch pudding (won't make *that* again). Tasted daddy's spaghetti and meat balls, and helped with the garlic bread (well, you can't keep that for second day).

Before Retiring	
1 glass of skim milk	85*

*Just this once, had a piece of cherry pie neighbor brought to have me sample.

Total for Day 1030+ Calories*

*Oh, yes, John was cranky at the supermarket, so we shared a box of chocolate-chip cookies.

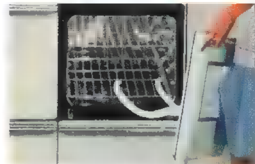
As you can see, my diet is similar to many published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and I really stuck to it—sort of—for three full months.

Do you think it could be my glands?

Announcing Tappan's new Gold Ribbon series—greatest ranges in Tappan's 78-year history. De luxe gas Built-in with separate oven and broiler starts, cooks, turns off—automatically. Automatic top burner won't let foods burn. Here is built-in beauty and convenience at its best, and it's the easiest and most economical built-in to install.



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AUNT JEMIMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188

"As a girl Jenny was amusing and original; she was the only person in the wretched, flea-ridden town where she was reared who was capable of speaking the king's English. Also, she knew the whole world wasn't contained in the county where she was born.

"Jenny now declares all twelve years of our marriage were a prolonged misery. It isn't true. I was a good husband to her and I am a far better father to my sons than *my* father was to me. Yet when I came home from Korea she and the boys made it painfully clear there was no room for me. They greeted me as though I were a stranger. They scorned and ignored me. My sons talked back to me while Jenny hurled insults. Once again I had the same lost, sick feeling I used to have when I was shunted among the many homes of my many step-mothers. Jenny didn't care.

"I've made concessions to her. I've given her dozens of presents since our separation. Women like gifts, don't they? Jenny loves gardening. I hate it. But last Sunday I stopped at a nursery and went to our house and planted two pear trees in the yard. Jenny promptly came storming out and told me there was no use bothering, that I would never live there to enjoy the shade.

"Jenny didn't used to be an unjust woman, nor was she greedy and grasping. I consider it most unfair of her to take away my sons and my house, but I don't see how to stop her from doing it. I've reached the point where I agree our marriage is done for. It's her fault, not mine."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Sometimes almost miraculous results are achieved in a few hours. Some cases of unhappy marriage that are reviewed in my office seem at first glance to be hopeless. But after a minimum of discussion and analysis, aided by a process that can seem as mysterious as the laying on of hands, the couple go on their way reconciled and headed in the right direction. Such surprises, pleasant but fairly rare, offset the many disappointments we counselors encounter in our profession.

"No pleasant surprise greeted me in the case of Jenny and Max, nor did I expect such good fortune. At our initial interview I felt certain that to meet the challenge presented by Jenny and Max would involve much hard work. I didn't anticipate that the three of us would be consulting for nearly three years before the couple's affairs were straightened out and their marriage was salvaged and put on even keel.

"Jenny and Max came from different cultures and had very different traditions. Both had obstinately decided their particular conceptions, notions, values were correct. Both were what I call 'angry people.' They were long out of the habit of being at peace with each other and living in harmony with their children. Engaged in a struggle to dominate, they ate, slept and breathed conflict. A prolonged feud between a married couple is wasting and damaging, but feuds can be fascinating and absorbing.

"Jenny and Max believed their flaming, destructive quarrels were ignited by differences over money, sex, tastes in clothes, household decorations, friends, differing opinions on how to spend their time, bring up their children to the best advantage, and so on. In actuality the two were quarreling over who should be the boss. There are no bosses in a successful marriage, there are only partners.

"When I met Jenny and Max it had been months since they had held an adult conversation. The most casual remark immediately provoked one or the other into fierce rehashing of the injuries of the past. In an atmosphere of recriminations and accusation, marital problems cannot be solved. Both Jenny and Max had been deeply affronted by jeers and epithets hurled by the other. In this connection, however, in talking to Max, I did detect one hopeful note. Although Jenny seemed to have run through the whole encyclopedia of insults in denouncing Max, not once had she taunted him on the score of his religion. On this point, a point where Max, a refugee from Hitler's Austria, was acutely sensitive, Jenny *felt* no superiority to a man over whom she claimed superiority in nearly every aspect. Jenny's strident claims to one hundred per cent perfection of course cloaked her feelings of inferiority, feelings that Max, who himself felt inferior, had managed to exploit for many years.

"One other hopeful note was that both Jenny and Max, although emotional infants, ranked well above the average in intelligence. In the beginning, I had no opportunity to work with Jenny. Stubbornly insisting she didn't need assistance and wanted nothing except a divorce, she refused counseling. However, with a characteristic lack of logic, she then told Max he could no longer visit her house or her sons unless he accepted psychological aid.

"After I spent six months advising and consulting with Max, Jenny was so struck by the changes in his outward behavior, particularly in his relationship with the boys, that she agreed to see me. The welfare of the children was important to her, more important to her than defeating and destroying their father. She was bright enough to know that children need two parents.

"But let's revert briefly to Max. A novel-length book wouldn't cover our extensive consultations. A European upbringing had convinced him that the female of the species is inferior to the male, a handicap to any American husband. In addition, Max was a seriously disturbed person. Back in his disorderly childhood, he had acquired a perverse appetite for dissension and discord. In my opinion, some of the imaginary tortures he devised as a young boy to annihilate his detested father left an imprint on his personality. It took Max a long while to perceive that even in the early days of his marriage, the days when an awed and browbeaten Jenny strove to please, there was no faintest possibility she could satisfy him with the food she served, the dress she wore, the words she spoke. For it was his peculiar joy to torment and demean his wife and he battened upon her humiliations.

"It was easier for Max to acknowledge the truth about his unsatisfactory relationship with his sons. It wasn't the perilous state of the world, as he had believed, that made him a reluctant father. (In these uncertain days the birth rate everywhere is rising.) His personal history was responsible. Himself an unwanted child, Max wanted no children. Having acquired the family, Max endeavored to ensure that his three sons fare no better than he had fared. Once Max recognized that he had modeled himself into an autocratic father and husband—a father less cruel than his own but without tenderness and love—he was able to smash the mold, for he had no desire to resemble his father. He then became able to understand Jenny's fiery reaction to his treatment of their children. With her background, with her painful memories of shivering on a porch, she simply couldn't tolerate that her children should be locked out of their home so he could read a book in quiet. Upon reflection, Max also acknowledged that some of her impatience at his constant studying with no definite objective might be justified.

"In my belief, Jenny's eventual revolt from the pressures to which Max subjected her was inevitable. It was only her timidity and lack of self-confidence that kept her under his thumb so long. In many ways, even in their early years together, she had subtly defied his wishes and played little feminine tricks to lessen the shaky self-esteem screened by his arrogance. Max's absence in Korea presented her with a perfect opportunity to stage an all-out rebellion. When Jenny bought the house I think it likely she had an extra motive beyond providing a good home for the boys. She wanted to show Max how much better she could manage financially than he had done. Certainly he interpreted the purchase in that fashion.

"The first time Max took a box of candy to his sons—it was his own idea, not mine—Jenny returned to my office for counseling. She readily recognized that in her childhood home, like Max in his many homes, she had become habituated to a pattern of quarreling. Then, too, as a small girl dissatisfied with her looks and seeking individuality, she began to take pride in her 'frankness.' Jenny's conception of frankness was explosive indeed. It was based on a maxim that curiously enough she had picked up from an innocent Sunday-school teacher: that it is as bad to *think* something as to *say* it. By this reasoning if you think your friend's new baby is homely you may as well go ahead and tell her so. I seldom offer concrete advice. I did advise Jenny that very often people can't restrain themselves from entertaining uncomplimentary thoughts, but they can certainly refrain from making uncomplimentary, cutting remarks without becoming insincere. Indeed, I told Jenny that the sooner she began to hold her tongue the better off she would be.

"A year after our counseling began, Jenny and Max went back to living together again. Their troubles were by no means ended. Slowly they learned the damage of name calling, learned that vituperation may be an escape from problems but is no solution to them. Slowly they learned that marriage is a two-way partnership where both partners truly rank first. They learned that both of them could use every ounce of their leadership ability in an appropriate area. Gradually they learned to explore their differences of opinion with gentleness and tact instead of succumbing to a passion of rage and thus destroying any possibility of reaching a compromise and a solution. There is some anger in all people. Anger doesn't mean the end of a relationship, but Jenny and Max were obliged to learn that for them anger was a warning signal to tread warily and cautiously.

"In the end Jenny and Max achieved an unusually successful marriage. As they grew to understand themselves and each other their personalities and attitudes changed startlingly. They found there was pleasure to be had in mutual appreciation and consideration. Max stopped mocking Jenny's native state and her fondness for paper-backed novels. For the first time he allowed a television set to be installed in the home. Watching some of the programs with the boys brought him closer to them and their interests.

"For her part, Jenny allowed her hair to grow and saw to it that the number of skirts in her wardrobe balanced her numerous pairs of slacks. Conceding the value of Max's masculine pride, she also resigned from her job as soon as it was financially feasible. Her resignation occurred at the time Max stopped being a scholastic dilettante, permanently quit college with an engineering degree and went to work as a well-paid engineer.

"By means of calm discussion Jenny and Max eventually worked out their individual spheres of influence to the satisfaction of them both. Their reward was personal content, the happiness of their sons and the realization that without all their hard work it was highly probable they would have drifted into marriage with other partners burdened with the same unsolved problems."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Mrs. Wizard

Tempting low-cost meals for a family of six. Weekly budget, including 30 quarts of milk, $25.00.

By MARY JANE ENGEL

"Free hot school lunches are a wonderful help to my budget," says Fern Morlang. "Without them I would not be able to manage as well as I do."

Fern allows herself $25.00 a week for food—sometimes a dollar or two more. This allowance does not include the lunches for her four school children, as they are supplied without cost at school. The allowance covers lunches for herself and Peggy, the preschooler, breakfast and dinners for six during the weekdays, and the full three-meal schedule for the weekends.

Fern prepares her weekly menus on Friday, checking the local newspapers for best buys. Saturday is shopping day. Buying fresh vegetables and fruit when they are plentiful is a money saver, as well as using canned or dry milk in cooking, and margarine. Beef liver is a favorite with her children, and since it has excellent food value and is reasonable in price, she serves it weekly. Eggs, too, are very reasonable and used often.

Mealtime is family time with the Morlangs. Eager hands peel and scrape, and equally eager tongues chatter on about the events of the day. We have prepared a week's menus, typical of the Morlang family, that please the children and keep them well fed.

7 Days of Menus and Costs



Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Apple
Milk

Dinner
Macaroni-and-Meat Casserole*
Stewed Tomatoes
Lemon-Gelatin Dessert
Milk

Macaroni-and-meat casserole. . . . A bountiful meal-in-one-dish.

Macaroni-and-Meat Casserole (94c). Cook a 1-pound package macaroni according to the directions on the package. Sauté 1½ pounds ground beef in 1 tablespoon shortening until it begins to brown. Add ½ cup chopped onion and sauté until golden brown. Season the meat with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Set aside. Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a saucepan. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and mix well. Gradually add 2½ cups milk and season with ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Layer in a 2-quart casserole first ⅓ of the macaroni, then ½ of the meat. Top the meat layer with ¼ pound sliced processed American cheese. Repeat and top with the remaining macaroni. Pour the sauce over all and sprinkle the top with paprika and commercial bread crumbs. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Makes 8 servings.



Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Boiled Eggs
Toast and Jelly
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Vegetable Soup
Crackers
Sliced Bananas
Milk

Dinner
Liver Loaf*
Baked Potatoes
Green Peas
Spicecake Squares
Milk

This satisfying liver loaf is a family favorite.

Liver Loaf (83c). Simmer 1½ pounds beef liver in salted water until tender. Put through a food mill or grinder. Prepare 1½ cups thick white sauce. In a bowl combine the liver, white sauce and 3 tablespoons mashed potatoes. Season with 1 teaspoon each grated onion, salt and lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon each paprika and pepper. Bake in a greased loaf pan, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve with catchup or chili sauce. Makes 6 servings.

that's You!





A Saturday favorite: bowls of hearty potato-frankfurter soup, crisp cheese crackers, tossed fruit salad, and tall glasses of milk: $1.27.

Wednesday $3.35

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Milk
and Sugar
Donnie's "Boy-Kind"
Cinnamon Toast
(*recipe on page 194*)

Lunch (for two)
Cheese Sandwiches
Applesauce
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Fried Chicken
Whipped Potatoes
Corn Niblets
Topped Apples*
Milk

Topped apples—apples at their peak in flavor and low in price with ■ golden-brown sugar topping.

Topped Apples (48c). Peel and core ■ good-sized tart apples (about 2 pounds). Slice them as you would for a pie. Place apples in parallel rows in a well-greased 8"x8"x2" baking pan. Sprinkle apples with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a mixture of 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Put 1 cup flour and 1 cup brown sugar in ■ bowl. Add ½ cup margarine and work with pastry blender until mixture is the consistency of crumbs. Sprinkle over and between apples and pat to make a smooth surface. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30–40 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

Thursday $3.13

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Scrambled Eggs
Toast and Jelly
Milk

Lunch (for two)
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
Carrot and Celery Sticks
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Porcupine Meat Balls*
Green Beans
Potatoes Boiled
in Jackets
Spicecake (leftover)
Milk

Porcupine meat balls—a hearty dish using beef, pork and rice, and a tomato sauce.

Porcupine Meat Balls (95c). Mix together 1 pound ground beef with ½ pound ground pork sausage. Add 1 small onion, finely minced, ½ cup uncooked rice, ½ cup cracker crumbs and 1 egg, slightly beaten. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper. Handle mixture lightly, and form into about 2½" balls. Place in ■ baking pan and cover with a sauce made with 1 cup condensed tomato soup and 1 soup can water. Bake, uncovered, in ■ moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 1 hour. Turn the meat balls after the first 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings. [OVER]

Mrs. Wizard—that's You!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 193



GUS BUNDY

Judy, the teen-ager, and Donnie do most of the marketing now and are becoming young experts.



Friday $2.66

Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Crisp Rice Cereal—Sugar and Milk
Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast

Lunch (for two)
Tomato Soup
Crackers
Sliced Oranges
Milk

Dinner
Fish Sticks
Whipped Potatoes
Glazed Carrots
Rice Pudding*
Milk

Creamy rice pudding with plump raisins and a delicate lemon flavor.

Rice Pudding (24c). In a large bowl, mix together 2¼ cups milk, ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir in 1 egg, slightly beaten, 1⅔ cups cooked rice, ⅓ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Pour into a greased baking dish holding about 6 cups. Set dish in a hot-water bath and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 to 1¼ hours, stirring twice during last half hour of baking. Makes 6 servings.

Saturday $4.54

Breakfast
Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
Fried Eggs
Toast
Cocoa

Lunch (for six)
Potato-Frankfurter Soup*
Cheese Crackers
Tossed Fruit Salad
Milk

Dinner
Chuck Roast
Oven-Browned Potatoes
Chopped Spinach
Cookies
Milk

Potato-frankfurter soup is a favorite with everyone—low cost, easy to prepare, and so flavorful.

Potato-Frankfurter Soup (58c). Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a large saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon grated onion and 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Gradually add 6 cups scalded milk, stirring constantly, and heat. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add 2 cups potatoes that have been cooked and put through a ricer, or mashed. You will need to cook about 4-5 medium-sized potatoes. Bring soup to a boil. Add 6 frankfurters, cut into ½" slices, and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. This will make 6 servings.



Sunday $3.15

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Milk and Sugar
Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast*

Dinner
Leftover Beef, Sliced
Noodles
Green Peas
Cherry Cobbler
Milk

Snack
Vegetable Soup
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Homemade Applesauce
Milk

Donnie's "boy-kind" cinnamon toast—a quick and easy way to satisfy that "sweet roll" desire.

Donnie's "Boy-Kind" Cinnamon Toast (28c). Soften ⅓ cup margarine. Gradually add 1 pound confectioners' sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅓ cup milk. Mix well. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread the mixture on toasted raisin or white bread and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Put it under broiler for about 1 minute. Cover remaining topping and store in the refrigerator. Makes about 1¾ cups. Cost does not include bread.

THE EXECUTIONERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

They had held him over for the court-martial. The girl was fourteen, big for her age. Her father had been sick in the night and she had been on her way to her aunt's house to get help when the drunken soldier, Max Cady, had caught her and pulled her into the alley.

"Didn't they hang him?"

"No. But it was close. He was a twenty-five-year-old staff sergeant with seven years of service, and over two hundred days of combat in the islands. He'd been pulled out with a bad case of jungle rot and jungle nerves and sent to [redacted] rest camp near Melbourne. It was his first trip into the city. He was drunk. She looked older, and she was out on the street at two in the morning."

"But even so."

"They gave him life at hard labor."

He remembered how the sergeant had looked in court. Like an animal. Sullen, vicious and dangerous. And physically powerful. Sam looked at him and knew how lucky the punch had been. Cady had looked across the court at Sam [redacted] though he would dearly enjoy killing him with his hands. Dark hair grew low on his forehead. Heavy mouth and jaw. Small brown eyes set in deep and simian sockets. Sam could tell what Cady was thinking. A nice clean non-combat lieutenant. A meddler in [redacted] pretty uniform who'd never heard a shot fired in anger. So the pretty lieutenant should have backed right out of the alley and gone on his way and left a real soldier alone.

"Sam, darling, are you trying to say that——" She had a frightened look on her face.

"Now don't get jumpy. Don't get nervous, baby."

H H H H H H

Liberty is always dangerous, but it is [redacted] safest thing [redacted] have.
[redacted] EMERSON FOSDICK

H H H H H H

"Did you see that man on Thursday? Did they let him out?"

He sighed. "I never get [redacted] chance to finish anything. Yes. They let him out."

He had not expected Cady to come bobbing up out of ancient history. He had nearly forgotten the whole affair. Too many other impressions during those overseas years had blurred the memories of Cady. He had come home in 1945 with the rank of captain. He had got along well with his colonel, [redacted] man named Bill Stetch, and after the war he had come to New Essex at Bill's invitation and had joined the law firm.

"Tell me about it. What is he like? How in the world did he find you?"

"I don't think it's trouble. It can be handled. Anyway, when I headed for the lot on Thursday, [redacted] man fell in step with me. He kept grinning at me in [redacted] funny way. I thought he was crazy ——"

"Can we go in now? Can we? Is it time?" Bucky yelled shrilly, racing toward them.

Sam looked at his watch. "You've been goofing off, my small untidy friend. You could have been in five minutes ago."

"Hey, Jamie! It's time."

"Bucky, wait a minute," Carol said. "You don't go out beyond that rock. You *or* Jamie. Understand?"

"Nancy goes *way* out."

"And when you pass the lifesaving tests she's passed, you can go *way* out, too," Sam said.

They watched the boys go into the water. Nancy and her friend stood up. She waved at her parents. She tucked her dark hair into her cap as she walked to the stern of the Sweet Sioux. Sam looked at her and felt sad and ancient as he saw how quickly her slim figure was maturing. And, as always, he thanked private gods that Nancy took after her mother. The boys took after him. Sandy-red hair, knobby bone structure, pale blue eyes, freckles, oversized teeth. It was evident that at maturity both boys would be like their father, incurably lean, shambling, stringy, tall men of physical indolence and ropy toughness. It would have been tragic if he had willed his only daughter such [redacted] fate.

"It was that same sergeant, wasn't it?" Carol said in a small voice.

"The same. I'd forgotten his name. Max Cady. His sentence was reviewed. He was released last September. He served thirteen years at hard labor. I wouldn't have recognized him. He's about five nine, wide and thick-set. He's more than half bald and deeply tanned, and he looks as though you couldn't hurt him with an ax. The eyes are the same and the jaw and mouth are the same, but that's all."

"Did he threaten you?"

"Not in any explicit way. He had control of the situation. And he was enjoying himself. He kept telling me I never had the word, I never saw the picture. And he kept grinning at me. I can't remember ever seeing a more disconcerting grin. Or whiter, more artificial-looking teeth. He knew he was making me uncomfortable. He followed me into the lot and I got in the wagon and started it up. Then he moved like a cat and snatched the key out and leaned on the sill looking in at me. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't try to take the key away from him. That's nonsense."

"Could you have got out and gone after a policeman?"

"I guess so. But that didn't seem very . . . dignified. Like running to teacher. So I listened. He was proud of the way he found me. When his defense officer was questioning me, it came out that I got my law degree from Penn. So Cady went to Philadelphia and got somebody to check the alumni records for him and got my home address and business address that way. He wanted to give me the word on what thirteen years of hard labor was like. He called me 'lieutenant.' He used it in

every sentence. He made it sound like [redacted] dirty word. He said that because it was June it made it sort of an anniversary for us. And he said he'd been thinking about me for fourteen years. And he said he was glad I was doing so well. He said he wouldn't have wanted to find out I had [redacted] lot of problems."

"What . . . does he want to do?"

"All he said was he wanted to make sure I had the word, the big picture. Finally when I demanded my car key, he handed it to me. And he tried to give me a cigar. He had [redacted] shirt pocket full of them. He said they were good cigars. Two bits each. As I backed out he said, still grinning, 'Give my best to the wife and kids, lieutenant.'"

"It's creepy."

Sam wondered whether he should tell her the rest of it. And then he knew he had to. She should know the rest of it so that she would not be careless—if it came to that.

He patted her hand. "Now brace yourself, Carolbug. This may be only in my mind. I hope so. But this is what has been chewing on me. You remember that I was late on Thursday. Cady used up a half hour. I had a lot of chance to observe him. And the more I listened, the more [redacted] little warning bell rang, louder and louder. You don't have to be [redacted] trained psychoanalyst. Somehow, when a person is different, you know it. I suppose we all run in a pack, in a sense. And there are always little clues to the rogue beast. I don't think Cady is sane."

"Good heavens!"

"I think you should know that about him. I may be wrong. I don't know what words the doctors would have for it. Paranoid. I wouldn't know. But he can't blame himself. I tried to tell him it was his own fault. He said if they're big enough they're old enough, and she was just another tramp. I didn't have the word. I couldn't see the picture. He's come around to believing that incident in the alley was perfectly normal. So I took thirteen years out of his life, and I should pay for it."

"But he didn't say that?"

"No. He didn't say that. He was having a dandy time. He knew I was squirming. . . . What's the matter?"

Her eyes were very wide, and unfocused. She looked beyond him. "How long has he been in New Essex?"

"I don't know. I got the impression he'd been around a few weeks."

"Did he have a car?"

"I don't know."

"How was he dressed?"

"Khaki pants, not very clean. A white sports shirt with short sleeves. No hat."

"Something happened over a week ago. Maybe it doesn't mean anything. A week ago Wednesday, I think it was. In the morning. The kids were in school. I heard Marilyn barking her fool head off and I figured she had some horribly dangerous game treed—a chipmunk or something. So I didn't pay any attention until she gave a shrill yelp. So I went out into the yard. She was circling back through the field, tail tucked under, staring back toward the road. There was a gray car, sort of beat up, parked on the shoulder, and there was a man sitting on our stone wall, facing the house. He was well over a hundred yards away. I got the impression he was a heavy man, and he was bald, and he was smoking a cigar. I stared at him, but he didn't make a move. I didn't quite know what to do. I guessed Marilyn had been barking at him, but I couldn't be sure he'd thrown a stone or anything at her. If he'd just pretended to throw [redacted] stone, our courageous dog, friend of man, would have reacted the same way. And I didn't know if sitting on the wall is trespassing. The wall marks our line. So Marilyn and I went back into the house and she went under the living-room couch. The man made me sort of uneasy. You know, kind of alone out there. I told myself he was [redacted] salesman or something and he liked the view so he stopped to sit and look at it awhile. When I looked the second time, he was still there. But the next time I looked he was gone. I don't like to think it could have been . . . him."

"Neither do I. But I guess we better assume it was. We ought to get a better dog."

"They don't make better dogs. Marilyn isn't exactly brave, but she's sweet. Look at her."

Marilyn, awakened from her sleep by the whooping and splashing of the kids, had gone into the water. She was a spayed red setter with a beautiful coat and good lines. She churned around after the swimming children, yipping with her spasms of joy and excitement.

"Now that I've depressed you," he said with a heartiness he did not feel, "I can get over onto the bright side. Even though Dorrity, Stetch and Bowden do corporation and estate work and handle tax matters, I do have friends in the police force. And yesterday I had lunch with Charlie Hopper, our bright young city attorney. I told him the story."

"And I'll bet you made it sound like [redacted] kind of [redacted] joke."

"My hands weren't trembling and I didn't look haunted, but I think I made him see that I was concerned. Charlie didn't seem to think it would be a special problem. He took down the name and description. I believe the dainty phrase he used was to have the boys 'put the roust on him.' That seems to mean that the officers of the law find so many ways on the books to lean heavily on an undesirable citizen that he departs for more comfortable areas."

"But how could we be sure he leaves, and how would we know he wouldn't sneak back?"

"I wish you hadn't asked that question, honey. That's what I've been thinking about."

"Why don't they put him in jail?"

"What for? For what he might do? Honey, listen to me. I always use the light touch, I guess, when I talk about the law business. But I believe in the law. It's a creaking, shambling, infuriating structure. There are inequities in it. Sometimes I wonder how our system of law manages to survive. But at its base, it's an ethical structure. It is based on the inviolability of the freedom of every citizen. And it works more often than it doesn't. A lot of very little people have been trying to whittle it into [redacted] new shape during these mid years of our century, but the stubborn old monster refuses to be altered. Behind all the crowded calendars and the overworked judges and the unworkable legislation is [redacted] solid framework of equity under the law. And I like it. I live it. I like it the way a man might like an old house. It's drafty and it creaks, but the timbers are as honest as the day they were put up. So maybe it is the essence of my philosophy that this Cady thing has to be handled within the law. If the law can't protect us, then I'm dedicated to a myth, and I better wake up."

"I guess females are more opportunistic. I would be capable of taking that deer rifle of yours and shooting him right off our stone wall if he ever comes back."

"You think you could. . . . Shouldn't these two old parties try the water with the younguns?"

They walked toward the water. Carol looked up at him and said, "Don't get out of touch again, Sam. Please. Let me know what goes on."

"I'll let you know. And don't worry. I'm just superstitiously afraid because we have it so good."

"We have it very good."

As they stepped into the water, Nancy was clambering up over the stern of the Sweet Sioux. Water droplets sparkled on her bare shoulders. Her hips, so recently lanky, had begun to swell into woman lines. She balanced herself and dived off cleanly.

Carol touched Sam's arm. "That girl. How old was she?"

"Fourteen." He looked into Carol's eyes. He took her wrist and held it tightly. "Look now. Stop any of that kind of thinking. Stop it now."

"But you've thought it too."

"Just at this moment, when you drew your little conclusion," he said. "So we'll both discard that sickening little thought, right now."

"Yes, sir." She smiled. But the smile was not attached in the proper and usual way. They held the look [redacted] moment longer, and then waded in. He swam out with furious energy, but he could not swim away from the sticky little tentacle of fear that had just fastened itself around his heart.

Sam Bowden was in his office the following Tuesday morning when Charlie Hopper phoned and said he was in the neighborhood and would it be convenient if he dropped in for a couple of minutes.

Charlie was a man in his early thirties, with a good-humored and ugly face, considerable energy and ambition, and a calculatedly indolent manner. He sat down and reached for his cigarettes and said, "Well, I started the wheels rolling on your old buddy. He's living in a rooming house at Two-eleven Jaekel Street, near the corner of Market. He checked in on May fifteenth. He's paid ahead until the end of June. This being only the eleventh, he had it in his mind to stay awhile. Our boys in blue check the registrations down there frequently. He drives a gray Chevvy sedan about eight years old. West Virginia plates. They plucked him out of a Market Street bar yesterday afternoon. Captain Mark Dutton says he made no fuss. Very mild and patient about the whole thing."

"Did they let him go?"

"They either have, or they're about to. They checked Kansas and found out he was released last September. They made him explain where he got money and where he got the car. Then they checked back on that. He comes from a little hill town near Charleston, West Virginia. When he was released he went back there. His brother had been working in Charleston and holding onto the home place. When Max came back, they sold it and split. He's got about three thousand bucks left and he carries it in a money belt. Charleston cleared him and Washington cleared him. His car registration and license are in order. They searched the car and his room. No gun. Nothing out of line. So they had to let him go."

"Did he give any reason for coming here?"

"Dutton handled it the way we decided he should. Your name wasn't brought into it. Cady said he liked the looks of the town. Dutton told me he was very cool, plausible."

"Did you make Dutton understand the situation?"

"I don't know. I think so. Dutton doesn't want that type drifting in any more than you do. So they'll keep an eye on him. If he spits on the sidewalk it will cost him fifty dollars. If he drives one mile an hour over the limit, it will cost him. They'll pick him up on [redacted] D and D when they see him coming out of a bar. He'll catch on. He'll move along. They always do."

"Charlie, I appreciate what you've done. I really do. But I have the feeling he isn't going to scare. I think he's psycho."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198



"Interesting article here on why men [redacted] efficient housekeepers than women."



"I wonder [redacted] it [redacted] written by a woman."

Put more flavor, nutrition, smoothness into your favorite foods with easy-to-use

Nonfat Dry Milk!

Nonfat Dry Milk is the answer to all-around-better meat balls

Nonfat dry milk can be the greatest little helper you ever brought into the kitchen!

It's so convenient, economical and easy to use. It supplies important protein and calcium. And it really does wonders in making things smoother and better tasting. Keep it on your pantry shelf. And remember: nonfat dry milk is low in calories.

BARBECUED MEAT BALLS

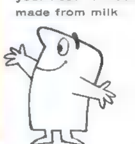
9″ baking dish **6 servings** **350° preheated oven**

2/3 cup nonfat dry milk
2/3 cup water
1 lb. ground beef, lean
[illegible] slices fresh bread, finely crumbed
1/4 lb. cheddar cheese, grated
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

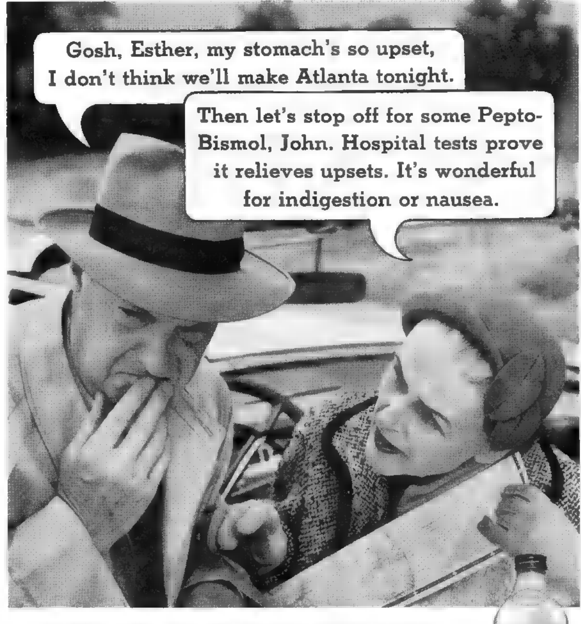
Mix nonfat dry milk and water. Add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and shape into 12 meat balls. Place in square 9″ baking dish. Pour your favorite *mild* barbecue sauce over them. Bake uncovered 50 minutes in preheated 350° oven. Turn meat when half done to brown evenly. Serve with fluffy hot rice.



You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk



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See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC–TV





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

"If so, Dutton didn't catch it. What do you think he wants to do?"

"I don't know. I have the feeling he wants to do something to hurt me the worst way he can. When you've got a wife and three kids and you live in the country, it can make you a little shaky." He told Charlie the incident of the parked car and the man on the stone wall. The fact that Carol remembered its being a gray car made it seem more likely that it had been Cady.

"Maybe he just wants to give you a bad case of the jumps."

Sam forced a smile. "He's doing fine, then."

"Maybe you can try something else, Sam. Do you know the Apex people?"

"Yes, of course. We've used them."

"It's a national organization and in some places they're weak, but they've got some good people here. I'm thinking of one boy in particular. Sievers, his name is. He's well trained. CIC background, I think. And police work too. He's rough as a cob and cold as a snake. It'll cost you, but it might be a good place to spend money. Do you know the manager over there?"

"Anderson. Yes."

"Call him up and see if he can give you Sievers."

"I think I'll do that."

"Have you got Cady's address?"

"I wrote it down. Two-eleven Jaekel Street, near the corner of Market."

"Right."

Sievers came to the office at four-thirty. He sat quietly and listened to Sam's account. He was a square-headed, gray-faced man who could have been anywhere between thirty-five and fifty. He made no needless movements. He listened and made Sam feel as though he were being an alarmist.

> E E E E E
>
> **When Lassus, [redacted] of the [redacted] men of Greece, was asked what was necessary [redacted] render life pleasant and comfortable, he gave this laconic answer: "Experience."** BUCK
>
> E E E E E

"How long do you want Cady covered?"

"I don't know. I want . . . an outside opinion as to whether he's planning to harm me or my family."

"We don't read minds," Sievers told him.

Sam felt his face get hot. "I realize that. And I'm not a hysterical woman, Sievers. It had occurred to me that by watching him you might get some clue as to what he has in mind. I want to know if he comes out to my home."

"And if he does?"

"Give him as much leeway as you think safe. It would help if we could get enough evidence of his intention to convict him."

"How do you want the reports?"

"Verbal reports will be adequate, Sievers. Can you start right away?"

Sievers shrugged. It was his first gesture of any kind. "I've started already."

The rain stopped just before Sam left the office. The evening sun came out as he edged his way through traffic and turned onto Route 18. The route followed the lake shore for five miles. Then it turned southwest toward the village of Harper, eight miles away.

He drove to his home just beyond the village limits. They had looked for a long time before they found the farmhouse in 1950, and hesitated a long time over the price. And had several estimates made on what it would cost to modernize it. But both he and Carol knew they were trapped. They had fallen in love with the old house. It sat on ten acres of farmland, all that was left of the original acreage. There were elms and oaks and a line of poplars. All the front windows overlooked [redacted] far vista of gentle hills.

The architect and the contractor had done superb jobs. The basic house was of brick painted white, and was set well back from the road. The long drive was on the right-hand side of the house [redacted] you faced it, and went back to what had once been and was still called the barn, even though it was primarily to house the Ford wagon and Carol's doughty and honorable and purposeful MG. The barn was of brick, too, painted white. The upstairs, which had been a hayloft, was children's area. Marilyn, never without [redacted] whimper of alarm, could climb the wall ladder, but had to be carried down, tail furled, eyes rolling.

As Sam turned into his driveway he found himself wishing for the first time that they had close neighbors. They could see the peak of the roof of the Turner house. There were many houses along the road, but widely spaced, no houses very close.

He drove into the barn. Marilyn came scampering in, pleading for the expected attention. Sam, as he patted her, made a bicycle count and saw that of the three of them, only Bucky was home. It made him uneasy to think of Nancy and Jamie out on the roads. It was always a worry because of the traffic. But this was an extra worry. Yet he did not see how he could restrict them to the area.

Carol came halfway across the back yard to the barn, met him and kissed him and said, "Did you hear from Charlie?"

"Yes. It's a long story." He stared at her. "You're looking ominously dressed up, woman. I hope there isn't [redacted] party I've forgotten about."

"Oh, this? This was for morale. I was worried, so I got all fancied up."

He showered and changed. When he was out of the shower, Carol came and sat on the edge of her bed and listened to his account of the talk with Charlie and the employment of Sievers.

"Does he look . . . efficient?"

"I wouldn't know. He isn't the warmest guy anybody ever met. Charlie seems to think he's tops."

"Charlie would know, wouldn't he?"

"Charlie would know. Stop looking so strained, baby. The wheels are in motion."

"Isn't it going to be terribly expensive?"

"Not too bad," he lied. "Where are the kids?"

"Bucky is in his room. He and Andy are designing an airplane, they say. Jamie is at the Turners', and he is invited to stay for dinner. Nancy ought to be back from the village any minute."

"Is she with anybody?"

"She and Sandra went in on their bikes."

He looked at Carol. She smiled. "I guess we can't help it, darling. The early settlers had it all the time. Indians and animals. That's what it's like. Like an animal hiding back there in the woods near the creek."

He kissed her forehead. "It'll be over soon."

"It better be. I was hungry this noon, but all of a sudden I couldn't swallow. And I wanted to go down to the school and look at each one of them. But I didn't. I dug weeds in an absolute frenzy until the bus let them off in front of the house."

He could see the drive from the bedroom window and he saw Nancy cycling toward the barn, turning to wave and yell something back at someone out of sight. Sandra probably. She wore blue-jean shorts and a red blouse.

"There's ole Nance," he said, "right on the dot."

"She is, to use her own words, in [redacted] wild rage at Pike. There seems to be new talent at the school. Something with almost platinum hair. So now Pike is [redacted] thod."

"Thod?"

"It was new to me too. It seems to be [redacted] combination clod and thud. The translation was given with vast impatience. 'Oh, *mo*therrr!'"

They went downstairs. Nancy was sitting on a counter in the kitchen, talking on the phone. She gave them a look of helpless boredom, covered the mouthpiece and hissed, "I simply must study tonight."

"Then hang up," Sam said.

There was a sound like that of a rather underfed horse tumbling down the rear stairs. Bucky and his best friend, Andy, churned across the kitchen and out the screen door and down the steps, heading for the barn. The cylinder on the screen door sighed.

"Hello, dad," Sam said. "Hello, son. Hello, Andy. Hi, Mr. Bowden. What are you boys up

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Which is the Brand New Suit...

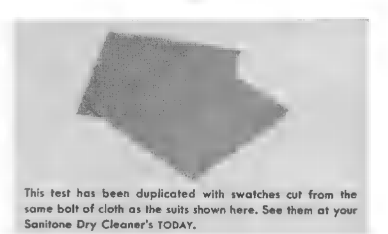
and which has been Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 times?

Here's Dramatic Proof That Repeated Quality Dry Cleanings Do Not Alter Look and Feel of Newness

No longer need you be concerned about how often to have your clothes dry cleaned. Do it whenever they become soiled or mussed because ingrained soil and perspiration are hard on clothes—NOT QUALITY DRY CLEANING! The makers of Sanitone have just run exhaustive tests to demonstrate this fact.

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That's why you can be sure you and your family will always look your best when your clothes are Sanitone Dry Cleaned regularly. Look in the classified section of your phone book for the dry cleaner who offers "Sanitone Approved Service." If you cannot locate him, write today for the name of your nearest Sanitone Dry Cleaner.



This test has been duplicated with swatches cut from the same bolt of cloth as the suits shown here. See them at your Sanitone Dry Cleaner's TODAY.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198
to? Why, we're on our way to the barn, dad. Fine. Run along, boys."

Nancy, listening raptly to the voice on the other end of the line, had kicked her right sandal off. With her bare toes she was absently trying to work the latch on the cupboard under the counter. Carol had opened the wall oven and she was looking in at whatever was in there.

Sam spread out the evening paper, but before he started to read he took ■ look around the kitchen. It was a big room. A center island, with sink and burners, divided the work area from the eating area. The cupboards and cabinets were of dark pine. A big window looked out at the wooded hill behind the barn. Graduated copper pots hung against a pine wall. There was a small fieldstone fireplace near the trestle table. It was the most used room in the house.

When Nancy hung up and retrieved her slipper, Sam said, "Hear you have some competition, Nance."

"What? Oh, *that!* Mother told you. She's an utterly rancid little thing. All frilly and with the cuteth little lithp and dreat big boo eyes. We all suspect she's trying out for Alice in Wonderland. The boys were positively clotted around her. A monstrous sight. Nauseous. And poor old Pike. He has absolutely no conversation, so all he could do was circle around her, bunching all his muscles. I'm in no sweat."

"Now there is an enchantingly feminine expression."

"Everybody says that," she said pityingly. "I've simply got to study. Really."

"What comes up tomorrow, dear?" Carol asked.

"History exam."

"Will you want any help?" Sam asked.

"Maybe on dates, later. I despise learning all those flabby old dates."

He looked at the doorway through which she had gone. Such a precious and precarious age. Half child and half woman. And when she was all woman, she was going to be extraordinarily lovely. And that would create its own special set of problems.

Just as he was finishing the paper he heard Carol dialing. "Hello, Liz? Carol. Is our middle child being reasonably civilized? . . . They are? Good. Your Mike is a perfect angel when he's here. I guess they all tend to react that way. . . . Could I please? Thanks, Liz. . . . Jamie? Dear, I don't want you and Mike to goof off on the studying. You hear? . . . All right, dear. No elbows on the table, ■ audible chomping, and home by nine-thirty. Good-by, honey."

She hung up and turned and gave Sam ■ guilty glance. "I know it's stupid. But I started worrying. And it's so easy to phone."

"I'm glad you did."

"If I keep this up we're all going to turn neurotic."

"I think it's ■ good idea to keep a closer check on them."

"Would you please call Bucky and send Andy home, dear?"

At nine o'clock, after seeing that Bucky was bedded down, Sam went down the hallway to his daughter's room. There was a fresh stack of records on her changer and the music was turned low. Nancy was at her desk; book and notebook open. She wore her pink terry-cloth robe. Her hair was rumpled. She gave him a look which implied that she was utterly exhausted.

"Ready for dates?"

"I guess so. I'll probably miss half of them. Here's the list, daddy."

He went over to the bed and moved the indispensable kangaroo and sat down. She had got Sally for her first birthday, and it had shared her bed wherever she was ever since.

"Do we do this to the background music of the gentleman with all the adenoids?"

Nancy leaned far over and turned off the player switch. "I'm ready. Wheel and deal."

He went through the list and after twenty minutes she had them all, no matter how he mixed up the order. She was a bright child, and highly competitive. In her own special way her mind was keenly logical, orderly, not creative. Bucky seemed to be like Nancy. Jamie was the dreamer, the slow student, the imaginative one.

He stood up and gave her the list, hesitated, and sat down again. "Parental department," he said.

"I think I have a very clean conscience. At the moment, that is."

"This is instruction, honey. Strange-men department."

"Gosh, we've been over that a zillion times. Mom too. Don't accept rides. Don't go off in the woods alone. Don't hitchhike ever. And if anybody acts funny, run like the wind."

"This is a little bit different, Nance. This is one specific man. I'd half decided not to tell you, but I think that would be a little stupid. This is ■ man who hates me."

"Hates *you*, daddy!"

He felt slightly annoyed. "It is possible for somebody to hate your mild, lovable, shabby old father."

"I didn't mean it like that. Why does he?"

"I was a witness against him a long time ago. During the war. Without my help, he wouldn't have been convicted. He's been in a military prison ever since. Now they've let him out. And he's in this area. Your mother and I believe he came out here one day ■ couple of weeks ago. He may do nothing at all. But we have to assume he might."

"Why did they put him in jail?"

He looked at her for a moment, gauging her fund of knowledge. "Rape. She was a girl your age."

"Golly!"

"He's not as tall as I am. He's about the size of John Turner, and just as big around as John, but not as soft. He's bald and quite tan, with very white cheap-looking false teeth. He dresses poorly and smokes cigars. Can you remember that?"

"Sure."

"Don't let any man answering that description get anywhere near you for any reason."

"I won't," Nancy said. "Golly, this is pretty exciting, isn't it?"

"That's one word for it."

"Can I tell the kids?"

He hesitated. "I don't see why not. I'm going to tell your brothers. The man's name is Cady. Max Cady."

"I can't wait to tell all the kids. Wow!"

He grinned at her and tousled her hair. "Big deal, hey? Drama enters the life of Nancy Ann Bowden, subdeb. Danger stalks. Tune in tomorrow for another chapter in the life of this American girl, who smiles bravely while ——"

"*Stop* it, now!"

"Want your door closed?"

"Hey, I nearly forgot. I saw Jake in the village. He says he's got room to pull the boat out now, and you know how he is, so I told him to go right ahead and we can work on her this weekend. Is that all right?"

"That's fine, chicken."

When he went downstairs Jamie was back home. Carol was in the process of shooing him off to bed. Sam told him to wait a moment.

"I just told Nance about Cady," he said.

Carol frowned and said, "But do you think —— Yes, I see. I think that's wise, Sam."

"What's happening?" Jamie demanded.

"Listen very carefully, son. I'm going to tell you something and I want you to remember it."

He explained the situation to Jamie. Jamie listened intently. Sam concluded by saying, "We'll tell this to Bucky, too, but I'm not sure how much difference it will make to him. He lives in his own Martian world. So I want you to stick closer than usual to your little brother. I realize that may cramp some of your fun, but this is for real, Jamie. This isn't a television show. You'll do that?"

"Sure. Why don't they arrest him?"

"He hasn't done anything."

"I'll bet they could arrest him. The cops have guns, see, that they've taken off dead murderers. Then they go up to the man and they shove ■ murder gun in his pocket and then they arrest him for carrying a gun without a license and put him jail, see. And then they put the gun in the laboratory and they look at it through a thing and they find out it was a murder gun and so then they electrocute him, real early in the morning sometime."

"Brother!" Carol said.

"James, my boy, the reason this is a very fine country is because that kind of thing can't happen. We don't jail innocent men. We don't jail people because we think they might do something. If that could happen you, Jamie Bowden, might find yourself in jail sometime because somebody lied about you."

Jamie thought it over scowlingly and then nodded. "That Scooter Prescott would have me locked up in a minute."

"Why?"

"Because I can do twenty-eight push ups now, see, and when I can do fifty I'm going up to him and I'm going to punch his fat nose."

"Does he know that?"

"Sure. I told him."

"You better go to bed now, dear," Carol said.

At the foot of the front stairs Jamie turned and said, "But there's one trouble. Scooter is doing push ups, too, darn it."

After he was gone Carol said, "How did Nancy take it?"

"Intelligently."

"I think it's wise to tell them."

"I know. But it makes me feel a little ineffectual. I'm the king of this little tribe. I

should be able to go put the fear of God in Cady. But I don't see how I could. Not with this office-type physique. He looks like he's got muscles they haven't named yet."

"Is that Marilyn?"

He went out into the kitchen and let her in. She waggled and beamed at him and flounced over to her dish, stared with shock and disbelief at its emptiness, then turned and looked up at him.

"No dice, girl. You're on a diet, remember? Got to get your girlish figure back."

She rolled an eye at him and the long red brush of tail flapped twice. She yawned, with a little yowl at the end of the yawn.

He wandered back into the living room, yawned. Carol looked at him and yawned.

"I caught it from Marilyn and you caught it from me."

"So I'm taking it to bed."

"Make sure Nance has hit the sack," he said. "I'll be right along."

He turned off the lights, started to lock the front door and then opened it again and went out into the front yard. The air had the smell of June. The stars looked newly polished. He heard the dwindling snarl of a truck on Route 18 and, after it died, the remote song of a dog on a far-off farm across the valley.

The night was dark and the world was a very large place. And a man was almost excessively small, puny and vulnerable. His brood was abed.

Cady lived somewhere in this night, breathing the darkness.

He walked back across the damp grass to the house, locked up, and went up to bed.

Sievers reported to Sam in his office at ten on Thursday morning. He did not change expression as he spoke in his flat, bored voice.

"I picked him up at six o'clock coming out of the rooming house. He walked to Nicholson's bar three blocks down Market Street. He came out alone at seven-thirty and walked back and got his car. A woman came out and got in the car with him. A fat blonde with a loud laugh. I followed them. He started turning too many corners. I couldn't tell if he'd made me or he was being cute or maybe they were just looking for a place to eat. I had to hang way back. Finally they headed out of town on Route 18 east. He turned onto a secondary road. No traffic. He bluffed me by slowing down after he was around a bend. So I had to pass. When I was out of sight I turned off and cut the lights, but he didn't come along. So that means he was cute. I came back fast, but he had too many choices of turns. So I went back to Nicholson's. He goes there a lot, I found out. They know him only as Max. The woman is one of those Market Street characters. Bessie McGowan. He brought her back at three in the morning to the rooming house. I knocked off. Last night they went back to Nicholson's. He came out alone at nine and started walking down toward the lake front. He can see in all directions at once. And he can move. I lost him. I thought I'd lost him. Then he lit his cigar, right next to me. I nearly jumped out of my shoes. He gave me a good look and grinned and said, 'Nice night for it,' and walked back to Nicholson's. He took her to dinner at a steak house five miles out of town by the lake. They got back to the rooming house at three again. I guess they're still there. I goofed and I've got no apologies. What do you want next?"

We act as though comfort and luxury were the chief requirements of life, when all that we need to make us really happy is something to be enthusiastic about. CHARLES KINGSLEY

"Should the agency use a different man?"

"I'm the best, Mr. Bowden. I'm not trying to kid you. Drop it. You're wasting your money. He expected to be covered. So he was looking for it. He'll keep on looking for it. And any time he wants to shake loose, he'll figure out a way. This one is cool and smart."

"You aren't much help. You don't seem to understand that this man wants to harm me. That's why he came here. He may try to get at me through my family. What would you do?"

The slate eyes seemed to change color, turn lighter. "Change his mind."

"How?"

"Don't quote me. I'd make some contacts. Bounce him into the hospital a couple of times, he gets the point. Work him over."

"But maybe he isn't planning anything."

"This way you're sure."

"I'm sorry, Sievers. Maybe it's a weakness with me, but I don't think so. I can't operate outside the law. The law is my business. I believe in due process."

Sievers stood up. "A type like that is an animal. So you fight like an animal. Anyway, I would. If you change your mind, we can have a private talk. This wouldn't be through the agency. You'll waste money keeping a man on his tail." He paused at the door and looked back, hand on the knob. "You have to figure one angle on this. You've alerted the law. If he does anything, he is going to be picked up."

After Sievers was gone Sam tried to lose himself in his work, but his attention kept wandering back to Cady. As he drove home Thursday night, he decided there would be no point in telling Carol that Sievers was no longer on the job. It would be difficult to explain and would alarm her unnecessarily.

Carol called him at three o'clock on Friday afternoon. When he heard her tone of voice his hand clamped tightly on the phone. She was nearly incoherent.

"Carol, are the kids all right?"

"Yes, yes. They're all right. It's that—that fool dog." Her voice broke. "Could you come home? Please."

On his way out he stopped in Bill Stetch's office and told him there was trouble at home. The dog had probably been run over, and he was leaving for the day.

He made good time on the way home. It was a gray day. Carol came walking quickly out to the barn, the kids trailing after her. Carol looked haggard and gray. Nancy was a pasty white, her eyes swollen and red. Jamie held a trembling mouth clamped tightly shut. Bucky stumbled along, fists in his eyes, bellowing in such a hoarse way that Sam knew he had been crying for a long time.

Carol turned around, her voice sharp, and said, "Nancy, you take the boys back in the house, please."

"But I want to ——"

"Please!"

They went back toward the house. Bucky was still roaring. Carol turned back to him and her eyes filled with tears. "God deliver me from another forty minutes like I had today."

"What happened? Run over? Is she dead?"

"She's dead. But she wasn't run over. Doctor Lowney came right out. He was perfectly wonderful. We couldn't get her in the MG to take her in. The timing was absolutely superb. I heard the school bus stop and then pull away, and then I heard Nancy screaming. I came running out like I was shot out of a gun. I found out later that when the bus was coming to a stop Jamie looked out the window and saw Marilyn in the front yard, gobbling something down. She came prancing over to meet the kids as she always does, and then she started to whine and run in circles and bite herself in the side. Then she went into a kind of convulsion. That's what started Nancy screaming." The tears ran down Carol's face. "When I got there the dog was in agony. I've never seen anything so pitiful or frightening. And all three kids watching. I tried to get near her, but she snapped at me so viciously I didn't dare touch her. I told the kids not to touch her and I ran in and phoned Doctor Lowney and you. She was rolling and writhing and making the most awful screaming noise I ever heard a dog make. I didn't want the kids to watch, but I couldn't get them away. Then she began to run down, like a clock or a machine or something. Doctor Lowney arrived just before the end. She died about a minute later. So he took her in with him. That was about twenty minutes ago."

"He said she was poisoned?"

"He said it looked like it."

His eyes were stinging. "Can you handle the kids for a little while?"

"Where are you going? Oh, down to the vet's?"

"Yes."

"Please don't be long."

Doctor Lowney was a big placid man with white hair and an easygoing manner. When Sam went in, Lowney stood at a workbench. Marilyn was on a table in the middle of the small room. The life had gone out of her coat. She lay like a dull red rag, one white slit of eye showing.

Lowney turned from the bench. There was no greeting, no affability. "I haven't got the best lab resources in the world, Sam, but I'm pretty sure it was strychnine, and a walloping big dose of it. It was administered in raw meat. Probably just cut a slit in a piece of meat and stuffed the crystals in."

One of her ears was folded back. Sam unfolded it. "It makes me so mad I feel sick," he said.

Lowney stood on the other side of the table and they both looked down at the dead dog. "I don't get much of this, thank God. It's a dirty shame the kids saw it."

"Maybe they were meant to see it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I mean."

"Sam, I wish you'd have let me talk you into taking her to obedience school last year. Then she'd never have touched that meat."

"We had her on a diet. She was an incorrigible beggar. And scared of her own shadow. But she was a wonderful dog. She had personality. Damn it all."

"Why don't you go back and decide where you want to bury her and get a big enough hole dug, and I'll drop her by after I close up here at five. I'll wrap her in something. No need for the kids to have to look at her again."

When Sam walked into the house Carol had managed to get Bucky quieted down. He was in the living room staring woodenly at television. His face was bloated and at intervals a strangled sob shook him like a massive hiccup. Carol was in the kitchen. He noted with instant approval that Marilyn's dishes and rug had been put away out of sight.

"Where's Nance and Jamie?"

"In their rooms. Did Doctor Lowney know what ——"

"Strychnine."

They were speaking in hushed voices. She turned into his arms and he held her. She spoke against the side of his throat. "I keep telling myself it was just a fool dog. But ——"

"I know."

She turned back toward the sink. "Who would do such a horrible thing, Sam?"

"It's hard to say. Somebody with a twisted mind."

"But it isn't like she was ranging around killing chickens or digging up flower beds. She never went off the place unless she was with the kids."

"Some people just don't like dogs."

She turned around, wiping her hands on a dish towel, her expression grim and intent. "You're never home when the school bus comes, Sam. Marilyn knew the sound it makes when it comes up the hill. And wherever she was, she'd head for the end of the drive and be there waiting when it stopped. If somebody followed the bus in a car they'd know about that. And then the next time they could go ahead of the bus and throw that poisoned stuff out where she'd be sure to find it when she came to meet the bus."

"It could have been just a coincidence ——"

"I think you know better than that. I think you feel the same way I do. I'm not being hysterical. There are dogs all along Milton Road. We've lived here seven years now, and I've never heard of such a thing happening. So, the first time it happens, why was it *our* dog?"

"Now, Carol ——"

"We're both thinking the same thing and you know it. Where was that wonderfully efficient private eye?"

Sam sighed. "He's not on the job any more."

"When did he stop?"

"Wednesday night."

"And just why did he stop?"

He explained Sievers' reasons to her. She listened intently, mechanically continuing to dry her hands on the towel.

"I should have told you. I'm sorry."

"So now this Cady can roam around at will and poison our dog, and work his way up to the children. Which do you think he'll start on first? The oldest or the youngest?"

"Carol, honey. Please. We haven't any proof it was Cady."

She threw the towel into the sink. "Listen to me. *I* have proof it was Cady. It's not the kind of proof you would like. No evidence. No testimony. Nothing legalistic. I just *know*. What kind of a man are you? This is your *family*. Marilyn was part of your *family*. Are you going to look up all the precedents and prepare a brief? You tell me the man hates you. You don't think he's sane. So *do* something about him!"

She had taken a step closer to him, glaring at him quite fiercely. And then her face crumpled and she was in his arms again, shivering this time. He held her and then he took her over to the bench by the trestle table and sat beside her, holding her hand.

She tried to smile and said, "I despise sniveling women."

"You have the best reason in the world to be upset, honey. I know how you feel. It would be a lot easier to handle Cady in more primitive times, or in a more primitive part of the world. I am a member of a social complex. He is the outsider. I would rally my gang and we would kill him. I would very much like to kill him. I might even be able to manage it. You are reacting on a primitive level. That is what your instinct tells you I should do. But your logic will tell you how impossible that is. I would be sent to prison."

"I—I know."

"You want me to be effectual and decisive. That is precisely what I want to be. I don't think I can frighten him away. I can't kill him. The police are being less help than I thought they would be. There are two things I can think of. I can see Captain Dutton on Monday and see if he'll co-operate the way Charlie promised he would. And if that doesn't work out, then we'll move out of his range."

"How?"

"School will be over next week, Wednesday is the last day. You can take off with the kids and find a place to stay and phone me at the office when you get located. We can close the house and I'll take a hotel room in town. I'll be careful. This thing can't last forever."

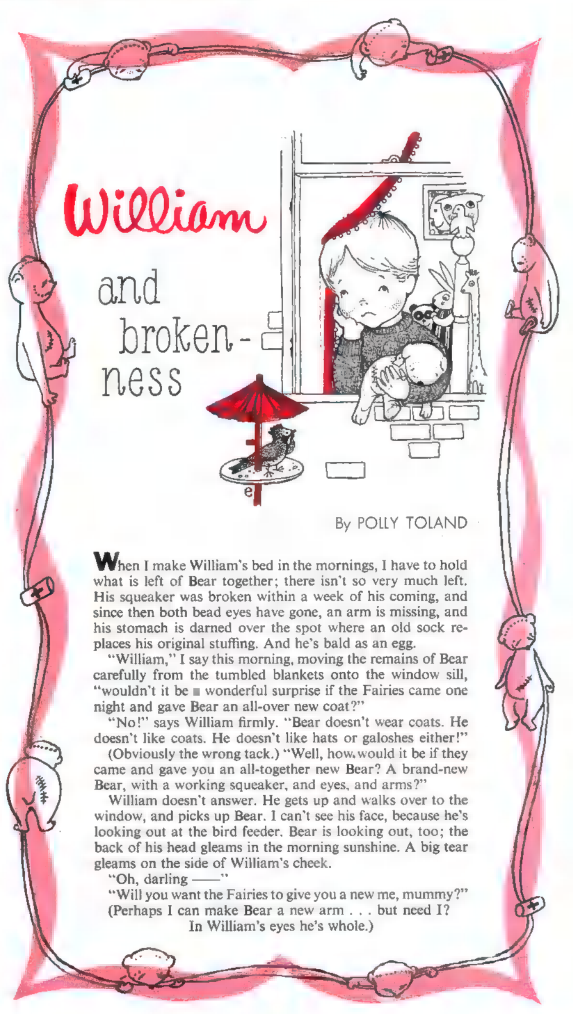
"But between now and then ——"

"I'm not certain of anything. But I can make a guess about how his mind works. He isn't going to rush. He's going to give us some time to think this over."

"Can we be carefuller anyway?"

"I'll use the MG next week. You can drive the kids in in the wagon and pick them up after school. I'll give orders they're to stay on

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William and broken-ness

By POLLY TOLAND

When I make William's bed in the mornings, I have to hold what is left of Bear together; there isn't so very much left. His squeaker was broken within a week of his coming, and since then both bead eyes have gone, an arm is missing, and his stomach is darned over the spot where an old sock replaces his original stuffing. And he's bald as an egg.

"William," I say this morning, moving the remains of Bear carefully from the tumbled blankets onto the window sill, "wouldn't it be a wonderful surprise if the Fairies came one night and gave Bear an all-over new coat?"

"No!" says William firmly. "Bear doesn't wear coats. He doesn't like coats. He doesn't like hats or galoshes either!"

(Obviously the wrong tack.) "Well, how would it be if they came and gave you an all-together new Bear? A brand-new Bear, with a working squeaker, and eyes, and arms?"

William doesn't answer. He gets up and walks over to the window, and picks up Bear. I can't see his face, because he's looking out at the bird feeder. Bear is looking out, too; the back of his head gleams in the morning sunshine. A big tear gleams on the side of William's cheek.

"Oh, darling ——"

"Will you want the Fairies to give you a new me, mummy?"

(Perhaps I can make Bear a new arm . . . but need I?
In William's eyes he's whole.)

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the place. And tomorrow you get some target practice with the Woodsman."

She linked her fingers in his. "I'm sorry I blew up. I shouldn't have. I know you'll do everything you can, Sam."

"I've got to dig a grave for Marilyn. Where do you think?"

"How about that slope behind the barn near the aspens?"

"I'll go change."

He put on faded paint-spattered dungarees and his old blue shirt. He sensed that Carol was right. Instinct told her Cady had poisoned the dog. He found it curious he should be willing to accept that with so little proof. It was contrary to his training, to all his instincts.

He looked in on Jamie in his room. Jamie sat on the bed leafing through one of his dog-eared gun catalogues. He looked up at his father and said, "It was really poison, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"And that man that hates us did it?"

"We don't know who did it, son."

The young eyes were pale and blue and hard. He held the catalogue out. "You see that thing? It's a blunderbuss. With a brass barrel. I'm going to put a double load in it and I'm going to fill it all the way up with dirty old rusty nails and stuff and I'm going to hit that old Cady right in the gut. Pow!" Tears stood in his eyes.

"Want to help me pick a spot for the grave?"

"O.K."

They got a spade from the barn. Sam got the hole well started and then let Jamie take his turn. The boy worked with dogged violence, grim-faced. As Sam stood watching, Nancy came up to him, walking slowly.

"This is a good place," she said. "Did you bring her back?"

"Doc Lowney is going to bring her."

"I saw you from my window. Mother thinks that man did it."

"I know she does. But there's no proof."

Jamie stopped digging. "I could dig a bigger hole. I could dig a hole for him and drop him down in it with snakes and things, and fill it with rocks and stomp it all down on him."

Sam could see the boy was winded. "I'll take a turn now. Let's have the shovel."

They stood and watched him finish it. Lowney arrived. He had the dog wrapped in a tattered old khaki blanket. Sam lifted her out of the car and carried her to the hole. He covered her quickly and shaped the mound with the shovel.

Dinner was a cheerless affair. During dinner Sam outlined the new rules. He had half expected objections. But the kids accepted without comment.

After the children were all in bed, Sam and Carol sat in the living room.

"It's so hard on them," Carol said.

There was a distant grumble of June thunder. Marilyn had always had a standard reaction to thunder. The head would go up and tilt. Then the ears would go back. She would stand up and give a vastly artificial yawn, lick her chops, eye them in a sidelong way and saunter in the general direction of the couch. With one more apologetic glance she would crawl under the couch. Once when a loud clap of thunder had come without previous warnings from the distance, she had shot across the room and miscalculated the clearance and banged her forehead mightily on the bottom edge. She had rebounded, staggered, recovered and scrambled under, and everybody had laughed except Bucky.

"It was like a charmed circle," Carol said. "And now something has come in out of the darkness and struck one of us down. The charm isn't working any more."

All five Bowdens had breakfast, for once, at the same time. Marilyn was not mentioned.

"Schedule," Sam said. "Attention all Bowdens. Nancy will help her mother swamp out the kitchen and make the beds while you boys help me find the stuff for the boat and load it in the wagon. Then we shall have a spot of target practice. You are in charge of hanging up the cans, Jamie. Then we go work on the boat."

The range was part way up the gentle hill behind the house. The backstop was a claybank. Jamie got a half dozen empty cans from the rubbish and tied cord on them and hung them from a red-maple limb in front of the claybank. They used up a box and a half of longs in the .22 automatic. Sam and Nancy were the best shots. Jamie, as usual, became infuriated with himself when Nancy outshot him. Carol listened with care to the hints Sam gave her. She did not flinch. Sam saw the set of her jaw and her frown of concentration. The kids were much quieter than usual. This had been a game they had played often. Today it was more than a game. There was a new flavor to it, sensed by all of them.

On Bucky's final turn he hit three of the riddled cans at sixty feet with an eight-shot clip. He flushed red with pride at the congratulations.

SO MANY CHILDREN

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I heard the old woman who lived in the shoe
Bewailing the fact she knew not what to do
With so many children. "Oh dear and oh dear,
I've too many children to nourish and rear!
There's too many toothaches and noses to blow
And squabbles to settle and patches to sew
And bonnets to tie on and bruises to salve.
No woman should have all the children I have!"

I asked the poor woman so worried and worn,
"Then which of your brood do you wish were unborn?"
She looked at her moppets: the elfin, the grave,
The dimpled, the rosy, the shy and the brave.
She robed them with love and she crowned them with pride.
"There isn't a one I could spare!" she replied.

"Shall I take the cans down now?" Jamie asked.

"Leave them up," Sam said. "Maybe we'll get a little more practice in tomorrow. If we finish the boat."

"How about their homework?"

"Tonight and tomorrow night," Sam said.

"I was going to the drive-in tonight," Nancy said in a complaining tone.

"Forgotten the new rules already?" Sam asked.

"No; but gosh, dad, I'd already said yes."

"And just who has a car to take you to the drive-in?"

"Well, his name is Tommy Kent and he's a senior and he's eighteen, so he can drive at night, and it's a double date, sort of, and Sandra is going with Bobby."

"Is that the family that has the furniture store?" Carol asked.

"Yes, and it would be all right, honestly. They'll pick me up right here and we'll come right back after the movie. It's with John Wayne. I was going to ask about it Friday, but on account of Marilyn I forgot. Can't I go, please? Just this time?"

Sam looked at Carol and saw the almost imperceptible nod. "All right. But just this once. . . . You kids run along and get ready. We're going to the boatyard right now."

They ran down the hill. Sam and Carol followed more slowly. Sam said, "You crossed me up."

"I know. But I think this will be all right. And you would have no possible idea of how much I've heard about Tommy Kent, Tommy Kent, Tommy Kent. Before and during the Pike Foster era. He's a school figure. A big athlete. It's quite a coup for a junior-high girl to get a date with him. Tommy waited on me at the store one Saturday. He's quite a poised young man. She'll be safe and it will be better than having her gloom around. Pike's desertion hurt her morale. And this date built it back up again."

Jamie had let the two others go ahead. He stood by Marilyn's fresh grave, waiting for them. "Ever since I got up I keep feeling like I see her around. Sort of over to the side. Like if I turned my head quick enough I could see her."

Carol hugged him against her side. "I know, dear. We all feel the same way."

Jamie looked at his father from the circle of his mother's arm. "We could find where he eats and sneak in the kitchen and put something in his food and then when he eats it we could be looking through those round windows they have in the doors of the kitchens in restaurants and he'd be rolling around knocking tables over and everybody screaming until he's all quiet and dead."

"Those pants are too good for boat work," Carol said. She gave him a little push. "You run in the house and put on the rattiest pair of jeans you can find in your closet."

Jamie ran off. Carol said, "I wonder if it's healthy, the way his imagination works. Some of the things he comes out with are shocking."

"At eleven civilization is still a thin coating. Underneath is all savage."

"Sir, you are speaking of the children I love. But Jamie has such violent ideas."

"Speaking of violent ideas, can you manage to keep the automatic handy without being obvious about it?"

"I think so. My big straw bag."

"It won't make you feel too melodramatic?" Sam asked.

"My brood is threatened and I'm turning just as primitive as Jamie. While I was shooting up there I kept wondering if I could point it at a human being and pull the trigger and keep the sights lined up and not flinch. And I thought about Marilyn and I know I can."

The Harper Boat Club was on the lake shore between New Essex and Harper. The club building could more accurately be called a shack. The boat basin was small and crowded. Jake Barnes' boatyard was next door to the club. It was a cluttered, informal enterprise. Most members of the Harper Boat Club were ardent do-it-yourself addicts. Sam parked the station wagon in the rear of Jake's boatyard and checked off the things they had brought. Sandpaper, calking compound, antifouling marine hull paint, deck paint and varnish.

Jake ambled over to meet them as they came around the side of the main shed.

"Hi, Sam. Howya, Mizz Bowden. Hello, kids."

"Did you get her out?" Nancy asked.

"Sure did. Right down there on the last cradle. She needs some work, all right. Looked her over yesterday."

They walked down to the Sweet Sioux. Sam apportioned the work. They all began to work, using the sanding blocks. The sun was hot and it was tiring work. After a half hour Sam took off his shirt and hung it on a sawhorse. The slight breeze off the lake cooled the perspiration on his lean back.

Sam looked idly at his family. Nancy wore very short red shorts, old and faded, and a yellow linen halter. Her legs were long and brown and slim, beautifully shaped. She worked the sanding block with both hands, turning lithely at the waist. The smooth young muscles bunched and lengthened under the sheen and texture of her back.

They worked steadily, and by one o'clock Carol announced it was time for a lunch break. They would run home and eat and

come back. It was then that Nancy announced, quite demurely, that she had told Tommy Kent what they'd be doing and he had said he might stop around and help, so if it was all right, she would stay and keep working and they could bring her back a sandwich, please.

Sam drove Carol and the boys home. Carol made hefty sandwiches and a giant pitcher of iced tea. As she was wrapping Nancy's sandwich, Carol said, "You itching to get back to work?"

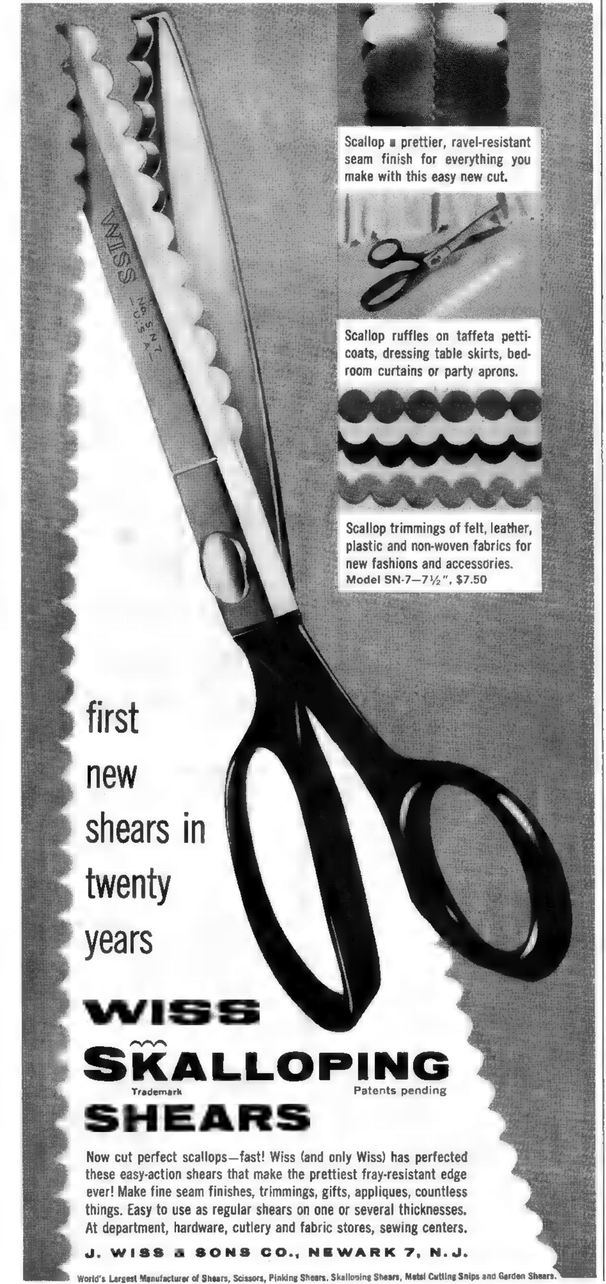
"I'd like to get that hull painted before dark."

"I'm going to make Bucky take a nap. He's completely pooped. He'll yelp at the idea, but he'll cork off in ten seconds. You go on ahead and I'll bring the boys down in an hour or so."

He took the MG and drove back to the boatyard. He walked around the shed, carrying the sandwich and a small vacuum bottle of iced tea. Nancy was sitting on her haunches, sanding the undercurve of the hull, a difficult place to get at.

She smiled up at him. "Please just set that stuff down, daddy. I want to finish this one place first."

He went over and put the sandwich and vacuum bottle on the sawhorse. As he was unbuttoning his shirt, he had his back to Nancy. He stopped, motionless, his finger tips touching the third button. Max Cady sat on a low pile of timbers thirty feet away. He had a can of beer and a cigar. He wore a yellow knit sports shirt and a pair of sharply creased slacks in a shade of cheap electric blue. He was smiling at Sam.



Sam walked over to him. It seemed to take a long time to walk thirty feet. Cady's smile didn't change.

"What are you doing here?" Sam kept his voice low.

"Well, I'm having a beer, lieutenant, and I'm smoking this here cigar."

"I don't want you hanging around here."

Cady looked quietly amused. "So the man sells me a beer and I'm thinking about maybe renting a boat. I haven't fished since I was a kid. Fishing any good in the lake?"

"What do you want?"

"That's your boat, hey?" He gestured with the cigar, winked with obscene significance and said, "Nice lines, lieutenant."

Sam looked back and saw Nancy sitting on her heels, the short red shorts pulled to strained tightness around the young hips.

"Cady, I ——"

"A man has a nice family and a boat like that and a job where he can take off when he feels like it, it must be nice. Go out into the lake and mess around. When you're locked up you think of things like that. You know. Like dreaming."

"What are you after? What do you want?"

The small deep-set brown eyes changed, but the smile still exposed the cheap white teeth. "We started pretty near even back there in 'Forty-three, lieutenant. You had a fancy education and a commission and little silver bars, but we both had a wife and a kid. Did you know that?"

"I remember hearing you were married."

"I got married when I was twenty. The boy was four when you got me sent up. I saw him when he was a couple weeks old. Mary dumped me after I got life. She never even visited. They make it easy to do when you're in for life. I signed the law papers. And I never got another letter. But my brother wrote how she got married again. Married a plumber there in Charleston, West Virginia. Had a whole litter of kids. My brother sent me clippings when the kid got killed. My kid. That was in 'Fifty-one. He was twelve, and he fell off his motor scooter under a delivery truck."

"I'm sorry about that."

"Are you, lieutenant? You must be a nice guy. You must be a real nice guy. I looked Mary up when I got back to Charleston. She near dropped dead when she recognized me. The kids were in school and the plumber was out plumbing. You know, she's still a pretty woman. I had to bust open the screen door to get to talk to her. She got one of those fireplace things and tried to hit me over the head with it. I took it away from her and bent it double and threw it in the fireplace. Then she came out quiet and got in the car."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I want you to get the picture, like I told you last week. By then she was doing just what I told her, and I had her write me a love note and date it, asking me to take her away for a while. I made her write it full of dirty words. I stayed with her about three days in a hotel. By then I got tired of her sniveling all the time. All the fight was gone, but she was marked up from that first day when she was still trying to get away. Are you getting the picture, lieutenant?"

"I think so."

"I told her that if she ever tried to yell cop, I'd mail a photostat of the note to the plumber. And I'd come around and see if I could throw a couple of the plumber's kids under some delivery trucks. She was impressed. I had to put near a fifth of liquor into her before she passed out. Then I found one of those rough little roadhouses. I lifted her out and put her in an old heap parked there. About a mile back up the road I threw her shoes and her dress in a field."

"This is supposed to scare me?"

"No, lieutenant. This is just part of the picture."

"I don't want to listen to all this," Sam told him.

"But you'll listen, lieutenant. You want the word. I got this word for you. After I found out from my brother about her marrying again, I planned the whole thing, just exactly the way I did it."

"So?"

"You're supposed to be a big smart lawyer, lieutenant. I thought about her and I thought about you."

"And made plans for me?"

"Now you're getting warm. But I couldn't make plans for you because I didn't know how you were set. I wasn't even sure I could locate you."

"Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you, lieutenant. Like I said, we started pretty near even. Now you're a wife and three kids ahead of me."

"And you want us to be even again."

"I didn't say that."

They stared at each other, and Cady was still smiling. He looked entirely at ease. Sam Bowden could find no way to control the situation. "Did you poison our dog?" he demanded, and immediately regretted asking the question.

"Dog?" Cady's eyes went round with mock surprise. "Poison your dog? Why, lieutenant! You slander me."

"Oh, come off it!"

"Come off what? Now I wouldn't poison your dog any more than you'd put a plain-clothes cop on my tail. You wouldn't do a thing like that."

"You did it, you filthy ——"

"I've got to be careful. I can't take any punches at you, lieutenant. I get sent up for assault. Want a cigar? They're good ones."

> When a couple of young people strongly devoted to each other commence to eat onions, it is safe to pronounce them engaged.
>
> JAMES M. BAILEY

Sam turned helplessly away. Nancy had stopped working. She was standing looking intently toward them, her eyes narrowed, and she was biting her underlip.

"There's a real stacked kid, lieutenant."

Sam turned back blindly and swung. Cady dropped his beer can and caught the punch deftly in the palm of his right hand.

"You get one sucker punch in a lifetime, lieutenant. You've had yours."

"Get out of here!"

Cady had stood up. He put the cigar in the corner of his mouth and spoke around it. "Sure. Maybe after a while you'll get the whole picture, lieutenant." He walked toward the shed, moving lightly and easily. He grinned back at Sam, then waved his cigar at Nancy and said, "See you around, beautiful."

Nancy came over to Sam. "Is that him? Is it? Daddy! You're shaking!"

Sam, ignoring her, followed Cady around the shed. Cady got behind the wheel of an old gray Chevvy. He beamed at Sam and Nancy and drove out.

"He *is* the one, isn't he? He's horrible! The way he looked at me made me feel all crawly, like worms do."

"That's Cady," he said. His voice was unexpectedly husky.

"Why did he come *here?*"

"To put a little more pressure on. God knows how he found out we'd be here. I'm glad your mother and the boys weren't here."

They walked back to the boat. He glanced down at her as she walked beside him. Her face was solemn, thoughtful. She looked up at him. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know."

"What is he going to do?"

"I don't know that either."

"Daddy, do you remember a long time ago when I was little and the nightmares I had after we went to the circus?"

"I remember. What was the name of that ape? Gargantua."

"That's right. The place where they had him had glass walls and you held me by the hand and he turned and he looked right at me. Not at any of the other people. Right at me. And I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

The Picture of Health for October

by MAXINE DAVIS

Fighting the battle of the bulge? Keep it up! These excess pounds cause all sorts of trouble, for instance, if you're pregnant. If you are pregnant they're a serious menace. Today *obstetricians control gain*, and thin down overweight to avert complications and make pregnancy and childbirth safe.

Extra pounds are depressing. The fat girl isn't really jolly, knowing she's not attractive, ashamed of her lack of self-restraint.

Extra pounds are expensive. You have to feed and clothe them; pay higher life insurance; spend so much energy toting them that you're inefficient; you don't earn the income you might without them.

They're uncomfortable, unhealthy; hard on the feet. They overwork all the vital organs; cause ailments ranging from headache to heart trouble. In so many ways, they're bad news!

Your doctor may advise thinning down; you've become used to over-eating. A great help will be a bottle of KESSAMIN #14 tablets. These contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron as well as a neutral food additive. Together with enjoyable Kessamin menus, they make up the New KESSAMIN PLAN. I've found the New KESSAMIN PLAN the only way to be perfectly satisfied with small servings, even of gourmet foods. My doctor told me about Kessamin! I find it really works.

It's been a good summer—our family has stored up health. The job now is to keep it. So I think it's smart to supplement my family's diet with Bexel Vitamin-mineral capsules. Get them for the entire family—small fry and grown-ups too. For adults, keep them as handy as sugar or salt at breakfast. The young will enjoy the gay red child-size BEXEL capsules or pleasant BEXEL syrup.

Vitamins provide the additional nutritional elements that can help make you feel top of the world. With BEXEL (in her formula) the baby gets what doctors advise. Maybe vitamins will even help your husband break par! The family's on the up-beat!

But Ann has problems! You worry about that young one. She's sulky and miserable, afflicted by adolescence and acne. And her dresses are pulling out at the seams.

Whether her pimples and pounds are the reason or result of those appalling soda fountain messes she consumes is neither here nor there. Ann is sadly in need of help.

You can't cure adolescence, or acne either; but, thank goodness, with UTOL you can make those twin trials relatively painless. UTOL, an antiseptic antibiotic ointment is invaluable; it helps relieve the minor irritation and itching that keeps reminding Ann of her "spots", and also prevents re-infection. UTOL is flesh-tinted to hide blemishes. So have her apply it as a foundation cream under her make-up.

With UTOL she'll be OK, her gay un-self-conscious self again. She'll try for the Junior High Girls Hockey Team after all!

Now you can relax. You've taken the basic preventive measures to guard the family against autumn ailments. So if your husband brings a rough throat and croaking voice home from a smoke-filled conference room, don't get the thermometer; get NEO-AQUA-DRIN. Those antibiotic anti-pain lozenges are just what he needs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206

felt like something inside me curled up and died. It was something savage that didn't have any right to be in the same world I was in. Do you know what I mean?"

"Of course."

"That man is like that. I think that man is all bad."

Never before, he thought, *have we been able to talk on an equivalently adult level without a mutual shyness.* "I suppose I could understand him, if I wanted to. He was a combat-fatigue case, and he went right from that into life imprisonment at hard labor. There had to be somebody to blame. And he couldn't blame himself. I became the symbol. He doesn't see me. He doesn't see Sam Bowden, lawyer, homeowner, family type. He sees the lieutenant, the young J.A.G. full of puritanical righteousness who ruined his life."

"In our psychology class Mr. Proctor told us that all mental illness is a condition where the individual can't make a rational interpretation of reality. I had to memorize that. So if Mr. Cady can't be rational ——"

"I believe he's mentally sick."

"Then shouldn't he be treated?"

"The law in this state is designed to protect people from being wrongly committed. A close relative can sign commitment papers which will put a person away for a period of observation, usually sixty days. Or if a person commits an act of violence or, in public, acts in an irrational manner, he can be committed on the basis of the testimony of the law officers who witness the violence or irrationality. There's no other way."

She turned and ran her fingers along the sanded hull. "So there isn't much to do."

"I would appreciate it if you'd break your date tonight. I'm not ordering you to. You would probably be safe, but we wouldn't know if you were safe."

She thought it over, frowning. "I'll stay home."

"I guess we can break out the paint."

"All right. Are you going to tell mother about this?"

"Yes. She has the right to know everything that happens."

Tommy Kent appeared a few minutes before Carol and the boys came back. He was a rangy, good-looking boy, polite, amusing and just deferent enough. He was given a brush. He and Nancy painted in the same area of the hull, each objecting to the other's sloppy work. Sam was glad to see how she handled him. She was fencing with him with pert confidence and the sure-footedness of self-respect, quietly aware of her own attractiveness. He heard her break the date. She was just sufficiently apologetic to avoid being rude. And just vague enough to awaken suspicion and jealousy. Sam saw the black scowl on Tommy's face after Nancy turned away from him and thought, *Young man, she just sank the hook. Pike Foster never had a chance, and now she's ready for bigger game.*

After Carol arrived and made Nancy take time off for her sandwich and tea, and the four young ones were busily painting, Sam took Carol down to one of Jake's sagging docks and sat beside her, feet dangling just above the water. There he told her about Max Cady.

For a moment Sam was tempted to keep the story of Cady's wife to himself. But he plodded through it, trying to do an unemotional job of straight reporting, looking down at the green bay water. Carol did not interrupt. When he looked at her he saw for the first time how she would look when she became old.

"It's hideous!" she said. Her head was bent and he saw the tears clinging to her black lashes. He put his hand on her arm.

"It will be all right," he said. She shook her head violently. "Look. It's Saturday. The sun is shining. There's the whole brood. We'll make out. They can't lick the Bowdens."

Her voice was muffled. "You go back and help. I'll stay here a little while."

After he picked up his brush he looked back. She looked small out on the dock. Small, humbled and dreadfully afraid.

On Monday morning after he had finished his mail and switched some of his appointments around, Sam made an eleven-o'clock appointment with Capt. Mark Dutton at New Essex police headquarters. Dutton had gray hair and a quiet manner. He could have been broker, insurance agent, advertising man—until he looked directly at you. Then you saw the cop eyes and the cop look—direct, skeptical and full of a hard and weary wisdom.

After they shook hands and Sam was seated, Dutton said, "This is the same thing Charlie Hopper saw me about?"

"Yes. About Max Cady. Charlie seemed to think that you people would be able to . . . badger him. I don't want to ask special favors, you understand. But I think he's dangerous."

"Charlie is a politician. The first aim is to make people happy. The second aim is to make people think they're happy."

"You didn't promise him anything?"

"We pulled Cady in and held him while we checked."

"Charlie told me. He isn't wanted anywhere."

"No. Like they say, he's paid his debt to society. He can account for the car and the money. He's not indigent. Because of the nature of the only conviction on his record, we set up a card for him in the known-deviate file."

"Is it possible for you people to . . . force someone to leave town?".

Dutton nodded. "We've done it, not frequently. The last time was three years ago. This is a clean town. Cleanest of its size in the state. That doesn't mean spotlessly clean, Mr. Bowden. But it means that we've kept the syndicate type of operation out. Three years ago two of the big Chicago-Miami-Las Vegas types rolled into town with their sunglasses, their pigskin luggage, their lavender Cadillac and a pair of the kind of blond secretaries who can't quite type. They took suites at the New Essex House and started to circulate. They wanted to sell syndication. Chief Turner and Mayor Haskill and Commissioner Goldman and I had ourselves a conference. We inter-

preted the law our own way. Leave them alone and we'd have trouble. Big bad trouble.

"So we gave them trouble first. They couldn't turn around without breaking some ordinance they'd never heard of. It took four days and fifty-six hundred dollars in fines before they gave up. We checked the route they took out of town and alerted the county boys and the state boys. They were grabbed four times for speeding before they hit the state line. Speeding and drunken driving. They all had licenses, and we lifted all but one so there'd be one driver left, one of the girls to get them over the state line. They haven't been back."

"You couldn't do that to Cady?"

"It could be done. It would take [redacted] bunch of [redacted] and [redacted] lot of time. I checked him over myself while he was in the shop. He won't scare and you can't hurt his dignity because he hasn't got any."

"Will you do it?"

Dutton looked sharply at Sam and said, "No."

"Can you give me a reason, captain?"

"I can give you [redacted] lot of reasons. One: We're undermanned, underequipped, underpaid and overworked. Two: This is something which, [redacted] a lawyer, you can understand. It would set a curious precedent. We used extralegal methods and [redacted] lot of time and man power to avert a definite threat to the whole city, not to just one individual. Were we to do this, there would be questions asked. If Cady should employ the right shyster—forgive the term—it could get very hot around here. Three: You are not a resident of this city. You work here, but your home is not here. You pay no city taxes. Your firm does, but this is not the business of your firm. As an individual, you pay no fractional part of my salary."

Sam flushed and said, "I didn't know it would sound ——"

"Let [redacted] finish. Lastly, I got a look at the man. He looks clever. He doesn't seem to be in any murderous rage. I think he's just trying to pressure you a little. But I don't want you to [redacted] away from this office thinking you're getting no co-operation at all. If this Cady steps out of line anywhere inside my area of authority, I will see that the arresting officers and the judge are properly informed. And they will whack him with the stiffest deal the law allows."

"Thank you very much, captain. Have you got time to listen to what he's done so far?"

"I'd be very interested."

Sam told him about Sievers, and the dog, and the meeting at the boatyard.

Dutton leaned back and frowned and rubbed the eraser end of the yellow pencil against the side of his nose. "If he made Sievers that fast and shook him that easy, then he's got a talent for the game. Do you have any proof about the dog?"

"No. But after talking to him, I'm certain."

"That's outside our boundaries, of course."

"I know that."

Dutton thought a few more moments. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bowden. I can't offer you any more than I've already told you. If you're genuinely alarmed about this, I suggest you pack your family off somewhere."

"We've talked about that."

"It might be a good idea. He'll get tired of his game and leave town after a while. Let [redacted] know any new developments." He stood up and held his hand out. Sam thanked him and left.

At three in the afternoon as he was passing Bill Stetch's office he glanced in and saw that Bill was alone. On impulse he went in and told him the whole story. Bill was shocked and sympathetic and completely without any constructive suggestions. Sam had the curious feeling that Bill did not want to be pulled into the situation in any way.

"It puts you in a pretty uncomfortable position," Bill said.

"It's doing some funny things to me—going to the police and politely asking them to do something outside the law."

XXXXXXXXXXXXX

How the great religions express the Second Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (The First Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.")

Christianity: **All things whatsoever ye would that [redacted] should do [redacted] you, do ye even [redacted] them: for this is the law and the prophets.**

Judaism: **What is hateful to you, do [redacted] to your fellow man. That is the entire law; all the rest [redacted] commentary.**

Buddhism: **Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful.**

Islam: **No one of you is a believer until [redacted] desires for his brother that which he desires for himself.**

Brahmanism: **This is the sum of duty: Do nought [redacted] others which would cause you pain [redacted] done [redacted] you.**

Confucianism: **Is there one maxim which ought to [redacted] through[redacted] one's whole [redacted] Surely [redacted] is the maxim of loving-kindness: [redacted] unto others what you would not have them [redacted] unto you.**

Taoism: **Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and your neighbor's loss [redacted] your own loss.**

Zoroastrianism: **That [redacted] alone [redacted] good which refrains from doing [redacted] others whatsoever is [redacted] good for [redacted]**

XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Stetch chuckled. "You're [redacted] smart attorney, Sammy. You are a good man who believes in himself and the law. Too few do. Keep your regard for the lady with the scales. But don't get too appalled at yourself when you ask the police for an extralegal favor. Life is a continual process of compromise, Sammy. The idea is to come out the other end still clutching [redacted] few shreds of self-respect. End of lecture for today. I hope you solve your nasty problem."

Back in his own office, Sam sat behind his desk and thought of himself with contempt. *The dreamer with the starry eyes. Stop bleeding, Bowden. Stop marching around waving all your little flags. Cady shoots your kids while you cry onto your diploma and look through all the dusty books for a way to slap his wrist legally.*

He phoned Apex and left his number for Sievers to call him back.

At quarter to six, as he was leaving, Sievers phoned and they made arrangements to meet at a bar three blocks from Sam's office in ten minutes. Sam phoned Carol and said he would be late. She said the children were all right.

Sievers was standing at the bar when Sam walked in. He nodded and then walked to a rear booth.

"I talked to Captain Dutton today. He won't do anything."

"I don't see how he could. Do you want to go ahead with what we talked about?"

"I—I think so."

Sievers had [redacted] thin smile. "No more talk about the legal way?"

"I've had enough of that kind of talk today to last me quite [redacted] while."

"You're sharpening up."

"Because of what has happened. Friday he drove out and poisoned my dog. The children's dog. There's no proof. Saturday he came to the boatyard, bold as brass."

"He'll soften up."

"Can you do what you said?"

"It can be done right for three hundred bucks, Bowden. I won't dig up the talent myself. I've got [redacted] friend. He's got the right contacts. He'll put three of them on him. I know the place too. Out in back of Two-eleven Jaekel Street. There's a shed and a fence near where he parks the car. They can wait in the angle of the shed and the fence."

"What will they do?"

"What do you think? They'll beat him. They'll do a professional job. A hospital job." His eyes changed, became remote. "There isn't one man out of fifty—and understand, I've seen these figures work—who is ever worth much after a thorough professional beating. They have rabbit blood for the rest of their lives. You're doing the right thing."

"There isn't any chance they might kill him by accident?"

"These [redacted] professionals, Bowden!"

"When do you think it will happen?" Sam asked.

"Tomorrow night or Wednesday night. No later."

Sam smiled crookedly and said, "Does this sort of thing happen often? I'm pretty naïve, I guess."

"It happens. People get too wise. They have to be straightened out, and sometimes this is the only way you can give them the word."

"That's one of Cady's favorite expressions."

"Then he'll be real pleased."

"At what?"

"To get the word."

He saved all three stories until both the boys were in bed and Nancy was in her room studying for her last exam of the year. Carol listened, her face quite still and remote.

"So you're going to pay three hundred dollars to have him beaten to within an inch of his life."

"Yes. I am. But don't you see, it's the only ——"

"Oh, darling, don't try to explain or apologize. I don't mean it that way. I'd mow lawns and do other people's laundry to get that three hundred dollars."

He stood up and moved about the room restlessly. "It's still a wrong thing to do," he said. "It's wrong that it should be possible to do a thing like this. It makes the world sound like a jungle. There's supposed to be law and order."

She followed him and linked her arms around his waist and looked up at him. "Poor Samuel! Darling, maybe for us, right now, it is a jungle. And we know there's an animal in the jungle."

After Carol was asleep he got quietly out of bed and moved to the bedroom window, pulled the blinds up with silent cautiousness and looked out. The night was empty. His four incredibly precious hostages to fortune were in deep sleep. The earth turned and the stars were high. This, he told himself, was reality. Night, earth, stars and the slumber of his family. And the other thing that had seemed so valuable was just a dusty and archaic code which enabled men to live close together in reasonable peace and safety. In olden times the village elders punished those who broke the taboos. And all the law was a vast top-heavy superstructure built on the basic idea of the group enforcing the punishment of the nonconformist. Law was a tribal rite, with white wigs, robes and oaths. It just did not happen to apply to his own situation. Yet two thousand years ago he could have sat in council with the elders and explained his peril and gained the support of the village, and the predator would be stoned to death. So this action he had taken today was a supplement to the law. Thus it was right. Yet when he got back into bed, he still could not accept his rationalization.

Sievers made no report on Wednesday, and Sam could find nothing in the paper. On Thursday morning at nine-thirty he received a call from Dutton.

"This is Captain Dutton, Mr. Bowden. I got some news for you on your boy."

"Yes?"

"We got him for disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. He got into a fight last night at about midnight in the yard in back of that rooming house on Jaekel Street. Three local punks jumped him. They marked him up pretty good before he got untracked. One got away and two are in the hospital. He threw one through the side of a shed and gave him a sprained back and multiple bruises. The other one's got a broken jaw, a broken wrist, concussion and some ribs kicked loose."

"Will he be put in jail?"

"Definitely, Mr. Bowden. He was dazed, I guess, and it was dark in the yard, and he swung on a patrolman when he came running across the yard and gave him a nose as flat as a sheet of paper. The second patrolman dropped him with a night stick and they brought him in. He's yelling for a lawyer."

Sievers phoned at four. "You should get a refund."

"What happened?"

"They got careless. And he purely scared those boys. The word is going around. It's going to be hard to line up boys for a second shot at him. I'm sorry it was handled so badly, Mr. Bowden."

"But he will go to jail."

"And he will be released."

"Then what do I do?"

"I guess you pay for another treatment. You better set aside a thousand for this one. He isn't going to be caught napping a second time."

By the time Sam got home Carol had most of the information from the evening paper, a single paragraph on a back page that gave the names of the two in the hospital and told of Cady's arrest.

Cady pleaded guilty to striking the officer. The two other charges were dismissed. He was sentenced to pay a hundred-dollar fine and spend thirty days in city jail.

It was thirty days of grace. Thirty days without fear. And thirty days of anticipation of the fear to come. As far as the Bowdens' morale was concerned, Cady could not have planned it better.

School had ended. The restrictions on the children were lifted. Cady's thirty days began officially on the nineteenth of June. He would be released on Friday, the nineteenth of July.

They had planned that Nancy would go again to summer camp. It would be her fourth year at Minnatalla, and would begin on the first day of July. Jamie would return for his second year to Gannatalla, the boy's camp that was three miles away and under the same management. The camps were on the shore of a small lake in the southern part of the state, a hundred and forty miles from Harper.

Nancy became vibrant about the plan, excited, going about with tiptoe pleasure. She confessed that Tommy Kent had a job as assistant director of athletics at Gannatalla.

"She'll be fifteen on the twentieth," Sam reminded Carol. "What day does that come on?"

"A Saturday this year. We can drive down, bearing gifts." She paused and gave him a sudden stricken look. "I didn't think before. That's the day after ——"

"I know."

"What about them down there? Jamie and Nance. Will they be safe?"

"I suppose he could find out where they are. Almost any contemporary in the village would know where they go. I've thought about that. You know how it is down there. They travel in packs. Great yelping packs, full of muscular enthusiasm. I've planned to instruct the kids and have a talk with the management when we drive them down. But having Tommy there may simplify it. I can talk to him. I think I like

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A Special Introduction

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

"Never buy a one-occasion dress" is one of Barbara J.'s firmest convictions. But there's an exception to every rule, and especially when it comes to her own Saturday night "at home" with guests for dinner. Strictly informal, Barbara still feels she wants something bright and festive to put her in *exactly* the right frame of mind. A fashion check of her winter wardrobe-in-the-making, however, tells her she needs a practical costume for casual wear as a final fill-in. The problem (not really one at all for Barbara) she solves in a lunch hour of shopping. She buys a skirt, in a wonderful fabric, at a wonderful price, $10.95—a full sweep of a wool blanket plaid in varying shades of brilliant blues. The skirt, introduced at a party, will be seen innumerable times *and* places thereafter.

By BET HART

© VOGUE

R Craner

The party—a guaranteed success, at least as far as Barbara's fashion menu is concerned. Barbara wears the white jersey blouse she made last month, thinks it takes on an added elegance tied to the front. (It's Vogue Design No. 9278, and can be worn the other way around just as easily.) The skirt, held out by a soft petticoat, shows off the huge squares of blue, fringed front, and three pearl buttons.

PRIGENT



Autumn and outdoors. Right in the city or away on a weekend, the "special occasion" purchase worn as a very practical casual. The skirt could be pretty with Barbara's white sweater, but she has further ideas, and invests a few fashion $'s in a blue pullover, $4.95. The neckline can be buttoned, or as shown here, open and filled with a scarf. The sweater picks up the darkest shade of the plaid, and a pretty one it is.

Winter's Wardrobe Complete

Red coat from last year
Black faille dress and overskirt, tweed suit and blouse from two preceding months
Plaid skirt and blue sweater ($15.90)

TOTAL....$65.38



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210

that kid. There's [redacted] look of competence about him."

"He and Nancy have a date tonight. They're going to the benefit barn dance at the firehouse. He's picking her up at eight."

"I never knew this routine was going to start so soon."

"We gals with Indian blood grow up early."

That evening Nancy raced through her dinner and was ready by quarter to eight. Sam cornered her in the living room. "Very rustic," he said approvingly.

"Do I look all right?"

"What are those things called?"

"These? Ranch jeans for girls. They're cut sort of like men's."

"Sort of. But just to humor the idle curiosity of your senile male parent, just how do you get into them?"

"Oh, that's easy! Concealed zippers from your knee to your ankle."

"Very effective with that shirt. It looks like [redacted] tablecloth from an Italian restaurant. Nance, honey, I assume you've told Tommy about our . . . problem."

"Heck, yes."

"When he arrives do you mind pretending you're not ready yet? So I can have a little chat with him?"

When Tommy arrived, Sam came down from the porch and met him. "Farmer Brown, I presume," Sam said. Tommy wore bib overalls, a blue work shirt and a straw hat.

"Pretty corny outfit, isn't it, sir?"

"A proper uniform for the occasion. Nancy will be ready in a few minutes. I want to talk to you a minute, Tommy."

"Yes, sir?"

"Nancy says she's told you about a man who is giving [redacted] [redacted] bad time?"

"Yes, she told me."

"Cady is in jail now. But he'll be released next month on the nineteenth. You're old enough [redacted] I can lay it on the line. I think the man is dangerous. I know he is. He wants to hurt me through my family. That's the way he could hurt me the worst. He may go down to camp. I want to give you an extra responsibility. I want to tuck Jamie under your wing. Make sure he isn't ever alone. Give the other people down there the word. I think you could achieve the best degree of alertness down there if you tell them there's been [redacted] kidnap threat. My wife and I talked this over, and we think he'll be safer there than here. Are you willing to do this?"

"Yes, sir. But what about Nancy?"

"You'll be three miles away from the other camp. I'm going to talk to them when we take the kids down. She's older than Jamie, and less likely to forget to be cautious. But I think . . . she's a more logical target. I'm going to try to handle the problem here when Cady is released. If it is handled, I'll get word to you at once, Tommy."

"I understand there aren't many men over at Minnatalla," Tommy said dubiously.

"I know that. You will see Nancy off and on, I assume. Keep reminding her to stay with the pack. She's seen Cady. That's going to be a help to her." He gave Tommy a detailed description of the man and said, "If a situation should come up, don't try to be impulsive and heroic. You're husky and you're an athlete, but you'd be no match for the man. He's got the size and speed and ruthlessness of a bear. And I don't think you could stop him with a pipe wrench."

"I understand."

"And understand this, too: I'm not being dramatic."

"I know that, sir. I know about the dog. I never heard of anything like that before. I'll make certain they'll both be all right, Mr. Bowden. I won't goof it."

"I know you won't. . . . Here comes the farmer's lady."

He watched them walk out to the car. After they left, waving and yelling, Sam went back to the porch. Carol came out and sat on the railing near him. He said thoughtfully, "I suspect we're near the end of the glamour days of juvenile delinquency. I think a very unusual crop of kids is coming along. They've become bored with the dissipations of their elders and the animal philosophies of some of their contemporaries. They are tired of using the bogeyman of military service [redacted] a built-in excuse for riot and disorder. This is a very moral crop of kids. They are sophisticates, but they practice moderation by choice. They [redacted] to have a sense of moral purpose and decent goals, which, God knows, is something difficult to find in the here and now. They are all right. Tommy is a good kid."

She clapped solemnly. "Hear, hear."

They sat in silence while night came. Jamie and some of his friends were playing in the barn. The shrilling of their voices merged with the insects' song. He tried to submerge himself completely in the subtle rhythms of the summer night, but he could not halt the ticking of the clock in the back of his mind. Each second brought them closer to the return of danger. And he knew that Carol, too, listened to that clock. It was, he thought, somewhat like the knowledge of a mortal illness. It made the immediate beauties more vivid, all pleasures sharper, while at the same time it stained beauty and pleasure with a distressing poignancy.

They left early for camp on Monday, the first day of July. They arrived at eleven, going to Minnatalla first. Nancy's friends of other summers waved and called to her. After Sam and Jamie had off-loaded Nancy's gear into her cabin, he drove to the administration cottage and had a talk with the camp supervisor, [redacted] new man, younger than the man he had replaced. The man's name was Teller. He was gently patronizing, and it was clear that he thought he was dealing with an overprotective parent.

"All our campers are carefully supervised, Mr. Bowden. They're busy every moment of the day. Lights out is strictly enforced, and we have [redacted] very competent night watchman who makes a tour of the entire camp area four times a night. We permit all wearers of the Minnatalla merit button to go into Shadyside on Saturday afternoons. One of our staff supervises the junior campers, but the senior girls can ——"

Sam interrupted. "Nancy is not to go into Shadyside at any time."

Teller looked pained. "But surely that is unfair to the child, Mr. Bowden. When she sees others being given permission ——"

"Nancy is perfectly willing to forgo those trips. She is . . . mature enough to recognize the fact she may be harmed."

Teller flushed. "I do not know how wise it is to frighten a child, Mr. Bowden."

"I haven't made a special study of it myself. Are we in agreement? No trips to Shadyside for Nancy?"

"Yes, Mr. Bowden."

The situation at Gannatalla was more reassuring. After Jamie was unloaded, Sam looked up Mr. Menard. He recognized Sam from the previous year. "Hello, Mr. Bowden. Glad to have Jamie back."

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FIRES

By OLIVER HALE

We brought up twigs and branches to the fire,
as much as we felt that it would require,
then gathered around watching it grow hazy
and brighten up at times; till we were lazy
with desultory talk and each mind wandered
on [redacted] private travel, or perhaps pondered
over some little or big thought.

My own thought
was that fire is not fulfilled until caught
by wind, and that it is the same with people
who dream of heights and reach the village steeple.
All of us burn with some flame, and require
[redacted] wind to make it break into a fire;
but the thing is, the wind must be within us,
[redacted] else the flame dies with the spirit in us.

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MISSES' KERRYBROOKE Full Fashioned Ban-Lon sweaters in red, light blue, light pink, beige, coral, turquoise, white. Short-sleeved pullover, **4.98.** Long-sleeved cardigan, **6.98.** Both, sizes 34-40.

GIRLS' HONEYLANE Ban-Lon sweaters have mock fashion stitching at the shoulders. Short-sleeved pullover in white, pink, red, turquoise, **3.50.** Long-sleeved cardigan in white, red, turquoise, navy, **4.50.** Both, sizes 7-14.

LITTLE GIRLS' HONEYSUCKLE Ban-Lon sweaters have mock fashion stitching at the shoulders. Short-sleeved pullover in aqua, white, red, pink, mint green, **2.98.** Long-sleeved cardigan in aqua, white, red, pink, navy, **3.98.** Both, sizes 3-6X.



Kerrybrooke, Honeylane, and Honeysuckle are national brands sold only at Sears. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 212

"I wanted to talk to you about ——"

"A possible kidnaping deal? Tommy Kent gave me the word. I've advised everybody on the staff. I told them how to handle it. We won't treat Jamie differently than we treat anybody else. But, without being obvious about it, we're going to keep a special eye on him, and be on the lookout for anybody hanging around. We don't want you people worrying about him. There's no need to. And I'm going to talk to him about how he can co-operate."

"I certainly appreciate this. Over there at the female department, Mr. Teller made me feel as if he thought I was making the whole thing up."

"Bert is new and he's taking himself a little seriously right now. I'll have a little talk with him."

"I'll appreciate that very much. This sort of thing . . . isn't very good for the nerves."

"Anybody who goes after [redacted] man's kids hits him where he lives."

They were home by four. Bucky rose up in stuporous condition and drunk-walked to the house. The sky was dark and low and the clouds that hurried by seemed just above the tops of the elms. The wind was gusty and humid. It rattled the windows of the house. The house had a feeling of emptiness. At six the heavy rains came. July had come too quickly. And nineteen days could not be made to last.

Sievers phoned Sam on Monday morning and came to his office. "Something has come up," he said. "I'm being transferred. California. It won't be possible for me to arrange the deal we were talking about."

"Can't you arrange it before you go?"

"Too far ahead. But I did a little fixing for you. Want to write this down? Joe Tanelli. Eighteen-twenty-one Market. It's a candy-and-cigar store, and a small-time horse room in the back. He'll expect you on Wednesday, the seventeenth. Don't give him your name. Mention my name. He'll know the score. He'll want five hundred down. That's all right. Give it to him. And he'll want the other five after it's been taken care of. He'll round up better talent than last time."

To Sam the situation was curiously unreal. He had not thought such a conversation possible in his office. And there was nothing particularly conspiratorial about Sievers' attitude. He could have been talking about the best place to buy fresh eggs.

"I appreciate this."

Sievers looked at Sam. "I don't want to make you any more nervous than you are, Mr. Bowden, but I might as well tell you this: Just out of curiosity I had Apex in Wheeling run a check. Max Cady wasn't any angel. None of the four Cady boys was. Max got in the Army after he cut [redacted] man badly with a broken bottle. It was a fuss over a woman. The court gave him the choice of enlisting or going to prison, so he enlisted. The old man was in and out of prison his whole life. He was a moonshiner with [redacted] violent temper. The boys' mother has been feeble-minded her whole life. The oldest brother was shot to death eight years ago in a running gun battle with Federal agents. The next oldest was killed in [redacted] prison riot in Georgia. He was serving a life sentence for felony murder. My pride was hurt when I did so bad tailing Cady. Now I don't feel so bad. He's one of the wild ones. They don't think the way people do. He was headed for jail whether he got caught on that rape charge or not. People like that have no comprehension of right and wrong."

"Isn't there a word for that?"

"Psychopathic personality. They make us learn the terms. But that's a classification where they put people they don't know what else to call. People they can't treat. People who don't respond to any appeal you can make to them. Except maybe the one we're trying to make." He stood up. "I've got a lot of stuff to clean up before I take off in the morning. Joe will fix it up for you."

It was a long time after Sievers left before Sam could get his concentration back on his work. He respected Sievers for giving him all the unpalatable facts, but they served to make Cady even more ominous than he had been thus far. It was like when you were a child and a frightening shadow seemed to grow larger and blacker and more threatening as you watched it. He told himself Cady was human and vulnerable. He told himself it was shameful to be frightened of [redacted] man. And he decided there was no point at all in telling Carol what Sievers had learned. He would tell her of the new arrangement, but she needed no new reasons to be afraid of Cady.

On Friday, the twelfth of July, after the dinner dishes were done, Sam looked up from his book when he heard Carol make an odd sound. She was sitting on the couch, reading the paper. She lowered the paper and stared at him with an odd expression.

"What's the matter?"

"What was the name of the man you have to [redacted] next Wednesday night?"

"Tanelli. Joe Tanelli."

"Come and look at this."

He sat beside her and read the obituary of a Joseph Tanelli, age fifty-six, who had died the previous night in Memorial Hospital of a heart attack. Mr. Tanelli had been a retail merchant in New Essex for the past eighteen years.

"It's probably not the same one, dear."

"But what if it is?"

He spoke confidently. "Even if it is, I can make a contact with somebody else at the address Sievers gave me."

"Are you sure?"

"Practically positive."

But underneath his assurance he knew it was the same man. A malicious fate was dealing Cady every joker in the deck.

Market Street was a neighborhood where you automatically locked the car. No. 1821 displayed a few weary soft-drink posters and cigar ads. In peeling gilt across the window was painted Cigars—Magazines—Candy. A half dozen stone steps went up to the entrance of the neighboring building. A fat woman with red hair sat on the top step.

He tried the door, but it was locked.

"It's locked on account of Joe," a loud brassy voice informed him. He looked up into the round face of the fat woman. "Joe died."

"Have any idea when they'll open up again?"

"They're open. It's just the front door locked sort of like a courtesy to Joe. You know. If you want to get in you go down there to the first alley and take a left and count three doors and knock on the third one."

He thanked her and followed her instructions. It was a door of heavy construction, with no window in it. It opened six inches and a round white face of uncooked dough with raisin eyes looked out at him and said, "Yah?"

"I—I want to talk to whoever is in charge." He could hear [redacted] rumble of voices beyond the door.

"What about?"

"I . . . Sievers sent me."

"Hold on." The door closed. A full minute passed. It opened again. "Nobody ever heard of no Sievers."

"Joe Tanelli knew him."

"That's great." The raisin eyes seemed to be looking through him and beyond him.

"Listen to me. Joe was going to do something for me. Now he can't. But I still want it done and I still want to pay for it, and I want to know who to see."

"Me. So what was it?"

"I can't stand here in the alley and tell you," Sam said.

"Look, Mack, I don't make private deals. Joe made private deals. He had his way and I got my way." The door started to shut and then opened again. "And don't hang around, Mack, and don't knock on the door any more or somebody comes out and reasons with you." The door banged shut.

Sam did not leave the Market Street area. It was always so effortlessly accomplished in the movies. Sinister types were always available to the hero. He hit the roughest-looking bars he could find. He tried to select suitable-looking types and start a conversation and steer it around to the point where he could state his problem in a hypothetical way.

One sad-faced bartender gave him a low-key lecture. "Chief, you better stay away from that television set. We got tough, smart cops here."

Sam knew from the way his mouth felt that he was getting slightly drunk. "I'll tell you what I really want."

"I don't want to hear it. I don't want to know nothing about what you've got to buy or sell. The less I know, the better I sleep."

He drove carefully home. "I was a great success," he told Carol bitterly. "I was overwhelmed by my own competence. It was like trying to sell dirty post cards at a Sunday-school wienie roast."

"How much have you had to drink?"

"Plenty," Sam told her. "It was an occupational hazard. I skulked through low dives, my collar turned up. I've been called Doc, Mack and Chief."

"Can't you do *anything?*"

"I can call Sievers Monday morning."

"What [redacted] ghastly piece of luck, Mr. Tanelli dying like that."

The last drink seemed to be having more effect than all the others. He swayed and peered down at her. "Ghastly luck for good old Joe too."

"Don't be nasty to me."

"I've got it figured out. You know what it is, don't you? It's the finger of fate diddling little Sammy Bowden. That good man. That noble and righteous man. Ah, how he's slipped. Now he goes forth to hire assassins."

"Darling, please."

"Law and Order Bowden, we all called him around the office. He could break but not bend. He would never compromise with his honor. And what a pitiful sight he is these days. Slinking through the slums ——"

The crack of her small hard palm against his cheek was loud and shocking. The sting made his eyes water. He looked down at her and she did not look angry [redacted] hurt. She stared up at him quite calmly.

"Hey!" he said.

"Drinks or no drinks, I don't think it is an awfully good time for us to start feeling sorry for ourselves, dear."

"But I was just ——"

"Mad at yourself for not being able to do something entirely out of your line and contrary to what you believe in. So you were starting to roll in bathos."

"That's [redacted] sneaky right you've got there, pardner."

"Well, were you?"

"I guess."

"I need a lot of strength to lean on at this point. Up until [redacted] few minutes ago there's been plenty."

"It's back now. Resume leaning."

To his astonishment she began to cry. *All our emotional reactions are becoming shrill and*

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raggedy, he thought. *Tension is washing the sand from under our castle walls.*

On Monday morning the local branch of Apex gave him the information he needed in order to phone Sievers in California. Though the connection was clear, Sievers had a sound of remoteness, of lack of interest.

"Heart attack? That's too bad."

"It makes it pretty awkward for me, Sievers."

"I can see how it would."

"Who shall I contact for the same kind of service?"

"I don't think there's anybody else to go to."

"What do I do? Maybe I can find somebody on my own."

"I don't think you can. And it would be [redacted] bad risk. You might better just . . . get your people out of the way."

"I—I see."

"Sorry I can't be more helpful."

It was a most unsatisfactory conversation. And it meant the end of a possible line of defense. They would have to fall back to another defensive position.

He talked it over on Monday night with Carol. She took it more calmly than he had anticipated.

"I know that it makes [redacted] certain kind of sense," she said, "but we will be so dispersed. Nance and Jamie down at camp. Bucky and me off God knows where. It leaves only you and that frightens me, darling. What good will any of us be if something happens to you?"

"I'm going to be the most devout coward you ever heard of, honey. I'll take a room at the New Essex House and I won't go out after dark, and I won't open the door unless I know for sure who has knocked."

"And then suppose nothing happens? When do we come back? When do we know it's over?"

"I don't think he's going to be very patient when he gets out. I think he'll make a move and I think he'll make it at me, and I'm going to make certain it will be unsuccessful; and if he does, then we'll have the evidence that will send him back for [redacted] long time."

"Oh, yes. For [redacted] year, or three years, and then we can have such a fine time planning just what we'll do when they let him out again."

"It will work out. Tomorrow I am becoming a dashing and dangerous figure, with the help of Captain Dutton."

"What do you mean?"

"He is arranging the permit for me. He wasn't as reluctant as I expected him to be. At lunchtime I go pick up [redacted] very ugly and efficient device manufactured by Smith and Wesson. And when the harness is properly fitted, it will hang right here. It will nestle in a thing called a spring-clip holster. Nobody can snatch it away, but when I reach for it properly it will, Dutton claims, jump right into my hand."

She looked at him in [redacted] level way. "So many gay little jokes. And such [redacted] wide, glassy, self-conscious smile."

"What do you want me to do? Clench my teeth and look steely-eyed? Of course I'm self-conscious about it! It isn't exactly my line, you know. I'm scared of Cady. I'm scared the way a kid having a nightmare is scared. The thought of him makes my hands sweat and makes my belly feel hollow. I'm so scared I'm going to wear that gun and tomorrow night I'm going to take so many cartridges up [redacted] the hill that by the time I'm through I'm going to be able to draw and fire and hit what I aim at.

"Now then. Back to scheduling. We leave early Friday morning. We find a place for you and Bucky. We stay there Friday night. Saturday we see the birthday girl. I stay with you Saturday night at the place we find and Sunday I drive back into town and ——"

"Why don't we take both cars, dear? When we go to camp we can leave the MG at the place where I'm going to stay, and then on Sunday you can drive it back to the city when you check into the hotel."

He wore the short-barreled revolver home on Tuesday night, feeling vastly foolish, and suspecting that everyone who glanced at him on the street saw the suspicious bulge under his left arm.

He stood inspection while Carol circled him. Finally she said, "I know it's there, so I can see the sort of lump it makes, but actually, darling, I guess you're the type. You're thin and you like your jackets cut loosely anyway."

He went up to the range with three boxes of shells, and a piece of sheeting and some twine. He tied the sheeting around a tree thick enough to simulate a man's torso. He penciled a crude heart on the left side of the chest. At first he was discouragingly slow, awkward and inaccurate. The weapon had a flat gutty bark, much more authoritative than the snapping of the .22. He fired a couple of dozen rounds for accuracy, and then went back to the routine of drawing and firing, improving doggedly.

Carol came up the hill.

"Does the demonstration make you feel any better?"

She nodded. "It does, Sam. It really does. But it's funny to think of you . . . I mean ——"

"If you mean I don't consider myself a dashing figure, you're right. I am a sedentary forty-year-old office worker, with a mortgage, a family and an insurance program. I am not suited to this new aroma of violence and menace."

She came up to him and held his wrists. "You are as brave as any man. You have warmth and strength. You know how to love and be loved. That is a great and rare art. You are my man, and I wouldn't want you changed in any way."

He kissed her and then stood, holding her in his arms. He looked down over her shoulder and the dark gleam of the gun in his right hand looked incongruous. He was holding his wrist canted so the weapon would not touch her. And beyond the gun he could see the white target and the penciled heart.

On Friday they left early and drove southeast toward the pleasant little vacation villages in the lake area. Bucky seemed willing to accept the idea that Carol wanted a vacation from doing all the housework and he could come along too. It was, they told him, the next best thing to going away to camp.

They drove slowly in the two cars and arrived at the town of Suffern, ninety miles from Harper, at lunchtime. They had a good lunch in the quiet dining room of a lakeside inn called The West Wind. It was an old-fashioned frame building, with the tall and awkward dignity of the Victorian period. A busy little cricket of a man showed them two third-floor rooms on the lake side with connecting bath. The weekly rate was reasonable and the rooms, with maple furniture and rag rugs, were clean and cheery. The rate included breakfasts and dinners, the use of the tiny beach, the hotel rowboats when available, the English croquet course, and the two tennis courts. There were other children in the hotel.

It was not at all necessary, Sam decided, to use [redacted] different name. It would be theatrical, ludicrous and unnecessary. Carol said she would write directly to Sam's office and, as an additional precaution, use envelopes not marked with the return address of The West Wind.

After Carol and Bucky had unpacked and changed, they went for a walk through the village.

That night, after they were in the big double bed, Carol said, "I wish it could stay like this. I mean so safe. I don't want Sunday to come and I don't want to stand out there making my mouth smile while you drive away."

"Don't think about it."

"I can't stop."

As had been prearranged by letter, they picked Jamie up at his camp before lunch. He was brown and thin and scrubbed to a startling state of cleanliness. Then they drove three miles along the lake-shore road to Minnatalla to get Nancy. Nancy looked overwhelmingly healthy, and she had stars in her eyes.

They drove thirty miles due east to the small city of Aldermont for a festive meal in the dining room of the Hotel Aldermont. The hostess gave them an alcove off the dining room, where they had more privacy.

After lunch Sam went out and got the presents out of the car. Nancy was delighted with everything. There were the traditional small consolation presents, one apiece for Jamie and Bucky. Consolation for its being somebody else's birthday.

Carol, by prearrangement, took Bucky off and left Sam at the table with Nancy and Jamie so he could tell them about the new arrangement. They could know their mother and Bucky were at The West Wind in Suffern, but they were to keep it to themselves. Nancy asked if she could tell Tommy, and Sam told her she could. In the event of serious emergency they could phone their mother in Suffern, and phone him at either the office or the New Essex House.

Jamie looked somberly at his father and said, "It's just like running away, isn't it?"

"You hush!" Nancy said.

"Never mind, Nance," Sam told her. "Yes, son. In a sense it is. But I'm not hiding. I'm going to be careful, but I'm not going to hide. They put the women and children in the lifeboats first."

"Tommy and Mr. Menard keep telling me to stay with the other kids all the time," Jamie said.

"Don't either of you get careless," Sam said. "The man has [redacted] car. He's out of jail. When he finds the house closed, he can easily find out in the village where you kids go in the summer. I know he knows Nancy by sight, and I'd guess he knows you by sight too. Ready to go? Your mother and Bucky will be out in the lobby."

"It's funny to think about nobody being home," Nancy said. She touched her father's arm shyly [redacted] they stood up. "Please be careful, daddy."

"I will."

On Sunday night Sam had dinner in the grillroom at the New Essex House by himself and then went to bed. He felt very alone in the world. At the end of the drive that went up to the side entrance of The West Wind he had stopped and looked back and waved. Carol and Bucky, standing close together on the green grass of the lawn, waved back. He drove the little car too fast all the way back to New Essex.

Nothing happened on Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday. Sam followed his cautious routine. He called Carol twice from the office. She had a determined cheerfulness plastered over her tension and her loneliness. But the camouflage was imperfect. On Wednesday morning there was a long chatty letter from her. She described the other guests in the hotel. She had found a tennis partner, a rangy powerful girl whose husband was a marine captain on overseas duty. Her game was rusty but it was beginning to come back. Bucky had shown such an interest she had found him a small racket and she was teaching him the basic strokes. He was learning quite quickly. Bucky was contemptuous of the poor television reception in the lounge. There was a good loan library in the big drugstore in the town. And she missed him. They both missed him and missed the house and missed the campers.

On Thursday afternoon he decided that he had had enough of waiting and wondering. It was time the white mouse ventured out of the hole and found where the cat was.

He arrived at Nicholson's Bar on Market Street at six o'clock. The bar had a scuffed, worn look. The mirrors and the chrome were peeling. The television over the bar was on and there was an out-of-order sign on the jukebox. There were three men sitting at the far end of the bar, heads close together, talking in low important voices. There were no other customers.

The bartender stood endlessly polishing a glass and watching the television screen. Sam took [redacted] stool on the curve of the bar near the door, then, feeling self-conscious, he moved to the end stool around the curve where, by sitting sideways, his back was to the wall and he could see the door.

The bartender drifted over to him, looking at the screen until the last possible moment. He wiped the bar in front of Sam and said, "Yes sir?"

"Beer."

"Coming up."

He brought the beer and a glass, picked up Sam's dollar, rang it up, put a half dollar and a nickel on the bar.

"Pretty slow?"

"Always is, this time of day. We do a late business."

"Has Max been in lately?"

He saw the bartender look him over more carefully. "What Max do you mean? We got a lot of Maxes."

"The bald one with the tan."

The bartender pulled at his underlip. "Oh, *that* Max. I see him one time lately. Let me



"I know I asked you, Ronald, [redacted] that has nothing [redacted] I'm [redacted] going out with anyone who can't be more tactful about his honest opinions!"

think back. Sure, it was last Saturday night. He had some trouble, you know. He slugged a cop and they put him in city jail for thirty days."

"How about Bessie McGowan? She been in?"

"She's always in, mister," the bartender told him. "I wish that she'd pick another spot for a change. She ought to be coming in any time now."

Ten minutes later a woman walked in. She could not have selected anything to wear which could have made her look more grotesque. She had on white pumps with four-inch heels, skin-tight black bullfighter pants, a wide white leather belt with a gilt buckle, a tight sweater-blouse in a red-and-white horizontal candy stripe. A woman with a perfect figure might have been able to carry it off with a certain amount of theatrical success. But this was a woman in her middle years, with a mop of hair so abused by dyes that it was the color and texture of sun-bleached hemp. She had a puffy chipmunk face, square red lips painted boldly on. She was grotesque, ludicrous and incredible. Yet there was nothing pathetic about her. She was carrying on her own war against time in her own way.

She plopped a white bag on the bar and said in a voice worn by tobacco, whisky and long use into a texture that was like a stage whisper by a baritone, "Jolt and water, Nick."

"The check come?" the bartender asked warily.

"Yes, yes, the check came." She slapped a five-dollar bill on the bar.

As he reached for the bottle the bartender said, motioning toward Sam, "Friend of yours asking after you, Bessie."

She turned and stared at him and then walked over to him. He saw that her eyes were large and gray and exceptionally lovely. She sat on the stool next to him, and studied him, puzzled. "I draw a blank. Clue me."

The bartender put the shot glass of whisky, a glass of water and her change in front of her.

"Well over a month ago, Bessie. You were out at one of the joints on the shore east of town. With a bald man named Max. You told me this was your favorite spot."

"I remember that Max. I was with him. But what were we doing talking to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've got a haircut and clean fingernails and a press in your suit, mister. You talk like your folks sent you to college. You could be a doctor or a dentist. Max would talk to bums. Nobody but bums. You gentlemen types made him ugly."

"So since you recommended the place, I thought I'd stop and get a drink."

"So you thought you'd stop and get a drink." She looked at him with a compelling and horrible coquetry.

He said quickly, "Seen Max around lately?"

"No thanks. He was in jail. I guess he's out now. Let me tell you about that Max Cady. He's all man. I got to give him that. But he's mean as a snake. He doesn't give a damn for anybody in the world but Max Cady. You know what he did to me?" She lowered her voice and her face hardened. "He beat me. I thought he was going to kill me, honest. All the lights went out. When I woke up he was gone. I got the doc over and told him I fell downstairs. I've never yelled cop in my life, but I was close. Three cracked ribs. Forty-three bucks dental. I looked so awful it was a week before I stirred out of the place. He isn't a human being. That Max is an animal. All I did was ask questions. All he had to do was say shut up."

"So he's no friend of yours, Bessie."

"If I saw him dead in the street, I'd buy drinks for the house."

"He's no friend of mine."

She shrugged. "How do you mean, just seeing us that once?"

"I didn't. I made that up."

The gray eyes turned very cold. "I don't like gags."

"My name is Sam Bowden."

"So what's that got to do with —— Did you say Bowden?"

"Maybe he called me the lieutenant."

"Yes, he did."

"Bessie, I want you to help me. I don't know what to expect. He's going to try to hurt me. Somehow. I want to know if he gave you any clue."

She kept her voice very low. "He was a funny guy, Sam. He didn't have much to say. But twice he talked about Lieutenant Bowden. And both times it gave me the cold creepers, right up and down my back. Part the way he looked. He didn't say anything that made any sense, though. One time he said you were an old Army buddy and to show you how much he liked you, he was going to kill you six times. He said he was going to make you last. He was drinking, and I tried to, you know, kinda laugh it off like telling him he wouldn't kill anybody for real."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He just gave me a look and he didn't say any more that time. Do you know what he meant? How can you kill anybody six times?"

He looked down into his beer glass. "If a man had a wife, three kids and a dog."

She tried to laugh. "Nobody'd do that."

"He started with the dog. He poisoned it."

Her face turned chalky. "Dear sweet Jesus!"

"What else did he say?"

"There was just the one other time he talked about you. He said something like 'By the time I get around to the lieutenant, I'll be doing him a favor. He'll be begging for it.' That kind of fits with the other, doesn't it?"

"Would you come with me to police headquarters and sign a statement about what you heard him say?"

She looked at him for ten seconds. "I've seen the inside of that place too many times already. They wouldn't listen to anything Bessie McGowan says. I'm sorry if you got problems, but that's the way the ball bounces."

"I'll beg you to ——"

She got off the stool. "I don't have to do anything about anything."

"Not so loud, Bessie," Nick said.

She picked up her change. "I'm finding a better joint." She yanked the street door shut behind her.

Nick sighed. "Once upon a time she was Miss Indiana. She showed me the clipping. Well, come back and see us."

Sam walked down to Jaekel Street. No. 211 was a square three-story frame house painted brown with yellow trim. A window sign announced Room for Rent. He pushed the doorbell and heard it ring in the back of the house. There was a smell of mold and acid and cabbage and soiled bedding. There was a screaming quarrel going on upstairs.

A gaunt old woman came down the hallway toward him. "Yay-yuss?"

"Does Mr. Cady live here."

"Nope."

"Mr. Max Cady?"

"Nope."

"But he did live here?"

"Yay-yuss. But he don't no more. I want no truck with fighting and police and jail folks. That's where he was. Jailed. Come back Friday and got his stuff. He didn't want to pay me rent for parking space ahind the house, but I said as how I'd have the law right back on him in a minute and then he paid me and he drove his car off and that's the last of him."

"Did he leave a forwarding address?"

"Now that would be downright stupid for a man never got any mail at all, wouldn't it?"

"Has anybody else come around asking for him?"

"You're the very first and I surely pray you're the last."

He phoned Dutton the next morning. Dutton said he would see if anybody could get a line on Cady.

Nothing happened on Friday. On Saturday he drove down to Suffern and on Sunday they visited Nancy and Jamie. He was back at his desk on Monday morning. He had not told Carol about the story he got from Bessie McGowan. He did not want her to know he had gone down into Cady's area, nor did he wish to alarm her.

Nothing happened on Monday. Or Tuesday.

The phone call from Mr. Menard came through on Wednesday, at ten in the morning on the last day of July, the day when Carol was to have gone down and picked Jamie up in the afternoon and taken him back to Suffern with her. It was his final day of camp.

When he realized who was calling, he felt as though his heart had stopped.

"Mr. Bowden? Jamie's been hurt."

"How was he hurt?"

"I think you'd better come down. He's on his way over to the Aldermont Hospital now, and it will probably be best if you go directly there. It's not serious. He's not in danger. Sheriff Kantz will want to talk to you. I had to . . . give him what information I had, of course."

"I'll leave right away. Have you informed my wife?"

"She left before the call got through. I understand she's on her way here. I'll send her over to Aldermont and we could keep the little fellow here with us, if she agrees to that."

"Tell her I think that would be a good idea. Where's Nancy?"

"On the way over with her brother and Tommy Kent."

"Can you please tell me what happened to the boy?"

"He was shot, Mr. Bowden."

(To be Concluded)

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

or Four-Eyes. Perhaps she's really upset. I don't know why, but every time I come home I am always afraid that something has happened. But even from the hall I can see that nothing has happened. Everything is normal. On the floor, right in front of the door, is my oldest son, stretched out on his back with his legs at a right angle and a comic book on his knees.

"Hi," he says, without looking at me. And bursts into a roar of laughter at something in his comic book.

They say that sons take after their mothers. In my home they all take after their mother, sons and daughters both. Proceeding along the corridor between banged-up tricycles and toy automobiles overturned like dying beetles, I meet a daughter one hand span tall and two wide, with the beginnings of a comma for a nose and four beginnings of commas for hair, with pink pants on inside out and somebody else's bib which covers her from her neck to her feet.

"Gianna ug," she informs me. "Ug Gianna."

Gianna is she, if I have figured correctly, but I am astounded that she calls herself ugly. She is usually very vain.

"Why?" I ask her suspiciously. The women in my family always make me suspicious.

"Gianna foon," she explains to me. "Mamma fooooоon!"

I told you that they all take after their mother. They are all abstract. Gianna foon. Mamma foooooon—maybe it's an early poetic attempt. I continue on to the living room.

I find the usual scene there. My wife is sitting in front of her writing table and typing like ten typing people. She has a green handkerchief on her head, a pair of enormous ski pants, two tufts of cotton in her ears, a daughter drawing a picture seated on her feet and a son who is shooting rubber bands at her back.

The reason for the handkerchief on her head is plain: headache. All writers always have headaches, if you want to know. Whether they all put handkerchiefs on their heads I don't know. As for the tufts of cotton in her ears, they are acoustical insulation. ("My anti-bells" she calls them.) The result is that the children, to attract her attention, shout like ten shouting people or else pull violently at her elbow until she, defeated, removes the cotton, listens, solves, comments, praises, puts back the cotton and picks up the thread again.

Don't ask me why, in the month of July, my wife wears ski pants to write a story, because I don't know. She says that these ski pants—these and only these—bring her good luck. That they are magnetic and attract inspiration. "Who has seen my magnets?" she says when she has to begin writing. "A hundred lire to the first one who finds my magnets." And the whole family scurries to look for the magnets—that is, the pants—which, like everything else in this house, are never where they ought to be. When the magnets are found, she puts them on and inspiration is assured. Perhaps even Dante, while he was writing the Inferno, wore ski pants.

I look at her. Her "working" glasses, which are enormous, hide half her face and her nose, seen in profile, is more than ever like a comma. *Hi, Four-Eyes.* I feel something fluttering around me which dangerously resembles a cloud and I move forward a step.

She hasn't heard me arrive because of the cotton. I put a hand on her shoulder and she leaps a foot in the air. "Don't tell me it's dinnertime already!"

It's a cry from the heart. Other wives wait for their husbands, all dressed up and trembling, watching the clock and twisting their hands, and when he arrives they run to meet him with their heart in their eyes. All wives do it. Even the ones in *her* stories. And she—look at her there. Her devoted young husband comes home tired from work. She looks at him and what does she say? "Don't tell me it's dinnertime already!"

There's not a trace of cloud remaining. I see before me a creature with horrible glasses, horrible ski pants and a horrible handkerchief on her head. A presumptuous little monster to whom I have sacrificed, God alone knows why, the ten best years of my life.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go into the kitchen," she sighs, looking at the typewriter as an exile might look at the coast of his native land. "I'll finish it later."

> **When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.**
>
> HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

The story, she means. That it is eight o'clock and I am as famished as ten famished people and that nothing is ready doesn't bother her in the least. Oh, but it won't end like this, I resolve while waiting for dinner. Who does she think she is? For a few scribbled stories that she writes, does she think she can treat me like a worm? Furthermore, if I weren't around to reread them and criticize them and correct all her millions of typing errors, does she think they would be published? Pff! Oh, but I'll make her understand, I who ——

Dinner is ready in less than a half hour. To compensate, it is terrible as it generally is. The older boy eats with his comic book leaning against his glass, the older girl eats with her left hand so she can draw surrealistic beasts with her right hand, the younger boy keeps firing without pause, the younger girl gives something to eat all around, to my arm, to her mother's arm, to the twelve stuffed animals with scanty fur among the dishes, to the napkins and to the glasses. "Papa, 'lasses, goo' 'lasses, papa." Their mother nibbles a finger and gazes at everyone from an infinite distance. That's my wife.

I get up and pretend to read a newspaper in my armchair, gritting my teeth to hold back my bitterness. Behind me the children carry on their abstract discussions, interspersed with sinister tinklings and frightful crashes which mean my wife is clearing the table.

"How hot it is," she says vaguely. But she doesn't take off the ski pants for fear that later inspiration may escape her. "Oh, heavens, how hot it is. Gianna, don't eat the knife. What will the knife's mother say if you eat it? She will cry, oh, how she will cry. What. Giorgio? What, Marina? One at a time, please. Eh? Who? Where? Don't shoot at the light bulb, Momo, because it will get mad and burst and then papa will get mad and burst too. What, Marina-Giorgio? Who? Why? One at a time, please. Oh, heavens, heavens, how hot it is!"

One last crash farther away informs me that my wife has moved into the kitchen. But not for long (she washes the dishes at two A.M. or even not at all). Another series of "Eh? What? Who? Where? One-at-a-time-please. Oh-heavens-how-hot-it-is," announces her return.

Here she is, tiny and crazy, with her handkerchief on her head. She resembles a pirate after three days of starvation. She looks at me; I look at her. The atmosphere between us could be cut with a knife.

"Hey," she says.

I turn to look at the paper. If she thinks she can set everything straight with a hey ——

"Hey you," she insists.

I raise my eyes and turn to look at her. In the space between the glasses and the commas a dimple has appeared. It's not fair. *Now she'll take off her glasses,* I think, and press my hands on the armrests to resist this injustice.

She doesn't take off her glasses. She doesn't even dream of it. She takes one hand from behind her back and in it there are some typewritten pages.

"If you want to read my story ——" she says magnanimously.

That's what she says, understand? During innumerable and rather animated discussions I have made clear to my wife my wholehearted masculine contempt for stories in general and hers in particular. If, however, she should send in a story without having me read it first she would offend me mortally and she knows it.

I get up slowly and I feel myself swelling like an avalanche. The air whistles around me.

"Blast your stories!" I shout like ten shouting people. However, instead of "blast" I use another word. More incisive and adapted to my state of mind.

Through the whistling air I hear Gianna's sweet voice, "Papa sout. Oh papa sout." And I see my wife bend over to pick up something that hasn't fallen. She is laughing—laughing at *me*, understand? I think I could commit murder.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me, my friend," I say, shaking her scrawny little arm. "I was speaking *seriously*. Blast your kitchen-maid stories and double blast you, you mad-woman," I say, shaking her again. "You half-baked p-pirate!"

She jerks her arm free. "Well, then, get out!" she shouts, pounding her fist on the table. "You and your Grecian nose and your broad shoulders and your brain like a r-rooster! Good only to criticize and swear. What use are you to me? Get out. What are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," I say. "I'm not waiting for anything. I'm going."

And I slam the door too. Papa pam.

She said it herself, didn't she? Get out, she said. What use are you to me? she said. With your Grecian nose and your brain like a rooster. She said it herself. So it's fair, isn't it, that I am here at Floretta's bar? Since I'm no use to my wife, I, who gave up blondes for her. Possibly I might be of some use to someone else. Possibly my shoulders and my nose might make the eyes of twenty-two-year-old shapely blondes flutter. It may be. Take a look at the cashier's desk and see if Floretta is fluttering her eyes. Did you see? I need only stretch out my hand. And you may be sure that this time I will stretch it out. Oh, and how I will stretch it out. The bar is half empty. Watch.

"Look at Floretta," the bartender whispers confidentially. "Just take a look at her."

I take a look at her. She is not only fluttering her eyes; she is drying them with a handkerchief.

"It's always like that," sneers the bartender, tapping his forehead with his finger. "When she reads that stuff she always weeps."

"What is it?" I ask him. "The obituary page?"

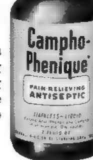
"Worse," he says. "The stories of Minni Liccioli. . . . What's the matter, did you choke? Look up at the ceiling and it will stop. Look at the little bird, my mother used to say whenever I choked."

While I look at the little bird and the bartender beats me on the back Floretta finishes reading. She blows her nose once more, puts the magazine in her bag and comes toward me, undulating. She sits down on the stool next to me, smiles, and I stop looking at the little bird. I had almost forgotten what twenty-two-year-old girls are like when they are pretty.

"It's a lovely evening," I say. "Would you like to go for a stroll with me?"

The bartender coughs.

"Oh, I'd love to," she says. "I'd madly love to."



WHAT IS A BOY?

By HERBERT HOOVER

A boy has two jobs: one is just being a boy, the other is growing up to be a man. What is a boy made of and what does he need beside parents, food, clothes and shelter?

First: He has an unbelievable amount of dynamism in his muscles and is equipped with a complete self-starter. With his impelling desire to take exercise, what he will do next is unpredictable. He needs to exhaust these surplus energies in an indestructible place.

Second: He has an insatiable curiosity and a large supply of imagination. At times he seems to be an illuminated interrogation point. That requires that his newly discovered world be explored all over, including remote ideas. He needs a place for adventure.

Third: He has a yen for battle, strife and competition. The battle instinct needs to be channeled into constructive competition with due recognition of his prowess. He also needs companionship and friendship.

Fourth: He wants to belong to something. He likes to play games. He needs every implement from checkers to a baseball bat.

Fifth: He takes to water and should have a periodic bath. He is equipped with all the known physiological organs. They need to be occasionally inspected by a doctor.

Sixth: He has a sense of orderly conduct, or he can be instilled with it. He needs a place to try his hand in the problems of self-government.

Seventh: He must someday learn a skilled occupation at which he can earn a living. He needs a chance to taste many trades to find his occupational bent.

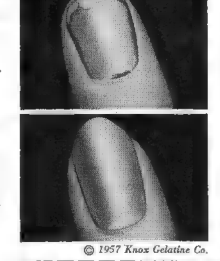
Eighth: He is an American citizen from birth. He must be taught the responsibilities of citizenship. He has a soul, and it needs moral and spiritual guidance. He comes from every race, color and religion. He needs to learn to respect the dignity of all of them.

These are the characteristic needs of all boys. Some boys are fortunate in their neighborhoods; some are not. Some have to live and play in an environment of bricks and pavement, in streets heavy with traffic. The Boys' Clubs of America help to meet the needs of these, the pavement boys of our congested cities, so that they may have an equal chance with other boys to grow to good and useful manhood.

A boy presents joys, hopes and especially paradoxes. He strains our nerves, yet he is a complex of cells teeming with affection. He is a periodic nuisance. He is a part-time wrecker, yet he radiates sunlight to all the world and can become a joy forever.

There are 437 boys' clubs in 287 communities. They provide opportunity for 420,000 boys. The results are difficult to measure, but one is certain: each year for fifty years the Boys' Clubs of America have given this nation an army of good citizens.





There! In the palm of my hand.

"Let's go," I say, gallantly helping her down from the stool. The bartender coughs again.

I take her arm and I am a handsome young man without a past who is walking along the warm, empty streets in the evening with a perfumed blonde on my arm. It's a lovely feeling—melancholy and stimulating and lovely. *Don't talk, Floretta.*

But she talks.

"I've been wanting to ask you for a long time," she says, "but you were so reserved that I never had the courage."

"Ask me what?" I inquire.

"About your wife," she says. "Please, couldn't you get me a photograph of your wife?"

Oh, no! It can't be.

"How do you know that I am my wife's husband?" I ask brusquely.

"A friend of mine told me. She is the friend of the sister of the niece of one of the tenants in your building and she said to me, 'See that guy with the pug nose? He's the husband of Minni Liccioli.' 'No-o-o,' I said. 'Yes,' she said, 'he's the one. Honest.' And that's how I know."

I understand. Dreamy eyes, tender voice, a thousand smiles—not for me at all but for my wife's husband. I understand everything. A moment ago on this sidewalk there was a handsome young man with a Grecian nose, bursting with charm; now there is a heap of rubble.

She speaks again. "I'd take wonderful care of it. The photograph, I mean. I'd put it in a beautiful frame and hang it up over the cash register."

The photograph with glasses over Floretta's cash register! God of imbeciles, look down.

"I wrote to your wife," she continues. (Maybe that letter of Floretta's is pinned to the wall.) "I wrote to her twice, you know? The first time she didn't even answer me." (Then she must have lost the letter. It might be in the linen closet. Or in the refrigerator.) "But I kept on loving her just the same. I'm a fan of hers like mad. I always tell everybody, 'Minni Liccioli is a wonder.' I read all her stories twice and sometimes three times. She's marvelous. You can't help loving her like mad. But you know all that, eh?"

It's strange, but I do know it. And suddenly I feel frighteningly angry and frighteningly proud and frighteningly sad.

"And so I wrote her another time," she says. "And she answered me. A little note that's so cute I always carry it around with me. Look."

My wife's small, untidy handwriting. Her old love letters—funny as twenty funny letters, and so alive and so much hers and so much mine. Oh, Four-Eyes!

"However, she didn't want to send me a photograph," Floretta continues, carefully putting the note away. "She says she doesn't have one," she adds, dubious.

But it's true. Those few snapshots which we manage to take with our ancient family camera are all of the children and me. You are all handsome, she says. Oh, Four-Eyes. I am not handsome. I am a guy with a pug nose and rocks in my head. Why did you marry me, Four-Eyes?

"And so I thought I'd ask you for the picture," Floretta goes on. "You'll give me one, won't you? Look, it doesn't matter if your wife is a little bit ugly. I love her like mad just the same."

"Ugly!" I say. "Who told you my wife was ugly?"

"No, no, nobody," she answers, frightened. "It's only that . . . since she didn't want to send me a picture I thought maybe ——"

Don't think, girl. Thinking doesn't suit you. My wife ugly! Now you listen to me, girl. "My wife ——" I begin.

I must have spoken for quite a while; my throat is dry. Dry and closed up. And there, in the warm air, among the neon lights and the people strolling and the evening voices, is my wife, born of my voice, alive and funny and mine as if she were really there and I really saw her. With her glasses and her commas and her disorder and her nerves and her gaiety. With her magnetic ski pants and her cotton in her ears and her glasses and her headaches and her laughs and her games. With her indomitable little body and her heart as big as a house. A big house, crowded and untidy and brave and alive. My home. Four-Eyes, let me come in.

"You must love her like mad," says a voice near me.

What is this creature with yellow hair doing here?

"You made me get a lump in my throat," she says. And means it. She's not a creature; she's Floretta, a girl who is fond of my wife. *You're nice, Floretta.*

"You'll give me that photograph?" she begs.

Certainly. I will take lots and lots of photographs, one more beautiful than the other, and then I will give you one, Floretta. To put over the cash register. And one of these days I'll bring my wife in for you to see.

"Honestly?" she says. "How wonderful! You promise?"

Yes, I promise. But now I am going home.

WHERE CHILDREN HAVE PLAYED

By BYRON BUCK

There is a silence where children
have played,
A stillness you feel with your
skin,
A quiet so lonely you're almost
afraid
Where children have been.

Blocks that lie scattered where
no child crawls
Form shifting designs as you
stare.
The room is all corners and
ceiling and walls
When the children aren't
there.

The room is bewitched; the
dolls will not wake;
Charmed all the toys you
discern.
A spell has been cast that
nobody can break
Till the children return.

The typewriter is silent. The children's rooms are quiet. The lights are out. Where are you, Four-Eyes? Even if I am only a stupid piece of furniture with a pug nose and some complexes, let me come in, please.

I find her in our room, curled up in a chair, nibbling a finger. *Mamma mia*, she has put on her dress-up glasses. With rhinestones. And a stylish dress. And earrings and the air of being tired to death.

I look at her and inside me a savage wave of gratitude and prayer is released and I would like to do something for her that she might always see with her four eyes, always touch with her funny inky hands and *know*. I want to make a poem for her, a love poem for my wife.

"Hey!" I say. That is the poem.

"Hey," she breathes. She gets up and spreads out her hands like a lost child. "You didn't come back for ages," she says. And in those few words there is everything I needed to hear.

I open my arms and she comes inside them, my girl for always, with her tiny body and her heart big as a house, and I am not a piece of furniture. I am the master of the house. Tired and happy and frighteningly proud. I don't kiss her; I just hold her against me, inside the old cloud.

"Where've you been?" she asks sleepily, with her face tucked down in the hollow of my arm.

"With a girl," I answer.

I tell her about Floretta. And when I come to the key scene ("Can you let me have a picture of your wife?") she opens both her eyes wide, bigger than the glasses, and then starts to roll on the bed, laughing like ten laughing people. I start to roll myself and that makes twenty of us.

Finally I grab her by the hair.

"What a sight, Bob Taylor," she says. "I'll make a story out of it."

Blast! She's really capable of doing it, you know. She's capable of putting on those blasted magnets and running off to write it immediately. And while I squeeze her winking little face between my hands, I feel with a sharp, suffocating happiness, that tomorrow will be just like today and like yesterday and like ten years ago and like twenty years from now; the crazy fights and the crazy laughs and the tiredness and the merriment and the hard work and the children and us. Our funny, dear, limping marriage. Thanks, Four-Eyes.

"Hi, Dante," I say to her.

"Hi, Bob," she whispers.

She takes off her glasses and my legs are like piecrust.

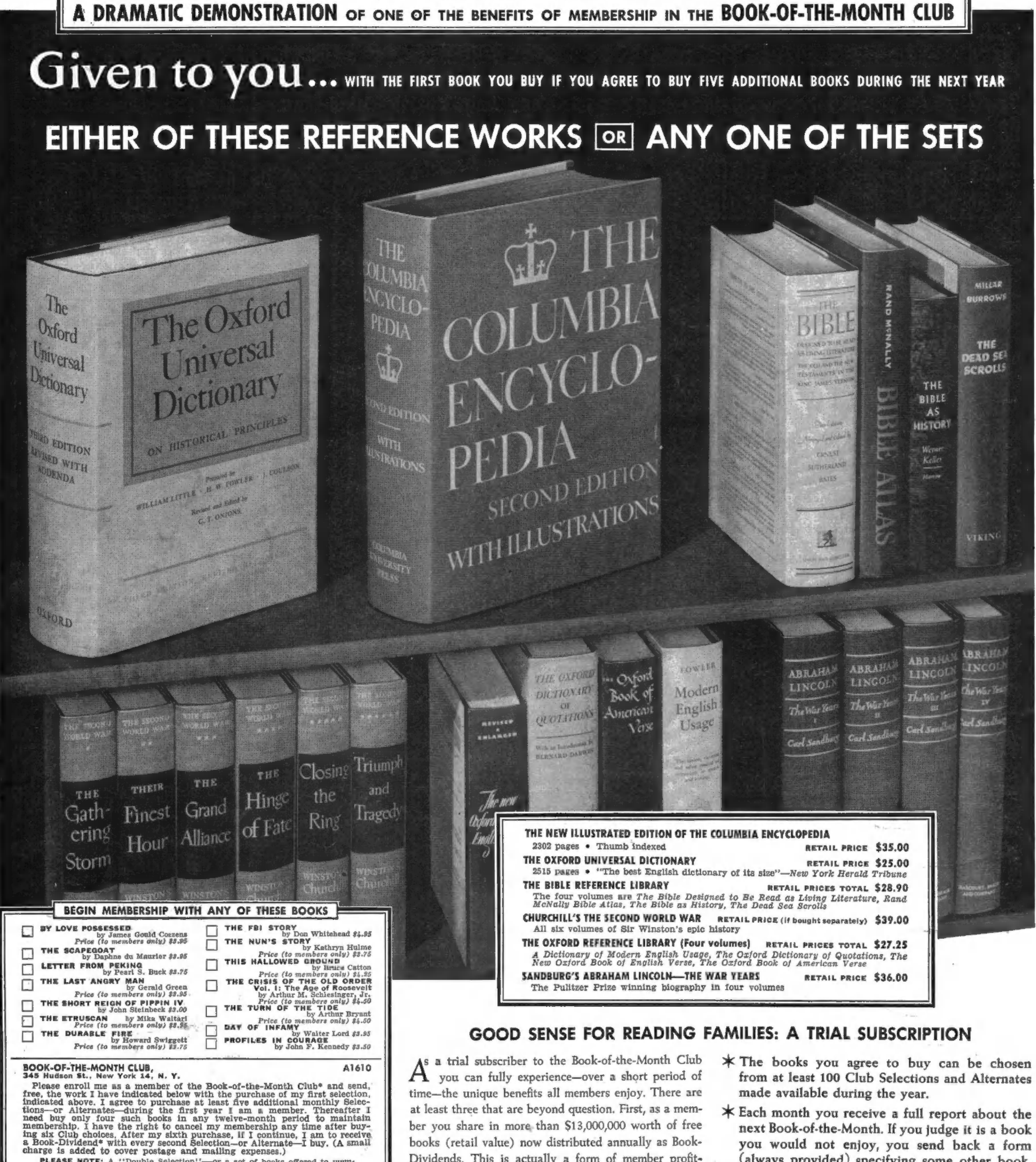
"And the story?" I murmur, after that soft, amazed silence. "Aren't you going to write it?"

"Tomorrow," her voice replies inside the cloud. "I'll write it tomorrow." END

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